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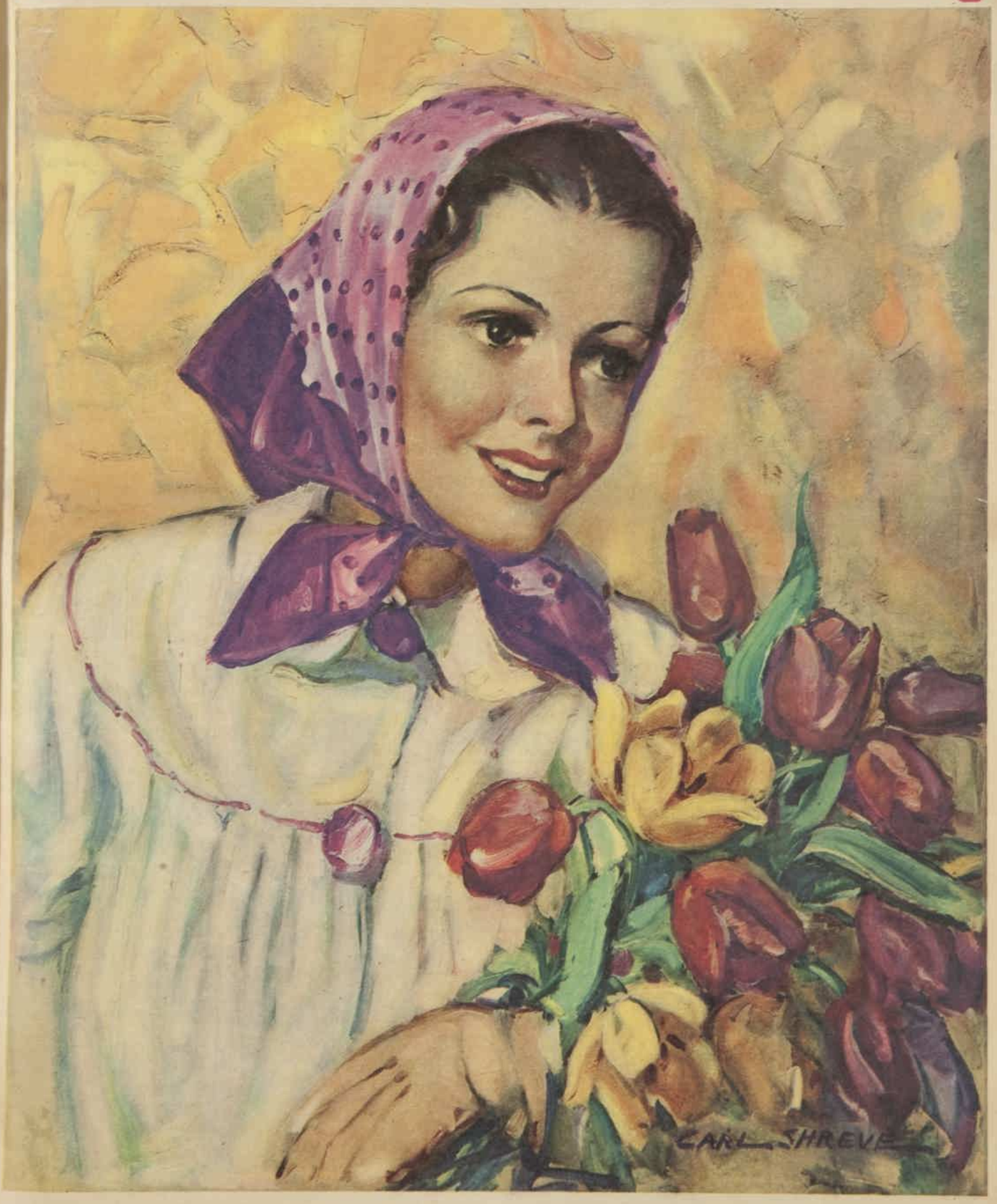

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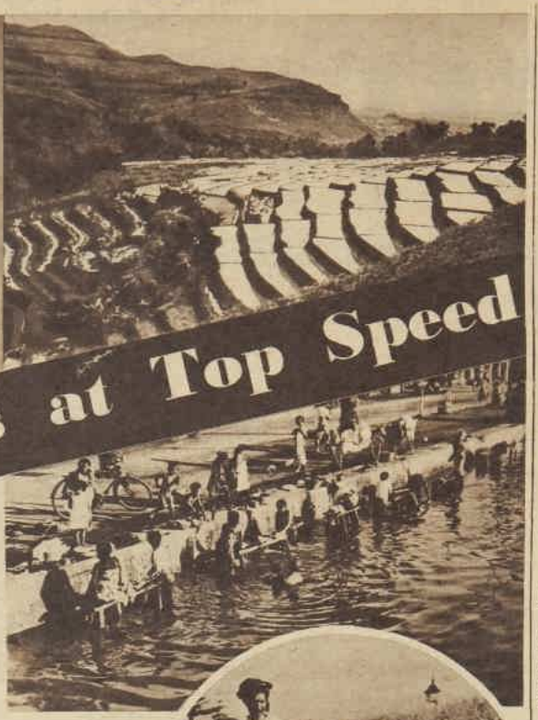

GIRL'S RAPID PLANE JAUNT TO JAVA AND SINGAPORE

By K. O. WISE

I have just returned from the perfect holiday—a jaunt to Java and Singapore by plane, with a minimum of time spent in travelling.

As a matter of fact, I was dancing in Sydney, where I had gone from Melbourne, in the small hours of Thursday morning, and was dancing in Batavia on Friday evening.

IF you have never had the experience of being placed in a silver cocktail shaker as one of the ingredients, you may now enjoy that the next time you take a vacation.

The cocktail shaker is the Java-bound plane. The ingredients, besides yourself, are unbelievable speed, comfort, and courtesy, with a slight dash of bitters by way of Cloncurry and Darwin.

If you allow those ingredients to stand for 22 flying hours, you will achieve a cocktail of perfection.

It is Java—a riot of color and strangely piquant scenes so vastly different from all that one is accustomed to in Australia.

I stepped on board a modern version of the magic carpet—the K.N.I.L.M. Lockheed Super Electra—at Sydney at the eerie hour of 5 a.m. on a recent Thursday.

Most of us have a vague idea that Australia is a vast continent, but never until I flew all day across it at high speed did I realise its actual immensity. Overwhelming is the only word to describe my reaction to it.

We stepped from the air-conditioned coolness of the interior of the Lockheed into the steamy heat of Darwin. We had visions of luxuriating in a hot bath and changing into light summer clothes. Alas, for our hopes! The best we could obtain was a cold shower in a very drab bathroom with a transparent door!

EVERY DAY is washing day at Batavia, Java.

TOP LEFT: Lovely Balinese Lelong dancer.

TOP RIGHT: Terraced rice-fields near Bandoeng, Java.

NEXT morning we boarded the plane at 7 o'clock for Koepang, 500 miles away across the Timor Sea. Out of the inhospitable jungle of a small island set like an emerald in the blue sea, Koepang landing-ground sprang like a welcome oasis.

Soon we were crossing another stretch of open sea heading for the island of Bali and the aerodrome at Den Pasor.

While the contents of a huge tank waggon were pumped into the big Lockheed, the oil stains on the wings were briskly cleaned off by brown-skinned natives.

Glorious Java

THE numbers of brown men, their vivid sarongs and quaint head-dresses against the green background of thick jungle, and groups of Balinese girls, bare-chested and smiling, standing near the huge silver Lockheed provided a striking contrast between the primitive and the modern.

The flight from Den Pasor, Bali, to Sourabaya followed the northern coastline of Java with its magnificent chain of conical mountains in the background.

Then we saw green terraced sawahs (rice fields) marching in soldierly precision down the slopes of the mountains and across the plains and huge rubber plantations.

Flying on from Sourabaya to Batavia, the capital, we noticed that every square inch of ground beneath bears fruitful witness of its amazing fertility and the intense cultivation which is practised.

At Batavia we stayed at the Hotel des Indes, a magnificent place covering an area of half a square mile.

That night when being entertained at a dinner and dance, it suddenly occurred to me that I had covered 4750 miles in record time.

From Batavia I went on to Singapore via Palembang, in Sumatra.

After all this, no one can say that it's difficult to find something interesting to do on a short holiday from Australia!

HERDING the ducks at Bali. The man puts his flagpole in a rice field and the ducks will remain near it. When he removes it they follow the track.

THE BEAUTIFUL Isola Hotel at Bandoeng, Java, once a private residence.

NATIVE fishing craft in the old harbor at Pasar-Ikan, Java.

(Photographs by courtesy K.P.M.)

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

—Spencer Shier.

Invented Jacket Respirator

PROFESSOR A. F. BURSTALL, dean of the faculty of engineering at Melbourne University, who invented the jacket respirator for infantile paralysis patients, is adapting the respirator for resuscitation of the apparently drowned.

After a brilliant university career in Birmingham, he was a research student at Cambridge, and later was associated with Imperial Chemical Industries as a research officer.

Widow of Dodge Heir

MRS. LAURINE MacDONALD DODGE, young widow of Daniel Dodge, youthful heir to the Dodge Motors fortune, photographed on her wedding day last August.

Her husband died in tragic circumstances while they were on their honeymoon at a lakeside camp in Canada.

Before her marriage after a romantic courtship, Mrs. Dodge was a telephonist.

—Blodwen Thomas.

Independent Member

MR. E. D. BAGOT, of Adelaide, new independent member of the South Australian Parliament. During and after the war, Mr. Bagot travelled in the Middle East, Arabia and Persia, and pioneered the longest motor service in the world, Beirut — Bagdad — Teheran, 1346 miles.

He is past president of the A.I.F. Signal Engineers and the Constitution Clubs of South Australia.

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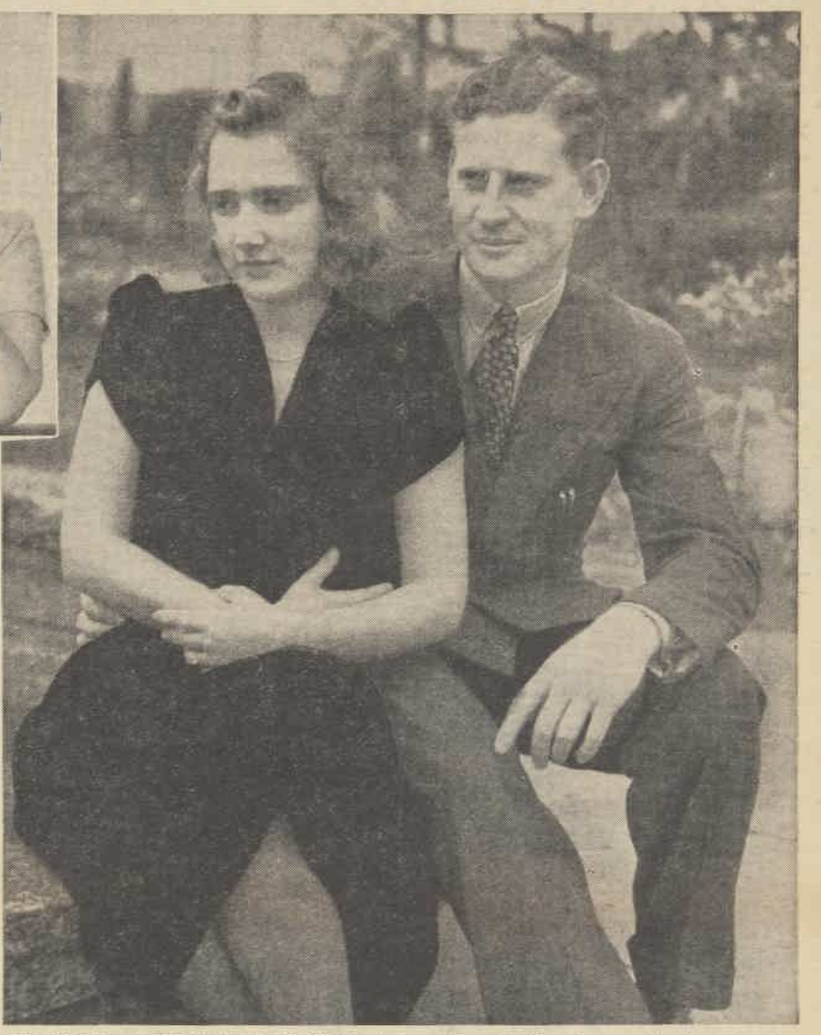
Hepzibah Menuhin's Romance . . .

YEHUDI MENUHIN, famous violinist and former child prodigy, with his wife, the former Nola Nicholas, of Melbourne.



MR. LINDSAY NICHOLAS AND HIS BRIDE, the former Hepzibah Menuhin, snapped in the garden of the G. R. Nicholas home, Homeden, Lansell Road, Toorak, soon after their arrival from America.
—Women's Weekly photo.

Gave Up Palaces of Music for Simple Station Home

Hepzibah Menuhin, the brilliant 18-year-old pianist, who has exchanged her Palaces of Music for the House of Romance, reached Australia last week with her husband, 22-year-old Lindsay Nicholas.

After their marriage a few weeks ago at the Menuhin home at Los Gatos, California, the young couple have come to make their home on a sheep station in south-western Victoria.

THEY are two charming people, unspoiled by either success or riches. Simply and unaffectedly they told the story of their romance to The Australian Women's Weekly representative in a special interview.

It is part of the double romance of the Menuhins and Australia's wealthy Nicholas family that made front-page news in three continents.

Hepzibah, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and soft-voiced, was dressed in a simple black frock; pearls, her husband's wedding gift, were her only ornament.

Lindsay, tall, and also fair, perched on the arm of his wife's chair.

Lindsay Nicholas does not live up to the popular conception of the son of a wealthy family.

Money has affected him as little as fame has affected his wife.

He has no trace of affectation; indeed, he appears a little shy, although that is soon offset by his frank, direct manner.

"And does Mrs. Nicholas mind giving up her career as a famous pianist, with the applause of thousands, to settle down in the country?" It was the natural question.

"Why should I mind when I have so much to take its place," she answered happily.

Her manner clearly added, "I have given up my career for the man I love," just as she told the world when besieged by angry managers with contracts broken by the romance.

Plagues and wars were guarded against in contracts, but no one had thought that a young man from Australia might capture the young pianist's heart.

Bakes Bread

"LINDSAY loves the country," Hepzibah continued. "He likes it better than any life, and I know I'm going to like it, too.

"No, I've never seen a sheep-station, although I toured Australia with my brother three years ago. But I love the country life.

"As a little girl I lived at Los Gatos, where we were married. It is 60 miles from San Francisco, in the orchard country."

"We spent the two months of our honeymoon there, too," interpolated her husband. "You see, I felt I was taking Hepzibah away from her people and that they should see as much of her as possible.

"Nola and Yehudi came there, too, after Yehudi finished his American tour, and the last fortnight Hepzibah's sister, Yaltah, who married Mr. William Stix, an American lawyer, in June, also visited Los Gatos."

So the three couples, all married this year, met under the family rooftree before going their separate ways.

Mrs. Nicholas has one accomplishment that not too many Australian girls can boast these days. She can bake bread!

"I baked some at Los Gatos," she said proudly.

"After I'd helped to knead it!" put in her husband.

"All the same, she's quite a good cook," he added. "She likes to get into the kitchen, and play around herself."

"WAS it a case of love at first sight, and how did you meet?" the young couple were asked.

"Well, she asked me to a concert," said Lindsay.

"Oh, that sounds so forward!" laughed his young wife. "It really happened like this:

"First of all Nola met Yehudi after one of his concerts. That was in March. So he asked her to tea with his mother, and Mrs. Menuhin liked Nola and asked her would she like tickets for herself at another concert."

"Yes, and there was a spare one, so Nola thought she might as well include me," interrupted Lindsay with a touch of brotherly humor. "We all met after the concert—and well, we were engaged within a month.

"We didn't announce it straight away, though. Yehudi and Hepzibah had to go off to the Continent on a tour. They finished at Zurich and came down to Sorrento with Mr. and Mrs. Menuhin, and Nola and I joined them there."

So it was from a little hotel in lovely Sorrento, overlooking the Bay of Naples, that Lindsay and Hepzibah announced their engagement officially.

They had already had consent from Mr. George Nicholas, sen., who arrived in London with his wife shortly after the romances began.

Terrinallum, Pura Pura, where Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Nicholas will make their home, is a sheep property of 23,000 acres in south-western Victoria.

Not long ago Mr. George Nicholas, Lindsay's father, had a new house built on the property.

"It's a long, low sort of place," explained Lindsay. "Typical homestead style, in cream stucco.

"But not too modern. I like things better solid and a little old-fashioned. Of course we have electric light, and conveniences of that sort."

Now young Mrs. Nicholas is looking forward to choosing the furniture in Melbourne, while they are staying at her husband's father's home in Toorak.

"What sort of furniture? Well, plain, and useful. I think anything too ornate is out of place in the country, just as Lindsay does.

"No, we didn't bring anything very much with us. Only a few little things that I had in our home at Los Gatos, among them a little French table, which I'm fond of."

THESE two, for all their youth, share the same sensible outlook. Hepzibah likes plain, simple clothes, and those are the sort that her husband admires.

She is quite sure that she will be happy at Terrinallum, and has every intention of adjusting herself to the life of the country.

Cupid Acted Very Swiftly

ROMANCE swept through the Menuhin family like a cyclone this year.

First came the wedding of Yehudi, world-famous violinist, to Nola Nicholas, of Melbourne, in May.

On July 16 Yehudi's sister, Hepzibah, married Nola's brother, in California.

The youngest Menuhin, Yaltah, aged 16, was married to a St. Louis lawyer, Mr. William Stix, in June.

Thus, three Menuhins and two Nicholases left the parental roof within a few months.

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Mrs. Chamberlain's Part in Checking Hitler

Romantic Destiny That Brought Two Leaders Face to Face

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

A woman's loving influence, directed by Fate, saved the world's peace in the crisis over Czechoslovakia.

The woman was Mrs. Chamberlain, but to understand her part one must consider the romance of the Prime Minister and his wife—a romance that ultimately stopped Hitler's threatened war march.

WHEN Neville Chamberlain, at 42, married Annie Vere Cole, a Major's daughter, in 1911, Hitler was 22. Who would have thought then their trails would ever cross? Chamberlain a successful English business man, Hitler an obscure painter in Austria!

Two men, and a woman controlling their destinies—as far away as 27 years ago setting one on the path leading to the other—the outcome a clash of personalities in which a policy of peace and order was matched against a policy of fire and blood.

One policy must eventually win; there is no room for both—and so one man must win also in the long diplomatic fight that is not yet ended.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN had shown no interest in politics before his marriage—his inclinations up to that time were to concern himself more and more in business, leaving politics and diplomacy to his famous father, Joseph Chamberlain, and his brother, Sir Austen Chamberlain.

With his marriage came a change in outlook. His wife urged him into politics; he responded and succeeded.

Children's Fashions Next Week

DELIGHTFUL feature of next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly is the charming array of fashions for children.

Included are winsome little frocks and suits for every day, engaging, sturdy designs for sun and fun wear and a portfolio of party frocks which range from the pretty and practical to the truly sumptuous.

Many of them have been photographed in natural color and reproduced by our special artgravure process.

In addition to the usual pattern page there are three other pattern pages of children's wear which mothers will find invaluable.

The story of it is told in her own remark, "But for me he would never have entered politics."

She says it modestly, but with understandable pride as she remembers the election campaigns, speech-preparing, the cajolery to win votes.

Long before that, Father Chamberlain had said, "Neville is not intended for politics."

But the father had not counted on the influence of a woman — which changed his son's destiny, and with it the destiny of a nation, the Empire, and the whole world.

For who can possibly predict the eventual and far-reaching outcome of the meeting between Mr. Chamberlain and Hitler?

It may bring total disarmament or a more intensive arms race. New trade policies. New frontiers. New patriotisms. Only time can tell.

But Mrs. Chamberlain's part in it can be clearly traced.

Five years after his marriage Neville Chamberlain was in the thick of politics under the wing of Lloyd George. It was a triumph for his wife's interest in his political career, but it was also the beginning of the trail to Hitler.

Europe was torn by war; bombs were dropping in London; Hitler was with the Austrians.

Both men were in danger, both survived . . . and their trails came closer. One's lesson from the war was to strive for peace, the other's lesson sprang from a feeling of a nation wronged.

One a man inspired and encouraged by the woman he loved, and who loved him; the other a lonely, bitter bachelor.

Of Hitler the world has read a lot. Of Mr. Chamberlain and his wife—the Chamberlain Chums—much has yet to be written.

All their lives Mrs. Chamberlain and her husband have worked together. She has always devoted herself fervidly and selflessly to his career.

The Prime Minister emphasised this when he said recently:

"She knows all my secrets and has never divulged one."

The full meaning of her part in the Czech crisis will never be made known to the world. We know of her tears, her hours of prayer at Westminster Abbey, as her husband flew to a country inflamed against Britain. The rest we must piece together for ourselves.

Happy, Happy Couple

VERY truly Mr. Chamberlain spoke when he said: "I have done all that one man could do to compose the world."

Who can doubt that one of the greatest sources of the strength and courage he needed to undertake the mission to Germany was drawn from the secret bond between himself and the wife who has been so noble a life partner?

The Prime Minister talked over his plan with Cabinet, but there is no doubt his wife's encouragement was the final signal that sent him on the flight to Germany.

So when Hitler was almost ready to march a woman's influence checked him through the man she had put in his path long years ago and now sent flying to him.

In the world's tensest drama this was Fate's subtlest stroke. Pisces the Peacemaker Chamberlain against Aries the Ram Hitler—for those are the astrological signs of the pair.

ONLY public duty ever parts the Chamberlains. In their free hours they are inseparable companions. Together in normal times they were accustomed to take long walks in London parks—those beautiful parks which have now been torn up to provide shelter from the terror of bombs.

Together they loved to watch the gardens and the bird and plant life about them.

They have enjoyed a serene domesticity in their leisure hours. Reporters once went to interview the Chancellor of the Exchequer at his house and found him reading Shakespeare aloud to his wife by the fire while she darned his socks.

Mrs. Chamberlain, incidentally, is considered the best-looking wife of an English Prime Minister since the Great War. She is noted for her fine embroidery and needlework, and is an excellent housewife.

She shares her husband's passion for fishing. It was only in August that he spent a brief holiday fishing in Scotland.

Mrs. Chamberlain relishes the tale of the Scottish ghillie who said: "Och—yes, he is a verra good angler, a verra good angler. Isn't it a terrible pity he buries himself in London when he could be a-stayin' in Scotland and fushin'!"

MR. CHAMBERLAIN and Hitler at Godesberg—a meeting of two men in which Mrs. Chamberlain played a strange part.

Now the Duke Skis Over the Waves

From our London Office by Air Mail.

THE Duke of Windsor, determined to master the sport of water ski-ing, has bought a high-speed motor boat and practises in Cannes Bay every morning.

He has had many spills, but has already succeeded in being taken round the Lerin Islands in the bay at high speed.

The Dog Show

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RIDDLE of the DEVOTED SPHINX

Illustrated by FISCHER

By . . .

DOUGLAS NEWTON

Complete Short Story

"That is how you conquer Savaran," he said with his large gesture.

THE tall, lean shape that was but a shadow in the shadows flicked a hand. Another shadow leapt like a panther and the armed Tarbashi at the door went down without a sound. The lean shape slid over him and through the door like an eddy of smoke, two lamp-black Buckra at his heels. The Protector of the Faithful within got one glimpse of an eagle fierce face and swiped largely at it with his scimitar. The face grinned, ducked the blade and two steel arms caught the man and tossed him into a corner, where one of the Buckra with blunt knees and a sharp knife knelt on him, commanding silence.

A vast Nubian leaving a chamber of the inner court gasped at the sight of the lean man and made motions of war. A hard foot took him where he bulged most and by the time he had recovered enough to sit up the lean one had vanished into the chamber and the other Buckra stood at its door, grinning at him—over pistol sights. Whereat the Nubian began to sweat cold. He had been ordered to guard what was in that chamber with his life.

The lean man had paused just long enough to straighten his turban and expose the glories of an orange kraftan—he had a neat taste in dramatic flourishes—then, with his hand on the jewelled hilt of a pistol, he swept aside the leather door curtain and entered the room.

The woman pouring out tea looked up with a certain amount of interest.

Just that.

A BIZARRE and dangerous gentleman with the air of a highly accomplished pirate and the look of a laughing Lucifer had just wiped out such guards as stood between her and one of the most notorious murder communities of Africa, in order to invade her presence, pistol in hand, and she merely tilted her teapot just enough not to spill it, as she looked at him.

He blinked, but not even the tropic stench and heat of Tauri Massi prevented the woman's Homeric absurdity from being real. There she stood: the small, smooth, neat, earnestly "refeened" working model of all that was strictly proper in the "best" suburban wives. She even had a crochet-edged teacloth on the kerosene case that made her table.

The white teeth flashed sardonically in the gipsy face as the lean man bowed.

"Your hired girl forgot to announce me," he said. "I am Savaran."

It was a name to make all Africa blench. She did not blench. She put down her teapot and gently foraged in a basket on the mud diwan beside her.

"I thought it might be you," she said in her best party voice.

"And you," he said, "are the lady who went to Port Sudan in search of me?"

"Yes . . . Do sit down."

"You also followed me to Korfri on the Congo, and on to Tirsherifen seven hundred miles north, and—oh, yes, you inquired for me at Mottomari on the Atlantic in between."

"Yes," she nodded and hesitated, looking at him with appealing eyes.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Do you take milk—or none?" she murmured.

He collapsed on the diwan with a crack of laughter. "You are unique. You stagger even Savaran."

He gazed at her, baffled, as men since Adam have gazed at Mona Lisa, their wives, and the Sphinx.

"What is behind you?"

"I don't quite follow . . . Sugar? One or two lumps?"

"Four hundred," his fierce lips mocked. "I am asking why you hunt me. Why you have done this miracle, trailed Savaran through several thousand miles of jungle and swamp, shot a man or two and outfaced experiences that would give your nice, residential home circle community hysterics? What is the main-spring of you—love or hate?"

"Oh—my husband," she whispered.

"Is that really an answer or only an added complication to the riddle of the ages?" he demanded sardonically.

"I mean—I want you to rescue my husband, Mr. Savaran."

"You have dared five thousand miles of assorted hell just for—a husband?" he asked, his eagle glance kindling at a spirit so akin to his own.

"I had to. From what I've learnt you are the only man who can save him. He is in a desperate position, Mr. Savaran."

"He must be if even a woman like you cannot help him," he said largely.

"He is," she breathed. "He is a prisoner of the Ja-gna-gnana."

Even Savaran gaped at her then. The Ja-gna-gnana had that effect. If she had said: "My husband is held prisoner on the seventh floor down of hell," she could not have been more disturbing. Indeed, it was held that that remote and deadly tribe exceeded hell in vileness.

"I am sorry, Madam, but if your husband ever got into the hands of the Ja-gna-gnana he is already dead."

"No," she said huskily. "He is not dead. He got a letter out to me by a salt caravan six months ago. He was alive and being kept alive. They have never had a white captive before, and they treat him as a trophy."

"I've never heard of a white getting among them. How did they take your husband?"

"He was exploring that district," she told him.

"An explorer?" he asked, surprised, for he thought he knew all the breed. "What is his name?"

"Oh!" she was taken aback. "I thought you knew. My name is Judith Marrion—Mrs. Charles Marrion."

"Charles Marrion? Never heard of him," he scowled. "What's he like?"

"Oh . . . oh, a big man. Not so tall as you but very strong. And—and blue eyes," she said.

"That's a drawback—I know of at least three blue-eyed big men in Africa," he said sardonically.

"Don't be funnny," she shuddered, "please!"

"You're right," his face became harsh. "The Ja-gna-gnana can be no joking matter for him—or even Savaran."

"Yet who but Savaran can get him away from them?"

"I can't help sharing your views," he said with a flash of white teeth. "And yet even Savaran may hesitate before the impossible."

"If you do not go," she said blankly, "I must."

Please turn to Page 18

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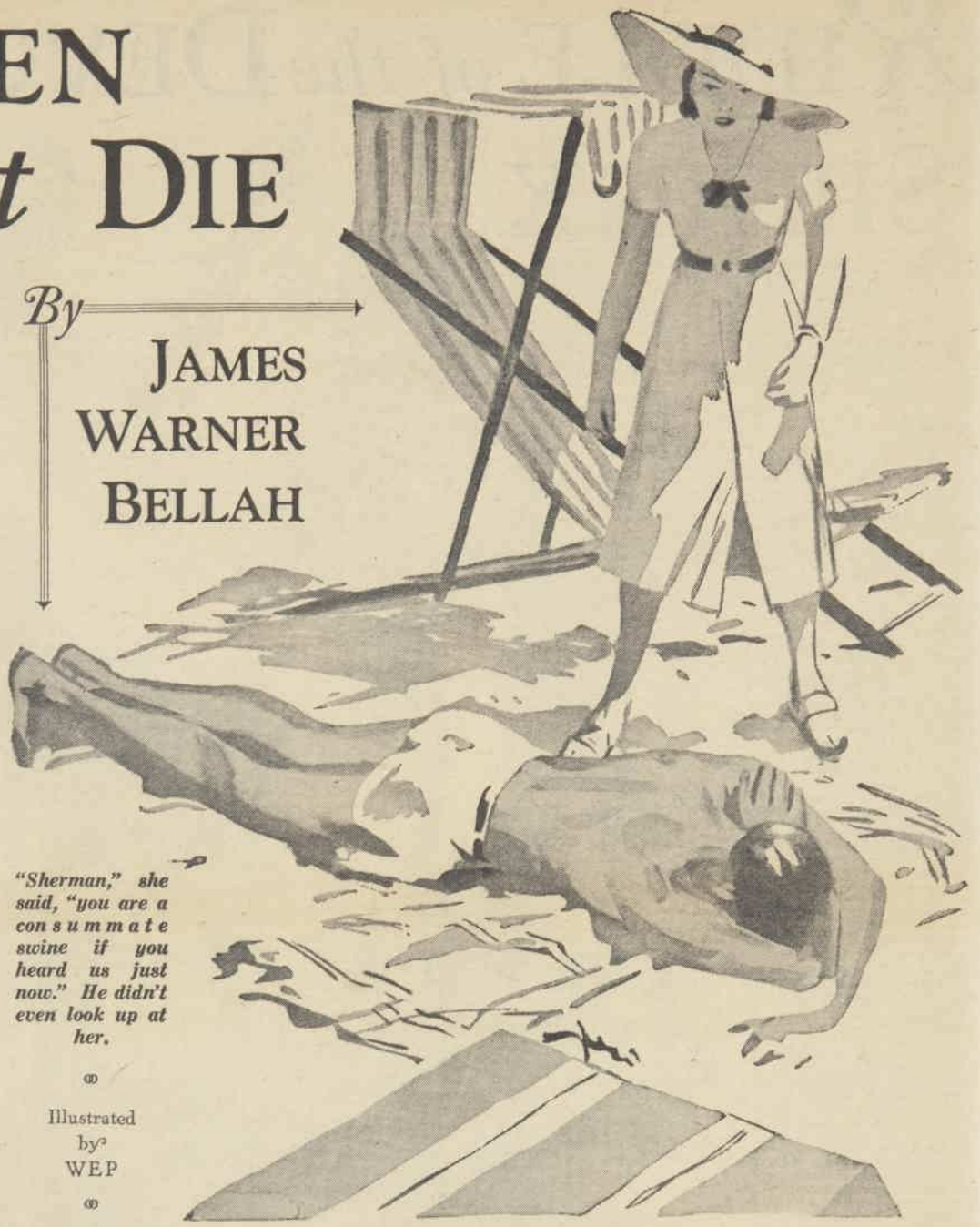
SEVEN *Must* DIE

Continuing Our Thrilling Serial of Romance and Adventure.

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH



"Sherman," she said, "you are a consummate swine if you heard us just now." He didn't even look up at her.

Illustrated by WEP

A PLEASURE cruise from Honolulu to the South Seas has been arranged by CAPTAIN MACVEY, master of the schooner Storm Child. A party of seven from the hotel take advantage of the offer, and it is proposed that the expedition should hunt for KING BRADLEY, a missing island pearl trader, who started out for an unknown destination with his lifetime collection of valuable pearls, and accompanied by an old Chinaman.

On the eve of sailing BO FANNING enters Connie's room, obviously in danger of some kind, and begs her to keep a cigarette case for him. Immediately afterwards she is disturbed by DR. MAYHEW, who says there has been an intruder in his room.

She dresses, confides in her aunt, and hides the case in a parasol. Later that night she tells SHERMAN DRUMM of her experience. On entering his room later, he receives a cryptic telephone message advising him to keep off the Storm Child.

The following morning at breakfast the missing cigarette case falls out of DAME MELBURY'S parasol and is retrieved by DR. MAYHEW. BO FANNING then confesses to SHERMAN that he was KING BRADLEY'S saloon steward, and begs him to stand by him. He says the position of the "King's" island is scratched inside DR. MAYHEW'S cigarette case.

Characters you will meet in this story.

DAME ELLEN MELBURY, retired singer and seasoned traveller.

CONNIE YATES, her vivacious grand-niece.

SHERMAN DRUMM, an admirer and fellow passenger on a South Seas expedition.

CAPTAIN MACVEY, master of the schooner STORM CHILD.

DOCTOR MAYHEW, old friend of Dame Ellen's.

BO FANNING, of doubtful background.

IDA SEFTON, travelling to forget a recent divorce.

KING BRADLEY, legendary figure of the South Seas.

NOW READ ON—

IDA SEFTON called from the elevators: "I have bath salts for your aunt, Constance. Is she in her rooms?"

"I don't know," Connie said.

Sherman said, "Still no sun, no bathe?"

"No," Connie said. "Too early."

Sherman said, "Right you are," and left them.

MacVey said, "May I talk to you for a few moments, Miss Yates?" There was something in the way he said that that told her not to let him talk, but as she watched him standing there facing her she knew she was going to; that she had to, for something that was in her mind for the man—something that had been there since she had met him the night before.

"Of course," she said.

"Thank you."

He was strong, MacVey, with the vast strength that comes from living. She felt it suddenly as a live thing beside her. MacVey moved only in a world that he knew. Honesty and dishonesty in people. The superiority of some men over others. As much drink as left you competent. Two kinds of women, and only two. A day's work for a day's pay. A sea brain to fight the sea. Beyond that, to MacVey, there was nothing that he cared to investigate.

"I'm not much of a man with women," MacVey said. "Can we go somewhere and sit down?"

They went downstairs and out through the bath-house passage to the beach and sat down under the awning in front of Dame Ellen's cabana. The morning was blue and gold, and as far-flung in its pale beauty as the Pacific.

MacVey stared out to sea for several minutes without speaking. Then he said, "Last night I told myself that I wasn't going to talk to you any more about me, but I am. I can't help myself," he said. "Miss Yates, all I know is people, and how to keep alive. You know everything but that." He said it simply, with sincerity deep in his eyes. "You're a woman and I'm a man, but I'd like to prove to you that I'm the best man in the world; and after you knew that in your heart for all time to come, I'd let you take me back to civilisation and smooth me up."

She said, "My dear Captain MacVey, is this a proposal?"

"It certainly is," he said. "I've loved the fantasy of you for sixteen years, and now that I've met the reality nothing is going to make me not go down fighting."

She said, "Look here. I can't talk to you this way; you are embarrassing me. You mustn't do that."

He shook his head. "I don't love you yet—or maybe I do. I don't know—but you're the only woman I've ever seen that I'd want to live with the rest of my life, teach life to, have fights with, have children with—a lot of children; curly-headed kids with dirty faces."

He was hurting himself. He was pulling his words out of the closed spaces of his heart, saying them slowly, giving her a part of himself that he had never shared before. She wanted him to stop now, but he wouldn't; and there was no power in her to make him.

"Isn't the world funny?" he said. "It has all the mechanical details of everything solved to their fundamentals, except the association of men and women. The illusion should never come first. It should be a result, not a cause." He looked at her steadily. "This," he said, "should be the way of it. A man should pick a woman with physical and mental potentialities for matehood. He should then take steps to show her that he is the finest specimen in the market place. That she can do no better, for a protector, for a sire. When she is sold on that, her illusion commences. That illusion in her creates it in him." He stood up. "Miss Yates," he said, "I want to marry you." He picked up his hat. "Good morning," he said, and he went quickly up the beach to the hotel.

For a moment after he left her, she sat there in her chair. It was so abrupt, his leaving, that she had no words for him, but there was an infinite pity in her heart. She wanted to put out her hand and touch him, to tell him that he wasn't awkward; that she believed in the fundamental decency of him and that the things he didn't know didn't matter.

"Well," Sherman Drumm's voice said, "you've met an honest man. Put that in your diary. It will probably never happen to you again."

SHE stood up, white with fury. Sherman was in bathing shorts not four feet from the cabana wall. He was lying flat on his face, in the sand between Dame Ellen's cabana and the one next, his own, and he had heard everything MacVey said.

"Sherman," she said, "you are a consummate swine if you heard us just now."

He didn't even look up at her. He was lying, his hands crossed under his face, sunning. He said, "I was here first. I think it darned bad taste to propose marriage before lunch, but if people will do it, I certainly won't change my habits of life for them."

"I won't talk to you!"

"I don't blame you," he grinned, "for I am extremely dishonest. I always like the illusion first and children afterwards."

She turned to go back up the beach, shaking with anger. It was all one movement—a flash of her shoulder and her skirt and her head in one sweeping line—but Sherman had her wrist in that split second, tightly clamped in his tanned fingers, and he was half up from the sand on the other arm, his eyes high with laughter.

"By George," he said, "you're beautiful! You are—but you should always be angry—violently angry—to be completely beautiful. Look! I'll make you angry"—and he pulled her to him, still laughing, and kissed her. One brief, lightning moment he held her face to his, his lips to hers, then he thrust her from him and she struck him across the mouth once, with a full sweep of her free arm.

"Oh, splendid!" he said. He still held her wrist and he was still laughing. "But get one thing firmly in your mind, my darling. I'm in love with you. But the difference between me and that stevedore is that I know it, and I have known it for a week, and I'm telling it to you.

Please turn to Page 37

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4619946

FINLAY'S Drastic CURE

Justice is meted out by Levenford's young doctor to the village fraud in this absorbing story.

Another of "The Little Black Bag" Series

The wheel-chair overturned and shot Sam into a bed of nettles.

Illustrated by FISCHER

OFTEN when Finlay felt himself in need of exercise after a long day's driving in the gig, he would walk in the evening to Lea Brae.

At this period before successful burghers started dotting its summit with their bandbox villas, it was a favorite walk, approached from Levenford by a gentle incline and sweeping steeply westwards to the Firth.

From the top the view was superb. On a still summer evening with the sun sinking behind Ardfillan hills, the wide water of the estuary below, and the faint haze of a steamer's smoke mellowing the far horizon, it was a place to stir the soul.

Yet for Finlay it was ruined by Sam Forrest and his wheeled chair.

Up Sam would come, red-faced, bulging with fat, lying back on the cushions like a lord, with poor Peter Lennie panting and pushing at the chair behind him.

Then at the top, while Peter gasped and wiped the sweat from his brow, Sam would majestically relinquish the little metal steering-rod, pull a plug from his pocket, bite enormously and, mouthing his quid like a great big ox, would gaze solemnly, not at the view, but at the steep hill beneath as though to say: "Here, my friends! Here was the place where the awful thing happened!"

It all went back a matter of five long years.

Then Peter Lennie was a spry young fellow of twenty-seven, very modest and obliging, proprietor of the small general stores in College Street which—not without a certain daring timidity—he had named Lennie's Emporium.

In fiction the convention exists that meek little men have large, domineering wives, but in reality it is seldom so. And Retta Lennie was as small, slight, and unassertive as her husband.

In consequence, in business they were often "put upon." But for all that things were pretty well, the future was opening out nicely, and they lived comfortably with their two children in a semi-detached house out Barloan way, which is a genteel quarter to which tradesmen in Levenford aspire.

Now, in Peter Lennie, the humble little counter-jumping tradesman, there lurked unsuspected longings for adventure. There were moments when, lying reflectively in bed with Retta of a Sunday morning, he would stare frowningly at the ceiling and suddenly declare — while Retta looked at him admiringly—

"India!" (or it might be China). "There's a place we ought to see some day!"

Perhaps it was this romantic boldness which led to the purchase of the tandem bicycle, for though at that moment the craze for "a bicycle built for two" was at its height, in the ordinary way Peter would never have done anything so rash.

But buy the tandem he did, a shining instrument of motion, which cost a mint of good money, and which, being uncrated, caused Retta to gasp, incredulously:

"Oh, Peter!"

"Get about on it," he remarked, trying to speak nonchalantly. "See places. Easy!"

It was, however, not quite so easy. There was, for instance, the difficulty of Retta's attire. She was a modest little woman was Retta, and it cost Peter a week of solid argument and persuasion before he could coax his wife into wearing cycling bloomers, fashionable but apparently improper garments.

Peter himself wore a Norfolk jacket, the belt rather gallantly unbuckled so that, even merely wheeling the tandem, it gave him a terribly professional air. Then, being competently clothed, Peter and Retta set out to master the machine.

They practised shyly, towards dusk, in the quiet lanes around Barloan, and they fell off in an amusing way quite a lot.

Oh! It was great fun. Retta, in her bloomers, was extremely fetching; Peter liked to lift her up as, red-cheeked and giggling, she sprawled gracefully in the dust.

They had their courtship all over again. And when finally, defying all laws of gravitation, they spun round Barloan Toll without a single wobble, they agreed that never before had life been so thrilling for them both.

Peter, significantly producing a newly-purchased road map, decided that on Sunday they would have their first real run.

It dawned fine that Sunday; the sky was open and the roads were dry. They set off, Peter bowed dauntlessly over the front handlebars, Retta manfully pedalling her weight behind. They bowled down the High Street, conscious of admiring eyes, even of envious stares.

Ting-a-ling—ting — ting went their little bell. A great moment. Ting-a-ling—ting — ting! They swung left—steady, Retta, steady—over this bridge; put their backs into the Knoxhill ascent, then dipped over the crest of the Lea Brae.

Down the brae they went, faster, faster. The wind whistled past them. Never had flight been swifter than this.

It was great, it was glorious, but, heavens! It was awfully quick! Far, far quicker than either had bargained for.

From a momentary exaltation Retta turned pale.

"Brake, Peter, brake!" she shrieked.

Nervously he jammed on the brakes, the tandem shuddered, and Retta nearly went over his head.

At that he lost his wits completely, loosed the brake altogether, and tried to get his feet out of the pedal clips.

The machine, from skidding broadside on, took the bit between its teeth, and shot down the hill like a rocket gone mad.

By A. J. CRONIN

Author of "The Citadel."

At the foot of the brae was Sam Forrest.

Sam had been down looking for drift on the Lea shore; that indeed, was one of Sam's two occupations, his other being to support with great industry the corner of the Fitter's Arms.

Actually Sam was so seldom away from the Fitter's Arms that it never was in any real danger of falling down.

The plain fact is that Sam was a loafer, a big, fat, boozy ne'er-do-well, with a wife who did washing and a houseful of clamorous children who did not.

Sam, with an air at once fascinated and bemused, observed the bicycle approach.

It came so quick he wondered for a second if he were seeing right. Saturday, the night before, had been a heavy night for Sam, and his brain was still slightly fuddled.

Down—down—down whizzed the tandem.

Peter, with a face frozen to horror, made a last effort to control.

The machine collided with the kerb, shot across the road, and crashed straight into Sam.

In point of fact, it hit him as he turned to run. There was a desperate roar from Sam, a loud clatter as the pieces of the machine dispersed themselves, followed by a long silence.

Then Retta and Peter picked themselves out of the ditch. They looked at each other incredulously as if to say—It's impossible; we're not really alive.

Stupefied, Peter grinned feebly at Retta, and Retta, who felt like fainting, smiled weakly in return. But suddenly they recollected!

What about Sam? Ah, poor Sam lay groaning in the dust.

They rushed over to him.

"Are you hurt?" cried Peter.

"I'm dead," he moaned. "Ye've killed me, ye murderers."

Terrible silence punctuated by Sam's groans.

Nervously Peter tried to raise the fallen man, who was quite double his weight.

"Let me be! Let me be!" Sam roared. "You're tearin' me to bits."

Retta went whiter than ever.

"Get up, Sam, do," she implored. She knew him well, having refused him credit the week before.

But Sam wouldn't get up. The slightest attempt to raise him sent him into the most terrible convulsions, and his big beefy legs seemed now no more able to support him than watery blancmange.

By this time Retta and Peter were at their wits' end; they saw Sam a mutilated corpse, and themselves standing palely in the dock while the judge sternly assumed the black cap.

However, at this moment help arrived in the shape of Rafferty's light lorry.

Rafferty, the butter-and-egg man to whom Sunday—with early Mass over—was as good as any other day, had been down at Ardfillan collecting eggs. And with his help Sam was hoisted up amongst the eggs and driven to his house in the Vennel.

A few eggs were smashed in the process, but Peter and Retta didn't mind; they would pay, they protested passionately. Oh, yes, they would pay; nothing mattered so long as Sam got safely back.

At last Sam was home and in his bed, surrounded by his curious progeny, sustained by the shrill lamentations of his wife.

"The doctor," she whined, "we'll need the doctor!"

"Yes, yes," stammered Peter. "I'll fetch the doctor!"

What had he been thinking of? Of course they must have the doctor!

He tore down the dirty steps and ran for the nearest doctor like the wind.

At that time, Dr. Snoddy had not married the wealthy Mrs. Innes nor removed to the salubrious Knoxhill.

His premises still stood, quite undistinguished, in the High Street adjacent to the Vennel. And it was Snoddy who came to Sam.

Sam lay on his back with his mouth open and his eyes closed.

No martyr suffered more than did Sam during the doctor's examination.

Indeed, his groans drew a crowd round the house, in the belief that he was once again leathering his wife, though when the truth emerged the sympathy for Sam was enormous.

Please turn to Page 14

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4619947

Illustrated by FISCHER

A Complete Short Story

Richard's bed was put outside beside a magnolia tree every afternoon.

ONE Perfect YEAR

And afterwards—a placid union, a down to earth reality

By ETHEL MANNIN

THIS is a tale about a man and a woman. How could it be otherwise with such a title?

Most of us have been intensely happy at some time or other—but have any of us known perfect happiness, quite free of any tiniest flaw or blemish? Well, but sometimes it happens, and for a man called Richard and a woman called Hilary it happened for a whole year.

I met them in Copenhagen, that blessed pair. It was summer, and I sometimes think there is no sweeter summer in the world than in that quiet, lovely city of verdigris domes and spires, rose-gardens and fountains, and sheets of shining water with willows trailing their green hair in the wake of stately swans, and the white sails of the yachts up at the Langeline, where Hans Andersen's mermaid sits on a boulder looking down at the ripples of the Sound, so young and tender and child-womanish.

They were English, those two, and two things were obvious about them from the first—that he was a very sick man, and that they worshipped each other.

Ah, perhaps you will say: "This story is 'obvious'; they were young and in love, and he was very ill, and they had their happy year together, and then it finished because he died; that's an old one!"

Yes, that is an old story, but that is nothing against it. However, that is neither here nor there, for it doesn't happen to be this story, nor the story of Richard and Hilary, whose perfect year stretched from summer to summer spun on threads of gold from spire to dome of Hans Andersen's city.

Richard didn't die; they didn't leave each other in any way. Nobody came between them; there were no conflicts or misunderstandings, and their love did not die. Perhaps you'll say this isn't much of a story. Let me tell it in my own way.

I got to know them on my visits to the State Hospital—a friend of mine had been taken ill at a conference we had both been attending, but that is another story. I stayed on; after all, an author can work anywhere, and, as I have said, there's no pleasanter place to be than Copenhagen in the summer.

I went to the hospital every afternoon, and so did she; it was inevitable that we should become acquainted, two Englishwomen in a foreign city, visiting at the hospital like that. She was a queer little thing, all golden-brown; it was the color of her hair, her skin, her eyes, her fine small hands, her bare legs, and mostly of the clothes she wore.

She was desperately shy, yet had a queer warm eagerness about her wanting to be friendly, but timid; like a little doe, very gentle and sweet, and strange and wild. She might have been anything between twenty-five and thirty-five; actually she was thirty, a year or two younger than he was.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered, slim-bodied, hulking creature, so blond that at first I took him for a Swede. She told me that many people did. You expected blue eyes with that very fair hair — almost flaxen, it was—but, surprisingly, they were brown. They were extraordinary eyes for a man; very big and soft. There was always a lock of hair falling over his forehead. She was always brushing it back; somehow, everything she did for him was a caress. Poignancy was added to that by the fact that a good deal of her caressing was completely unconscious.

It was as though her whole life was concentrated in loving him; as though she loved him, consciously and unconsciously, with every breath of her tiny body.

I had ample opportunity for observing them, you see, for he was put outside in a bed every fine afternoon—and the afternoons were mostly fine that lovely year. I should explain at this point that the State Hospital of Copenhagen is a very beautiful place; it consists of a series of modernly designed buildings standing in beautiful gardens with rose-beds, herbaceous borders, shady trees, and there is a pond with a fountain, and weeping willows, and such tremendous peace about it all, as if it might be the garden of a convent.

Richard's bed was beside a magnolia tree, and after a time my sick friend was allowed out to sit under a weeping beech near by, so I could watch the lovers all the afternoon. I call them that, lovers, because that is what they were. A cynic might have doubted whether they were indeed man and wife, but actually they had been married five years. I learned this and a lot about them when I got speaking to her.

We met every afternoon at the hospital for three weeks. My friend was fascinated by them, too, but they were never aware how we watched them. They saw only each other. His eyes followed her everywhere. When she came to him their hands went out to each other immediately. His eyes burned brilliantly—too brilliantly. Her own were dark with grieving. Times I felt her love was an anguish of secret inner weeping, but that it was the flame by which he lived. This last I felt all the time.

You'll say: "If there was this terrible grieving in her, how could all this be part of a perfect year?" If you don't know, it's because you've never loved anyone like that. There were times when she walked away between the roses and lavender and lawns in a trance of happiness, a kind of ecstasy; those were the days when he was better. I know, because I walked with her.

We'd walk along under the trees beside the water, back towards the inner city, and she would smile dreamily at the graceful swans and paddling ducks, and children playing, and people resting on the seats beside the water in the mild golden evening sunlight, and she'd look up at the high pale blue northern sky, and I would make no attempt to draw her back to the earth, and we'd walk in silence.

Other times, when he'd been tired, or had a bad night, she would be intensely aware of everything; the shining water, the ducks, the children, the distant verdigris spires, the lilac in villa-gardens, the rose-garden and fountains where the water ended and a new stretch of it began. Everything stood out for her sharply then, I knew, with queer irrelevances, the way it does in times of stress. Then she would talk, with a kind of desperation, and then it was I learned about them both. I learned not only about their lives at such times, but her thoughts, feelings; everything came tumbling out, then, in a kind of passionate intimacy.

Sometimes I'd think almost angrily that she had no right to tell me so much, but afterwards I'd realise she hadn't even known how much she was telling; she had to tell someone, and I was there. She was alone all day until she went to the hospital, and then alone again till the next visit. They knew no one in Copenhageen, and though several times I suggested she should lunch with me, or eat with me in the evening, she always excused herself. The fact is she liked being alone; if she couldn't be with him she preferred solitude—no one else would do. She didn't feel lonely.

She'd wandered about the city and found herself an attic at the top of a high building; it had belonged to an artist and was tastefully furnished—books, a divan bed with a woven cover, pencil drawings and odd sketches on the white-washed walls, a sort of attic studio, really. She took me up one evening to show me. There was a magnificent view out over the city's spires and domes and ancient crazily tiled red roofs to the Sound, full of shipping.

I felt I could have worked there. She told me she did. She showed me some of her work; not many portraits—small stuff mostly, designs, wood and lino cuts, fine delicate work. I asked her if her husband was also an artist. She smiled. "Only in living," she said. He was a ship's officer; it was how they came to be in Copenhagen. He had been taken ill, and when the ship—combined passenger and cargo—had put into Copenhagen he had been taken to hospital. He had had a haemorrhage. When she had received the cable saying he had been taken to hospital she had come out by the next boat. She would have flown if she could, but where could she have raised so much money?

Please turn to Page 16

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

Romance . . in Pastel Drapery

• ABOVE: Mist-cool lime chiffon with the coquetry of a draped bustline. Billowing skirt in the tempo of a Strauss waltz.

• ABOVE RIGHT: In conspiracy with romance — lily-of-the-valley green chiffon featuring soft drapery, a fractional waist, and a skirt flowing to the back.

• CENTRE: The pendulum swings back to the enchantment of the 1800's with Chanel's camisole frock of turquoise sheer threaded with deep red velvet ribbons.

• RIGHT: Done in cyclamen marquisette, a lovely dancing frock with shirred bodice that makes an exquisite slender column of the figure.

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STRAWS SHOW . . .

● ABOVE: How to blaze a color trail with cyclamen straw, softened to sanity with glowing purple ribbon and a provocative bunch of blue-mauve flowers.

\+ +

● ABOVE RIGHT: Home is the sailor . . . and more flattering than ever in burnished wheat with a spanking bow of black velvet.

\+ +

● RIGHT: A glimpse of Salzburg with gleaming white straw vividly punctuated with an embroidered peasant band and heavy white cording.

● LEFT: Back turns the clock to the romantic Gibson Girl era — and the beguilement of this popcorn crisp straw in tropical blue.

● ABOVE: A saucy, tip-tilted little affair in red and white with glistening cherries. Paris is behind it, and a festive future ahead.

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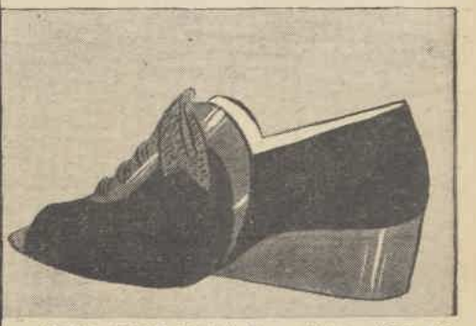
ENTER . . . NEW SHOES

THEY ARE DELICATELY FASHIONED, DESIGNED TO SHEATHE THE FOOT SNUGLY, WITH A DRAMATIC SPOTLIGHT ON THE INSTEP



● ABOVE: Red-brown suede oxford with the new platform sole.

● BELOW: The spool heel. Moccasin sports shoe of black suede piped with bright blue.

● ABOVE, AT TOP: The "blade" silhouette in shoes and handbag. Made of very thin suede. Gold tassel on bag.

● ABOVE, CENTRE: Matching shoes and handbag of copper suede, corded with matching calf.

● ABOVE: Wine kid oxford with latticed opening. Matching bag.

● ABOVE, AT TOP: Cocktail slipper of black soft kid with monk front and strap encircling the heel.

● ABOVE, CENTRE: Draped black antelope sandal, platform sole and heel of red leather.

● BOTTOM: The "airplane" heel. Open-toed. Suede and kid. Green.

CHANGED is the course of shoe styling. New shoes are beautiful, lilting, buoyant, deep-soled, and delicately arched. They take sizes off your foot and dwindle your ankle to fragile lines.

These new shoes swathe the foot, with a "melted-on" look, and wrap close about the instep to accent the high-sweeping curve of the arch.

Heels are new looking, too. Latest whims are spool and airplane heels. And for country walks, square heels to match up with sturdy square toes that poke fun at the roughest wear.

Revolutionary things are happening to soles. The platform, that made its debut on the beaches in stilt-like proportions, is seen in modern versions in the street. Grand to give small girls an air of dignity.

For additional daring, many designers are featuring these platforms or wedge soles in contrasting color to the shoes.

Colors demand attention this season. For sports there are low-heeled oxfords in deep bright red crocodile or dark green or yellowish moss-green.

There are plenty of dark wines and the new shadowy plums so liked for dresses.

Grey suede pumps or beaver beige pumps are both infinitely chic with a black or navy spring suit, with antelope gloves to match. Exceptionally simple, straightforward and "un-chic!"

Shoe fabrics include gleaming patent, supple calfskin, velvety suede, colored alligator, and natural pigskin.

Shiny pipings glamorise suede; pin-point perforations are seen everywhere, particularly on the newsiest sports shoes, and peep-toes are everywhere—just showing a glimpse of lacquered nails.

● A SCHIAPARELLI design, elastic lizard straps over a black pump.

Matching Handbags

IT'S smart to match your shoes and handbags. Mary St. Claire, our London fashion editor, writes that shop windows in the Rue de Rivoli and Rue Florentin are filled with delightful displays of the two newest handbags.

One, quite a small bridge pochette with a zipp fastening, shaped like a naval cocked hat, and made up in black glace kid with gold edging, was designed to commemorate the visit of the King and Queen to Paris, and has been named "Le Chapeau du Roi."

The other is in black suede and rather large and flat like a sewing-bag. Instead of a handle it has a small fur-lined flat ring at the top into which the hands can be slipped on cold days. It is like a small muff with a large bag below it. To be really smart, the left-hand corner must be decorated with a large gold brooch of entwined initials.

KEEP YOUR FEET IN GOOD TRIM

At Work Or Play With

Zam-Buk

LOOK how she is swinging along . . . light of step . . . and with happy, care-free feet. And there's not the slightest reason why you shouldn't be the same, for Zam-Buk will give you healthy feet, free from aching, blistering and soreness, during these long, tiring days.

First bathe your feet in warm water every night (and morning, if possible). Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Troublesome corns and hard skin are softened and easily removed; blisters and chafing are healed, and ankles, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Use Zam-Buk regularly for healthy feet all summer.

1/6 or 3/6. All chemists and stores.

"I dreaded putting my shoes on, for the constant foot pain and soreness distressed me so. As my feet got no better I began to despair. Then I read about Zam-Buk and commenced rubbing my feet with this grand ointment every night.

"I got wonderful relief and the corns, bunions and other foot troubles have completely disappeared. Thanks to Zam-Buk I can now walk miles in comfort."

—Mrs. P. E. Ferris.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

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An Editorial

OCTOBER 15, 1938

HITLER, EX-DECORATOR, MAY HAVE BUILT A HOUSE OF PLASTER

WHAT matters now is how long the peace of Munich will last.

The world has accepted the fact that it was an unjust Peace. The Czechs were sacrificed.

But most people agree with the words of wisdom of Samuel Butler who said: "An unjust peace is to be preferred before a just war."

Of course, when people think of peace they mean lasting peace.

They do not mean merely a peaceful period in which a power-seeking nation gathers strength for a bloody campaign.

Indeed, such a period is not "peaceful." It is a period of threat and anxiety. Of vast expenditure on guns. Taxation. Men conscripted into great armies.

Even in Australia war anxiety means more warships, more aeroplanes. Less money for new roads, for houses, for hospitals, for pensions.

So what matters is how long the peace of Munich will last.

IT would be absurd in the world of to-day to make predictions too far ahead.

This much, at any rate, is certain: A respite has been gained which ought certainly to last long enough to give another chance for a lasting peace to be fixed up.

The two supremely good points in the Chamberlain-Hitler settlement were:

1. **Respite from a great war, giving human reason and civilisation a fresh try.**
2. **The sensible method by which the settlement was arranged. These face-to-face talks between leaders of great nations were a memorable advance on the older methods of diplomatic pomp and humbug.**

If the League of Nations had any real strength, neither the first nor the second of these points would have arisen. The Czech dispute would have been settled by the League.

But it looks as if many years will pass before the nations of Europe will be on friendly enough terms to form a strong League.

Such friendliness calls for some mighty big changes in the present set-up of Europe.

In the first place the great nations must meet each other as equals. No bullies. No poor relations.

Secondly, each nation must be reasonably content about its status, and give up any idea of expansion by force of war.

Two of the great European nations, England and France, may be said to fulfil these conditions.

Russia would claim that she does also; but her dictatorship system is unpredictable.

The other two great powers, Italy and Germany, with their religion of military power and conquest, and their one-man leadership, could never be team mates with people who believe in peaceful progress.

Why the Peace of Munich May Endure

GERMANY IS THE MOST IMPORTANT FACTOR. ONLY BY AN EXAMINATION OF GERMANY IN RELATION TO THE REST OF EUROPE CAN THE CHANCES OF PEACE BE GAUGED.

THE outstanding thing about Germany is that, except for a few years after 1918, she has never been a free, democratic nation.

Germany had no liberating revolution like France; no gradual growth of parliamentary freedom like England.

Always governed from above by a junta, that position has become more intense under the Nazis. The culmination of it is the dictatorship of Hitler.

Adolf Hitler has the ambitions and military dreams of Caesar and Napoleon. He combines an hysterical megalomania with the cold, scientific organising ability which is typical of the Germans.

Hitler has inflamed his people with the idea of their superiority over all other peoples.

He has convinced them that an expansion of Germany is necessary for its progress and prosperity.

"It is all very well for France and England," he reasons, "to renounce war, and sit back in ease and contentment. In the past two hundred years they have taken all the colonies and territory they needed.

"Germany happens to be a little later on the scene, but why should we put a stop to our development?"

(Incidentally the same reasoning is made by Japan in regard to China and the Pacific.)

THE line of development marked out by Hitler in his book, "Mein Kampf," shows that Germany hopes eventually to control the greater part of Europe.

This new Empire would extend from Norway and Sweden down to the Black Sea and Mediterranean.

Such a vast German Empire would be so powerful that England and France would be overshadowed. Only America, Russia and Japan could compare with the new Germany.

This dream could only be achieved by invading one small nation after another in Europe, and imposing Nazi rule.

Hitler will certainly pursue his policy of expansion. He believes France and England will not stop him.

France will fight only in her own defence in future, the Germans believe.

England, they think, has too much fear of an aerial bombardment of London, of aggression to the Empire by Japanese and other German allies to wish a war.

IS the German opinion of France and England correct?

If not, why do not these nations do something to curb Hitler?

The answer is that Europe is such a vast and complicated group of nations and peoples that any clear summing-up of it is impossible.

Nobody in the world can assess the real forces and motives that govern the many nationalities. Their leaders are even more uncertain and enigmatic.

But one fact does stand out, plain for all to see except a fanatical militaristic junta: a great European war would reduce civilisation to a low level of poverty and misery, as well as bombing and gassing millions of people.

Religion in Germany

—Cartoon by Ken.

NOBODY CAN GAUGE THE REAL STRESSES INSIDE FEVERISH EUROPE

So it is true that England and France will go to extreme lengths to avoid a great war.

But there is a limit.

Mr. Chamberlain told the House of Commons that a nation which made up its mind to dominate the world by threats of force must be resisted.

IT is unlikely that Hitler will be ready for another step for some time.

Moreover, the lesson he learnt from Mr. Chamberlain was not the only one he learnt during the crisis.

All reports agree that the German people, in spite of being kept in the dark, were in dread of war.

Part of the main purpose of Nazi methods has been to keep the people in ignorance of world affairs, but at the same time keyed up to a high pitch of patriotic zeal and sacrifice.

This propaganda seems to have failed.

In the Great War of 1914-1918 the collapse of the German army was due to passive revolt and weakening of the people at home in Germany.

The Nazis planned to avoid this in any future war.

Hitler may require years to restore the public confidence, which seems to have been slipping from him.

He may, in fact, never regain it. The people of Germany may overthrow the dictatorship, and revert to the form of democracy they set up after the Kaiser's abdication.

That is the one real hope for world peace.

SOME important English statesmen, including Labor leaders, disagree with Mr. Chamberlain.

They say that Hitler's claims on Czechoslovakia should have been resisted.

Frankly, their attitude was not so much to save the Czechs as to curb Hitlerism.

Some of these critics, like Mr. Churchill, were actuated by pride in the British Empire, and a desire to maintain its dominance. But that attitude could only provoke Hitler to more rivalry.

The Labor critics wished to crusade on behalf of liberty and democracy against Nazi methods. But most people think that all nations are entitled to govern themselves as they like, provided they don't try to bully and assault their neighbors.

The broad opinion of the world today is that Mr. Chamberlain, by avoiding a war, did the right thing for humanity, and by his meetings with Hitler brought a breath of clean common sense into a murky atmosphere of secret diplomacy and war fever.

Hitler by trade used to be a house decorator; not a builder.

After all, the seemingly magnificent edifice he has erected might be mostly lath and plaster, soon doomed to collapse.

THE EDITOR.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*

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L. W. Lower Goes to the Dogs . . . and Cats

A touching little scene in the home life of L. W. Lower.

How to be Happy With a Zoo in Your Home

A lot of people think dogs should not be kept in flats. That's what I call a moot point and a matter for discussion.

But if you must have pets in the home you have a large range to choose from.

..By..
L. W. Lower
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

GOLDFISH, for instance! They're ornamental, reasonably quiet, and they come in handy when there's nothing to eat in the house.

Many is the happy hour I've spent watching the goldfish giopping in their bowl. That's, of course, when I've been broke and had nothing to read and nowhere to go.

I don't approve of canaries. Either they're yelling all day or else kicking their seed all over the house. If they're not doing that they just sit on their perches and mope.

Talking parrots are all right for bachelors. The average married man doesn't need one.

An intelligent parrot or cockatoo can be a great solace to a lonely bachelor. By reading the paper out loud to him each day he will soon gain an insight into world affairs and then you can sit down and discuss things with him. He'll only repeat what was in the paper, but that's all anybody ever does.

I'm not so sure about cats. They're asleep all day and up all night, and if you want them to take any notice of you you've got to pour a couple of tins of sardines over yourself. This is ruinous to the clothing.

Still, they are fairly useful for developing baby's biceps. Let the child take a firm grip on the cat's tail, and with the cat pulling one way and the baby pulling against him the child will soon have muscles sticking out all over him.

It also strengthens the hind and forelegs of the cat.

Incidentally, Manx cats are not much use for this exercise.

Very soothing to have about the house are silkworms. To see them munching away at the mulberry leaves in the old cardboard boot-box and then knitting themselves jumpers and retiring from the public gaze is a very edifying and instructive sight.

If the silkworm can be trained to weave small d'oyleys for the dressing-table, so much the better.

One thing about silkworms is that they're not rowdy. In this respect they are equal, if not superior, to goldfish.

Lions are Awkward

IN Hollywood, they tell me, the film stars keep young alligators and lion cubs as pets. I have had no experience with alligators, but I have bred lions for the Kenya game preserve, and I have found them quite docile.

Of course, you've got to be firm with them. Give a lion an inch and he'll take the foot off you.

Lions are no good in flats. You need a fairly large backyard for them. It would be embarrassing for a flat-dweller to bring home a friend and find the lion stretched out on the settee with half a chewed bullock parked alongside the wireless cabinet.

That's another thing. A couple of bullocks a week is nothing to a lion, and you'd get a name as the butcher's benefactor in your district. Of course, if you get in early enough, you'll have plenty of soup bones.

Useful Camels

CAMELS are pets which should be allowed plenty of room, although they can fold themselves up into a fairly neat heap when resting. If a camel can be taught to stay folded up, all is well. The trouble is that it's pretty monotonous for the camel.

One great feature about this animal from a wife's point of view is that it can go for weeks without a drink.

A great opportunity thus presents itself for the harassed wife to gaze at her husband and say, "It's a pity you weren't more like Camelia, the camel, you besotted bounder."

The husband could just look pointedly at the camel's hump and smirk openly. Thus the pet would serve both husband and wife. It would also come in handy when doing the shopping or for week-ends.

We pass on now to snakes. Have you ever passed on to snakes? Isn't it awful? Anyhow, this time I mean real snakes.

Carpet snakes are the usual thing, but I don't recommend them. The housewife may be a little short-sighted and start running the vacuum-cleaner over the snake instead of the carpet. The snake would probably resent this.

The python is by far the best snake to keep as a companion. What, I ask you, is home without a python? Just a desert.

The python is not pythonous, and may be worn around the neck as a boa, and used when coming home to tie parcels together.

Pythons are very interesting and friendly and one can become wrapped up in them.

Lastly (there'll be relief for both of us any minute), lastly, I repeat, I feel that, contrary to my original intention, I must mention dogs.

If a dog becomes a nuisance, never chain him up. Nail him down!

And remember, girls, there is an old adage: "The man who is kind to animals is cruel to women."

So if you see your husband patting the dog, get in first and throw something at him.

How can you get a Lovely Complexion

YOU can have that clear, unblemished skin — that outer beauty which comes from inner health—if you remember to take Bile Beans regularly each night.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system and daily eliminate impurities from the blood-stream. This purified and enriched blood feeds the skin tissues, removes all blemishes and unevenness, and gives what every woman desires—a matchless complexion.

So if you want to be admired for your lovely clear complexion start taking Bile Beans to-night.

"I am a hundred per cent. better in health since I started taking Bile Beans, and my skin is again fresh and clear. I would not miss my nightly Bile Beans for anything."—Mrs. E. Hinds.

* * *

"Taking Bile Beans nightly has made all the difference to my appearance. My skin is now a healthy colour, my complexion is blemish-free, my eyes are bright and I get up on a morning feeling rejuvenated."—Mrs. F. S. Britton.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE

When Gin is called for-

call for

Gordon's

It may cost a little more but it's WELL worth it!

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO., LTD. LONDON, ENGLAND. The largest gin distillers in the world

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Preparing for guests is tiring work . . . how dull and drab my skin looks . . .

Now a stimulating wash with PEARS' before I dress . . .

. . . and just look how PEARS'

Tonic Action

brings back fresh young radiance

PEARS' tonic action stimulates your complexion to sparkling, radiant loveliness! Pears' deep-cleansing lather clears away pore-clogging dust and impurities—lets your weary, half-stifled complexion breathe again!

Pears' is different—while other soaps are made, sold and used, *Pears' is undergoing a long, costly process of maturing!* This gives Pears' its unique mildness and purity . . . . its famed mellow transparency!

ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm until it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

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Pears

Original Transparent Soap

ECONOMICAL BECAUSE IT LASTS FAR LONGER

A. & F. PEARS LTD. 10-172.25

Genuine Prescriptions

ensure lasting recovery from

Kidney & Liver Troubles

Made up strictly in accordance with the genuine prescriptions of the late great physician, Dr. Carroll's U.B.O. Remedies are definitely effective because, not only do they give relief, but act at the roots of the trouble and eliminate the causes of Kidney and Liver complaints. They have a record of 30 years' positive results.

DR. CARROLL'S U.B.O. KIDNEY TREATMENT

Acts in two ways, by first cleansing from the system accumulated poisons due to faulty or weak kidneys, poisons which cause untold agony, constant discomfort, bladder trouble, rheumatism, backache and bad health generally. It also has a direct soothing, healing and stimulating action on the affected Kidneys and restores them to their natural function of eliminating uric acid, phosphatic concretions and toxins, thus remedying all trouble and maintaining perfect health. It ends the irritation of that painful "burning" sensation, helps you feel younger, stronger, more vigorous—ends the nightmare of that "past 40" feeling, which makes life a misery for thousands.

At all Chemists and Stores, 3/6 bottle of 50 tablets.

DR. CARROLL'S U.B.O. LIVER TREATMENT

The Liver is a most important organ of the body. A sluggish or disordered Liver causes Dizziness, Biliousness, Constipation, Sallow Skin and devitalises the body and mind. Dr. Carroll's U.B.O. Liver Treatment also acts in two ways. First it relieves the existing complaints and then attacks the root of the trouble by definite action on the Liver. It stimulates, strengthens and regulates this organ, enabling it once more, to normally perform its functions, which are vital to perfect health.

At all Chemists and Stores, 2/6 bottle of 50 tablets.***

Finlay's Drastic Cure

Continued from Page 7

THE doctor, while puzzled, was impressed by Sam's condition—no bones broken, no internal injuries that he could find, but something seemingly wrong for all that; the patient's agony was so manifest.

Snoddy was a small, prosy, pompous man with a tremendous sense of his own dignity, and finally, with a great show of knowledge, he made the ominous pronouncement—

"It's the spine!"

Sam echoed the words with a hollow moan. And horror thrilled through to Peter's marrow.

"Ye understand!" he whispered, "It was us to blame; we take full responsibility. He's to have everything that's needed. Nothing's too good for him! Nothing!"

That was the beginning. Nourishment was necessary for the invalid, good, strong nourishment. Nourishment was provided. Stimulant—Peter saw that the brandy was the very best. A proper bed—Retta sent round the bed herself. Towels, linen, saucepans, jellies, tea, nightshirts, sugar, they all flowed gently to the sick man's home. Later—some tobacco, to soothe the anguished nerves. And a little money, too, since Mrs. Forrest, tied to Sam's bedside, could not do her washing as before.

"Run round with this to Sam's," became the order of the day.

Snoddy, of course, was calling regular as the clock.

And finally, there came the day when, taking Peter aside, he articulated the fatal word paralysis.

PETER PIPER

THE third tongue-twister from "Peter Piper's practical principles of plain and perfect pronunciation" concerns one Captain Crackskull. This is a harder one. You'll have more trouble with it.

c C c

CAPTAIN CRACKSKULL

Captain Crackskull cracked a catchpoll's cockscomb:
Did Captain Crackskull crack a catchpoll's cockscomb?
If Captain Crackskull cracked a catchpoll's cockscomb,
Where is the catchpoll's cockscomb Captain Crackskull cracked?

(Next week the d D d tongue-twister.)

Sam's life was saved, but Sam would never use his legs again.

"Never!" Peter faltered. "I don't understand!"

Snoddy laughed his pompous little laugh.

"Just watch the poor fellow try to walk—then ye'll understand."

It was a staggering blow for Peter and Retta. They talked it over late into the night—over and over and over. But there was no way out.

Retta wept a little, and Peter was not far off tears himself, but they had to make up their minds to it; they had done it, they alone must foot the bill, and Sam, of course, Sam, poor soul, his lot was far, far worse than theirs.

A bath-chair was bought—Peter sweated when he saw the price—and Sam and his chair assumed their places in Levenford society.

On the level his eldest son, aged fourteen, could wheel him easily enough and "down to the emporium," became a favorite excursion of Sam's.

He would sit outside the shop, basking in the sun, sending in for tobacco, or a pie, or dried prunes, of which he was particularly fond. Now, indeed, there was no talk of refusing him credit. Sam's credit was unlimited, and he had his weekly dole from Peter as well.

When the nine days' wonder of the wheeled chair subsided, Levenford forgot.

Hardly anyone noticed it when Peter and Retta relinquished the cosy little Barloan house, and moved into the rooms above the shop, when the little girl gave up her music lessons, and the boy suddenly left the academy to earn a wage in Gillespie's office.

The grey creeping into Peter's hair, and the worried frown deepening on Retta's brow, evoked little interest and less sympathy.

As Sam himself put it with a pathetic shake of his head—"They have their legs, at any rate!"

This was indeed the very phrase which Sam employed to Finlay on that fateful summer evening of the first July.

It was a fine, bright evening, with the view looking its very best. Finlay stood on the brae, trying to find tranquillity in the sight.

To-night his surgery had worried him, the day had been troublesome, and his mood, taken altogether, was cantankerous.

At length the soothing quiet of the scene sank into him; he lit his pipe, beginning to feel himself at peace. And then, over the crest of the brae, came Sam in the wheeled chair.

Finlay swore. The history of Sam and Peter has long been known to him, and the sight of the big, bloated fellow, fastened like a parasite on the lean and hungry Lennie, goaded him immeasurably.

He watched them draw near, irritably observing Peter's physical distress, and, as they reached the summit, he made a caustic comment on the difficulties of propelling inert matter uphill.

"He cannot complain," sighed Sam. "He has his legs, at any rate."

And then, instinctively, Finlay looked at Sam's legs as they lay snugly in the long, wheeled chair.

THEY were, strangely, a remarkably stout pair of legs. Fat, like the rest of Sam, bulging Sam's blue serge trousers.

Peculiar, thought Finlay, that there should be no atrophy, no wasting of these ineffectual limbs. Most peculiar!

He stared and stared at Sam's legs with a growing penetration, and then, with a terrible intentness, he stared at the unconscious man. Heavens! he thought all at once. Supposing—supposing all these years——

And suddenly, as he stood beside the wheeled chair on the edge of the brae—suddenly, with a devilish impulse, he took the flat of his boot and gave the chair a frightful push.

Without a word of warning, the chair shot off downhill.

Peter stood gaping at the bolting chair like a man petrified by the repetition of dreadful history; then he let out a nervous scream.

Sam, roaring like a bull, was trying to control the chair. But the chair had no brakes.

It careered all over the road, dashed at frantic speed into the hedge, overturned, and shot Sam bang into a bed of nettles.

For two seconds Sam was lost to view in the green sea of the stinging nettles; then, miraculously, he arose.

Cursing with rage, he scrambled to his feet and ran up to Finlay.

"What the devil!" he shouted, brandishing his fists; "what the devil did ye do that for?"

"To see if ye could walk!" Finlay shouted back, and hit Sam first.

Peter and Retta have returned to the Barloan house. The wheeled chair is sold, and Sam is back at his old job—supporting the corner of the Flitter's Arms.

But every time Finlay drives past he curses and spits upon the ground.

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Fine, Healthy Little Girl

Marie Jeanette is a happy baby, thanks to Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders

Mrs. C. LAZELL writes :—" I am only too pleased to tell you of the benefits my baby received from your wonderful Infants' Powders. At birth she was only six pounds in weight, and had a difficult digestion. At three months I started giving her Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders, and very soon she began to digest her food, and was soon gaining weight steadily. When her teeth appeared the Infants' Powders again carried her safely and comfortably through this trying period of babyhood. At eight months when the photo was taken, she was full weight and a very healthy baby."

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

are intended to ease pain and soothe the child, check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period, and are useful in delayed or prolonged dentition.

Mothers ensure the best Protection and Comfort for their Children by using

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

Which are safe, reliable, unfailing and guaranteed perfectly harmless.

Box of 20 Powders for 1/6 at chemists and stores. For *free* sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., Box 34 P.O., North Sydney.

PAIN

YOU HAVE TO KEEP TO YOURSELF

* * * * *

Already, five out of every nine women in this country have changed to **Myzone** for relief of pain, headache, sick-feeling, muscular cramps. For **Myzone's** amazing ***actevin*** (anti-spasm) ***compound*** brings such immediate relief and bright comfort — without "doping."

Just take two **Myzone** tablets with cup of tea, or water, any time. Try it on your next headache! Find relief that is more complete—more lasting, than any ordinary aspirin or a.p.c.

2/- a box. All Chemists.

Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause, which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendaco, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality to that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and work and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you. 2382

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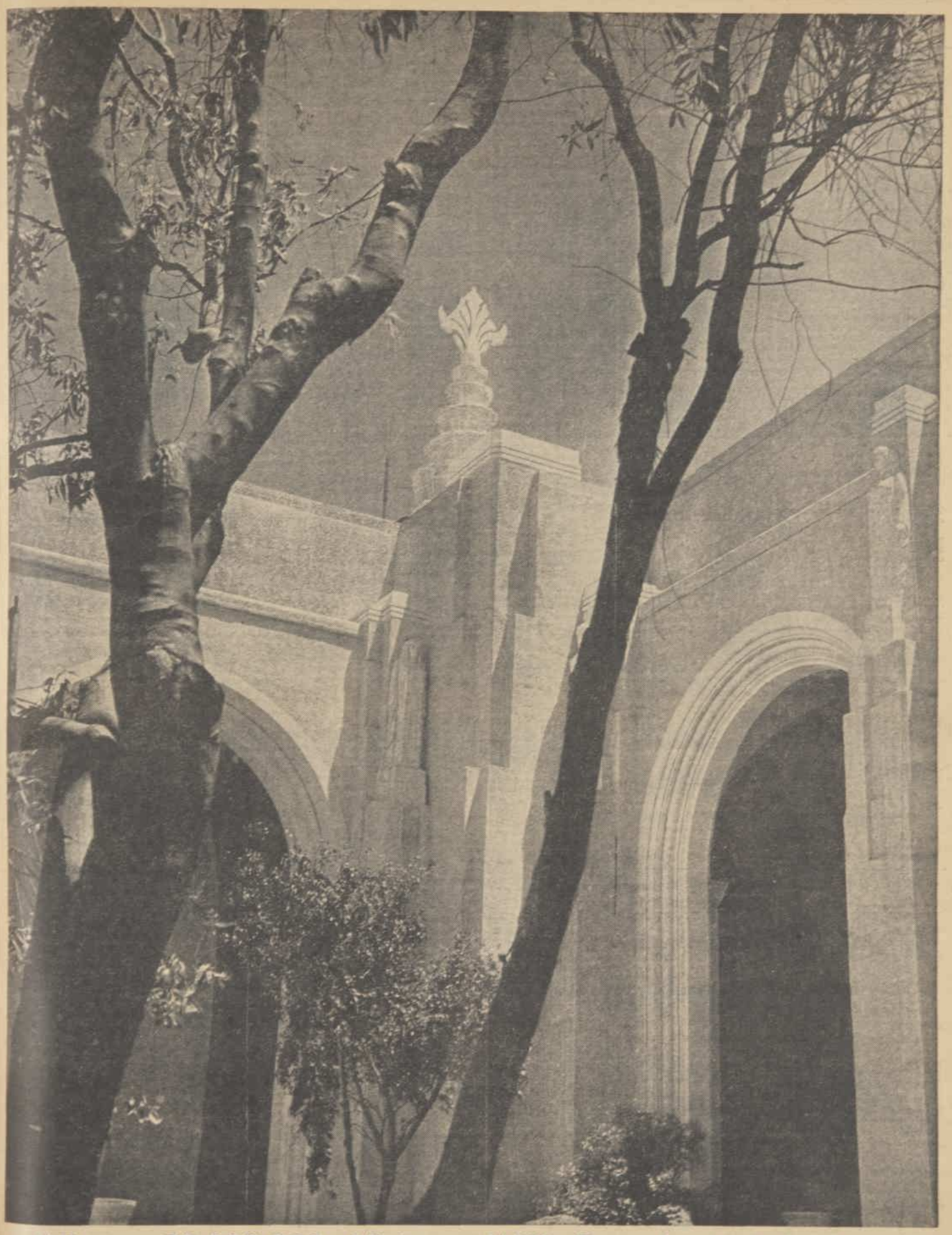

Where 20,000,000 Visitors Will See Australia's Lures

OVER THE FLOWER COURT of the £12,000,000 Golden Gate Exposition, San Francisco, rise the East Towers. Distinctly Oriental in design, the East Towers face the Pacific Basin area where exhibits of Pacific countries will be located. The Exposition, which opens on February 28, is expected to attract 20,000,000 visitors. ● Australia is expending £21,000 to advertise Australia in the hope of attracting tourists. Our exhibit, 4000 feet square, will be approached through a plantation of gum trees and wattles. The buildings, in colonial design, will be veneered with Australian timbers. ● Technicolor films will show visitors Australian surfing, bushlands, sport and the growth of the cities. The Great Barrier Reef will be specially featured and paintings by Australian artists will be displayed. Maps will show Australia as the crossroads of the Pacific; half a million Australian booklets will be issued.

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ONLY NICE GIRLS WANTED NO OTHERS NEED APPLY

Just one hint of underarm odour, and a girl misses out with men

Why is it always Eleanor who dances every dance?

Any *man* could tell you one reason why! Eleanor is always *sweet*, nice to be near . . . Eleanor never risks underarm odour!

And Eleanor would tell you: "I take a daily bath, of course, but I never think it's enough! A bath takes care only of *past* perspiration—it can't prevent odour *to come*. Underarms must have special care. So after every bath, and before every dance, I always use Mum!"

Simply and surely, Mum makes perspiration odour impossible. Protect *your* charm, *your* popularity—with Mum.

MUM IS SURE! No matter how long or how late you dance, trust Mum to keep you fresh. Just a dab under each arm—and you're *safe*.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute to use. Apply Mum even *after* you're dressed. It will not harm fabrics.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does stop every trace of odour. Even after underarm shaving, it actually soothes the skin!

At all Chemists and Better Class Stores. Price, 1/6; Double size, 2/6.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Drives Out *Itching* Dandruff

"Hair was dry, brittle and falling out. After half the treatment—itching, dandruff gone, and a new growth of hair."
—H.R.A.

Stops Falling Hair.

Dandruff is a germ, hidden in the hair root. Those visible, white scaly flakes are but a symptom. If neglected, the germ plugs up pores, the hair starves, weakens, falls out.

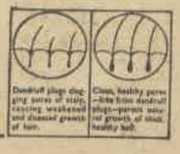
The value of *Crystolis Rapid* lies in a unique power of penetrating deep down into the hair roots, where its special action dissolves and expels the invisible parasitic dandruff germ—and leaves the whole scalp cleansed and invigorated.

Secondly—it stimulates the hair-growing organs to revive their natural functions, so that a daily massage with *Crystolis Rapid* not only routs dandruff (and with it, the trouble of falling hair)—but many find a noticeable re-growth of hair.

Many prominent people are using this remarkably effective treatment. Get a bottle to-day, 2/11 and 4/11. All chemists, stores, hairdressers. Guaranteed.

CRYSTOLIS RAPID

Recognised by the Pharmaceutical Profession as World's most Effective Scalp Treatment and Aid to Hair Growth.



One Perfect Year

Continued from Page 8

THAT journey out, she said, the day and the night and all next day she must have walked miles round the deck of the ship in her fever. She wasn't a human being any more, she said, just a body that ached with the throbbing of heart and pulses in an endless tattoo of "My Love, my Love, my Love."

I asked her what they were going to do when Richard left hospital. She said she didn't know. The doctors at the hospital had said he must rest. He mustn't work again for at least a year. It was advice easy enough for the rich to carry out, but what could humble people, who had to work for their livings, do about it? But they would manage somehow, she said.

The company were being very kind and were paying the hospital fees—which are expensive for foreigners—and their first-class fares back home, and had given her a hundred pounds for immediate expenses; they had enough for five or six months if they were careful, and she could always earn a little. They would manage. I said I could help a little if need be. She said it was very kind of me, but unless she very desperately needed things for Richard she'd prefer not to come to me.

Well, my friend was discharged from hospital and stayed a few weeks convalescing, and then went back to Paris. I remained on. I was working on a book and it could be done as well in Copenhagen as anywhere else. It happened that I had no ties, and I had the queer feeling of not being able to desert this pair—though, heaven knows, they didn't need me. But somehow I had to see the story through, and even if she had no real need of me, at least I was there in the background, and that might be some sort of comfort to her, I thought.

I got to know all her habits; on the way home from hospital she would buy food—cheese, fruit, milk, salads, eggs. Every night at about nine she left her attic and went down all the dark stairs and out into the streets, full of bicycles and people promenading, Danske fashion, and that smell of the sea on the breeze from the Sound, and that continual call of ships' sirens.

She would walk down the road and post a letter to Richard so that he would have it in the morning; then she would walk along to the quays and round the blocks of houses and across the wide, cobbled square of the Royal Palace, and so in a circle back to the street of tall, stately old houses and her attic. She was always very happy on this stroll, breathing the cool air and thinking of Richard.

In the mornings she usually walked up to the top of the road and through the wooded boulevards—like the Bois in Paris—to the broad promenade of the Langeline; there she would sit on a seat near the Yacht Club and watch the white sails skimming over the blue water, and dream away the hours till it was time to go to Richard.

She didn't go back to the attic for lunch. She would buy some fruit and eat it on the long walk to the hospital. She found all sorts of ways of going to the hospital. Copenhagen is full of lovely little public gardens, with ponds and willows and roses, and she found a way of going that took her through two of these gardens.

Then there were the three precious hours beside the magnolia tree, followed by the walk back along the water in the mellow evening light, and the heat of the day gone from the attic when she returned to it, the preparation of her simple meal, the writing to Richard, and then her evening walk to post the letter and take a last look at the ships before going to bed.

She was happy. Even on the bad days, because that pain was part of the intensity of living, and there was a kind of ecstasy in it, if you understand. You had only to look at her to know, if you were at all observant and sensitive, that here was a woman living at a pitch given to few.

When the great and wonderful day for which she had been living, the day on which she was to bring him away from the hospital—when that day came I didn't see her; but she told me about it afterwards.

They hadn't gone straight back to the attic. They had left the hospital in a taxi and had gone up to the Langeline and sat holding hands under a striped sun-umbrella on the terrace of the Yacht Club, watching people and the ships and the trees and the sky, sitting in silence because their hearts were too full. He was very weak and had to lean on her shoulder as he walked. You will picture the great tall, hulking man leaning on the shoulder of that small creature. They did a number of short walks like that subsequently, and she would come in aching all over with the strain of it, but so gladly, so gladly.

I called on them in their attic. I wanted to keep in touch with them, but was diffident about intruding. I purposely never stayed long. She was different with him, I found; she had lost her intensity and half-childish seriousness and became light and gay; he laughed a lot, and he made her laugh. They seemed incredibly young; more like a boy and girl than a man and woman in their thirties and married five years.

You got the impression that they were so tremendously pleased with each other; that everything each did delighted the other. I would go away from them with a singing in me, a feeling of lightness, as though something in me had grown wings. I would catch myself out smiling, and falling into endless happy reveries about them, after being with them a little time. Technically I was lonely in Copenhagen, for I knew no one but these two, and they were wrapped up in each other like a bud in its sepals; but I, too, was happy with a queer kind of ecstatic happiness.

Well, they stayed on a few weeks in Copenhagen till he was stronger, and then, one day, they told me they had taken a villa at a little place up near Helsingfors, on the open sea; there was a little sandy plage there, and pines coming down to the sand, and it was recommended as a good cure-place. They had written to her mother to store their furniture and try to let their cottage, and they had taken the villa for a year.

Yes, yes, they knew all about the bitter winter, but it would be a good dry cold, and they would skate and ski and toboggan and drive about in sledges. They looked at each other with sparkling eyes as they said it. I must come and have long week-ends with them, they said. They were like a couple of excited children.

WHY didn't I stay on, too, and take their attic? It would be sultry in London just now, and when the winter set in there would be dampness and darkness, sleet and rain and fogs, and if there was snow it would turn to slush—horrible!

I agreed with them. I stayed on, taking their attic gladly, for up under the roof as it was and intensely hot in the afternoons, like an oven, it seemed to me vastly superior to any hotel accommodation; and the heat of the afternoons was compensated for by the heavenly wind with the smell of the sea on it which blew in over the roof tops in the evenings. I was tired of working between the wash-basin and the bed in an hotel bedroom—I had had altogether too much of that in my wandering life—and I was immensely happy in my Danish attic, and with these two lovers for friends.

I went out to their villa often, a little wooden house with a verandah overlooking the plage; there was a thin wood of pines behind, and a scrap of garden in front, very formal, with borders edged with scallop-shells. They bathed a lot from the plage, and Richard became brown, and looked very beautiful, I thought. He spent a lot of time on the verandah watching the shipping through a pair of binoculars, and Hilary would sit watching him—wondering, I knew, if he were getting restive for the sea again. Sometimes I thought he was, though he tried to hide it from her. He was a naturally active person and, feeling perfectly fit again, it was hard for him to rest.

He wasn't supposed to swim much, and that irked him, for he was a great swimmer. Sometimes he turned his binoculars across to Norway, and I think, he dreamed of mountains, for he was a great climber, too. Then Hilary would come and stand beside him, or lean over the back of his chair and kiss the nape of his neck or brush the lock of hair, and he would turn to her smiling with infinite tenderness and joy. She could always get him back from his restless mental wandering.

Please turn to Page 34

Ugly Fat Banished

Excess Weight Easily Dissolved by New Natural Method

Dr. D. McClaskey, New York, says:—*"Acid conditions in Intestinal Tract (Self-Poisoning) is real cause of the deposit of adipose tissue."*

Self-poisoning (autoxima) overthrows the body's alkaline reserve and develops acid conditions which impair the normal functions of the body. Instead of the body eliminating the fatty acids (which result from digestion) in a natural way, these fatty acids are absorbed into the blood stream with other waste residues.

Was 10 st. 6 lbs. Now 9 st. 3 lbs.

Hamilton, December, 22.

"Your wonderful Coloseptic has been the means of reducing my weight over 17 lbs. . . . I tried all kinds of things before I used Coloseptic, but they had no effect . . . COLOSEPTIC keeps me so well."
—Miss J.M.

COLOSEPTIC overcomes acidity, activates nutrition, dehydrates the excess moisture weight, brucks up the fatty acids, sweeps the intestines clean of all heavy fermenting residues and other acid products and passes them smoothly out of the system. It also activates the dehydrating action of the other vital eliminative organs—the kidneys, pores of the skin and respiratory apparatus. COLOSEPTIC is the one natural, safe way to permanent weight control.

Trial Offer . .

Send 3d. in stamps to COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) Ltd., 26 O'Connell Street, Sydney, and mention the name of this paper.

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Too rapid growth, or undergrowth, shows the need for special feeding. The best special food is Benger's between meals, because

—it is always prepared with fresh new milk,

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"Benger's Food is quite distinct from any other food obtainable."—British Medical Journal. *Send postcard for Benger's Booklet, explaining why. Benger's Food, Ltd. (Inc. in England), 250 George Street, Sydney.*

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Prices in City and Suburbs: No. 1 size—8/-. No. 2 size—5/6. Made in Cheshire, Eng.

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THOUSANDS of pain-racked victims have been saved from a living death by the great new arterial medicine, DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS, which has proved so marvellous for Rheumatism, Arthritis, and High Blood Pressure. Muscles and joints lose stiffness and pain, Aches and pains vanish as MENTHOIDS kill bacteria and germs, cleansing your blood-stream. Get a 6/6 (month's treatment) flask or a 3/6 (12-day treatment) flask of MENTHOIDS from your nearest chemist to-day. Get genuine Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

TOURIST (to fakir): Can it do the Big Apple?

WIFE: The maid's leaving because of the rude way you spoke to her over the phone.
HUSBAND: But I didn't mean it—I thought I was talking to you!

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"I'll surely make them give me my money back on this parachute if it doesn't open."

WAITER: Your fish will be ready soon, sir!
PATIENT DINER: What bait are you using?

White or YELLOW?

Your clothes will not have that tinge of greyish-yellow if you give them a last rinse in blue water every wash-day. It's the blue rinse that brings lovely whiteness to your linens.

Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"SHE doesn't look her age!"
"No. She overlooks it."

"OUR flirtation is beginning to attract notice. Let us get married as soon as possible."
"Willingly—as soon as both of us can find suitable partners."

"SEE that girl over there? She has just got £500 for a short love-story."
"Why, that's a fortune for a short story. Did she sell the film rights, or something?"
"No; she told it to a jury."

"I HAVE not spoken to my wife for two years."
"You quarrelled?"
"No; I have not interrupted her."

"DOES your wife ever pay you any compliments?"
"Only in the winter."
"Why in the winter?"
"When the fire gets low she says, 'Alexander, the grate!'"

DOCTOR: Did you tell the young man I think he's no good?
Daughter: Yes; but it didn't impress him. He said it wasn't the first wrong diagnosis you'd made.

HE: I don't see why this new tandem of ours should be so hard to pedal.
She: Well, the only thing I don't like about it, dear, is the way these foot-rests keep moving up and down.

For your Son
—life begins at 16

Will he be leaping ahead to SUCCESS—or, Just Jogging Along the Highways?

No matter how good his school education has been, it has not taught him Accountancy, Secretaryship, Cost Accountancy, Advertising, Marketing and Selling.

Yet a Business Career is a fascinating adventure, that with this knowledge will place the world at his feet.

Success, travel, variety, scope—a place in the sun! All can be his if he gets the business training of H. & R.

TO give him an early start, to enable him to leap ahead through life, you must give him a specialised training. To enter the Business profession, the education you have given him only fits him to just go jogging along—when he DOES get a position.

To enter or stay in business, you must be trained—you must be qualified. Employers throughout Australia give preference to the youth (or girl) who is training with H. & R.—even assist him—and this training is not the financial burden on you that school education has been. Call and discuss your son's future—examine the possibilities of our thorough training and the Staff Appointment Service which last year placed 327 H. & R. trained students in positions.

Your son has much chance of securing a job if the gates to success are opened with a thorough business training. *The business training at H. & R. opens the gates—How will he be travelling?*

For your son, life's chance begins when you post the coupon.

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Dear Sirs,
I am interested in Business. Please send me free copy of the 1938 Edition of "The Guide to Careers in Business."
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Riddle of the Devoted Sphinx

Continued from Page 5

"AND by the living heaven," he said, his eyes shining admiration, "I believe you'd try."

"Something must be done. He's there, among those fiends—suffering and—and I am the only one he can turn to."

"To let you go would be signing your death warrant," he scowled. "And for nothing. He must be dead by now."

"I feel he isn't—in my bones," she answered. "He's strong and very—very tough. And even if he isn't alive I must know. Must! I have seven hundred English pounds, all I have in the world . . . if it isn't enough, if you won't go, then I must myself. I'm asking too much perhaps . . ."

"That is how you conquer Savaran," he said with his large gesture. "Such a devotion, daring the very stars, is what makes such great natures as yours and mine akin. I will go to the Ja-gna-gnana, and, if your husband is alive, I, Savaran, will bring him back."

. . . . . .

The spider-spare adventurer's journey through jungle, swamp and fever belt to that remote fastness of iron-flanked hills where the race of carbon-black, stork-shanked demons dwelt matters little. It was merely infernal. He lost half his carriers from bushman arrows before he had gone a third of the way, and the remainder of his men bolted one night at the sound of an attacking tribe's war drums, leaving him half dead with fever. It was only by staggering in on the drummers and cowing them with his fierce eyes and more terrible pistol that he escaped from the would-be murderers. He did it by forcing their king and his cabinet to act as bearers of the carrying-chair in which he rested until he was strong enough again to be really dangerous. But the journey was full of trifles like that, and such incidentals were, after all, merely everyday to a man like Savaran; besides, the real unpleasantness of the trip began when he got among the Ja-gna-gnana.

He would not have lived among them five hours, for they have a prompt and fearful resentment of all strangers, had he not adopted the only two roles that make a man reasonably safe among such fiends. He went among them as a madman and a fakir.

The more primitive a people are the more awed they are by insanity. A lunatic is one who has been touched by the finger of Allah, and whose mind is what it is through constantly hobnobbing with spirits. There never was so mad a madman as Savaran, and added to it he clothed his lean, dark figure in a tattered jibba, plus all the wondrous filth of sacred bones, snake skins, monkey tails and amulets proper to a holy seer.

It was not the prettiest form of living. If the Ja-gna-gnana let him live for fear of the demons he might loose on them, they saw no reason why he should not pay for it by amusing them. They therefore made him court jester to hell. When there was lack of people to torture and life was dull, they would drag him forward to gibber and dance.

Savaran, being Savaran, lived through it all, but at times it was only the memory of Judith Marrion's great love and sublime devotion that saved him from becoming suddenly sane and, plucking his automatic from its hiding place among the amulets, wiping out as many of these fiends as possible in one grand, Savaranesque attempt to level up their cruelty.

Being Savaran, however, he never did forget the woman who was waiting so loyally on his pledged word. Not for a moment did he cease to hunt for Charles Marrion, and the mowing and fanatic figure that seemed to drift aimlessly about the iron valleys was following a set plan. And in time his genius had its reward. He found Charles Marrion—alive and in the salt gangs.

High up in the hills of Ja-gna-gnana was a big saline lake that was the chief wealth of the tribe.

The one defect of this source of riches is that to keep pace with the demand is killing work. The lake is remote, the conditions of life ghastly, and the harsh, bare mountains trap the sun so ferociously that no man can work there continuously and live for more than a few years. The Ja-gna-gnana overcome these defects by using their prisoners on the work, its deadliness giving it an additional charm for this purpose in their eyes.

Savaran, learning in the plains that the famous white roumi captive was a member of the salt gang, set out for the lake. He was led to the man at once. This mad fakir with his frantic hatred of infidels—and that was why Savaran had spouted hate of infidels—promised a new line of torment for a prisoner who had become weak and unresponsive to the usual tortures.

Charles Marrion, because of his white skin, was a pampered prisoner. That is, when the horrible work brought him close to death he was taken off it and allowed to lie up in the sleeping camp until he was strong enough to be slowly killed again. He was undergoing such a spell of rest now, and Savaran, in the midst of a mob of his tormentors, found him lying under the tattered rag that was the only protection the slaves had against the elements.

He lay so limp and ill that not even the kicks of the Ja-gna-gnana could stir him, and presently Savaran had to pretend to give way to a frenzy of rage, bending over him and cursing him in a score of languages. But one of the languages was English, and he said: "Marrion! Marrion! . . . Keep your nerve . . . Oh, stench of infidel sin . . . Marrion, do you hear? . . . I'm white . . . Keep your nerve now . . . Oh, spawn of Ibis . . . I've come to save you . . ."

The man heard. He rolled over, groaning as though to confront a new tormentor, blinked at Savaran with dazed eyes—then opened them wide.

"Savaran!" he screamed. "God in Heaven—Savaran!"

But Savaran was already on top of him, clawing and mowing in crazy fury. And as the Ja-gna-gnana screeched in brutish laughter at such sport he was snarling ferociously:

"Keep your mouth shut, Rod Barstow! Do you hear? Give nothing away! Your very life depends on it . . ."

His own did, too. Something queer had happened to his knight errant search. He knew Judith Marrion's husband after all—but not as Marrion.

He was Rod Barstow, a crook whom Savaran had most solemnly promised to shoot on sight at their next meeting.

. . . . . .

The Ja-gna-gnana, fearing for the life of their show captive, dragged him off the swooning Barstow at last, and Savaran spent an evening being baited by the salt guards and asking himself whether the discovery absolved him from further heroic folly or whether his word to Judith Marrion was still binding.

Charles Marrion, or Rod Barstow, was the last man he wished to save from anything. He was one of the world's meanest efforts; a big, genial man who would stop at no filth to steal a dollar. It was for rotting a tribe Savaran had been interested in, with dope, that the bizarre adventurer had sworn to kill him.

He was, in fact, better dead. On the other hand there was Judith Marrion. Obviously she did not know what her husband was, how could so sweet and simple a creature even guess? And then, hadn't the brute married her under another name? No, he was probably at his best with her, all that a husband should be, therefore what he actually was had no bearing on her. All she wanted was her apparently decent husband safe and back with her, and he, Savaran, who never broke his promise, had given his word to restore that husband. That clinched it.

Barstow might have altered things by betraying him; he was quite capable of it, but he didn't. He clutched at the slender chance of freedom despite his fear of Savaran. When the mad fakir came to revile him next day he snarled: "What's your game, Savaran?"

"How mere truth puzzles a crook," the lean man mocked amid curses in seven languages, for the benefit of the Ja-gna-gnana. "The game is precisely as stated yesterday. I'm here to get you away."

"Don't lie to me," the man quavered. "Is this some trick of revenge?"

"Would Savaran risk his neck on such a trick, knowing that the Ja-gna-gnana were doing all that was needed?"

"No . . . that's what I've been thinking," mumbled the man. "But—but you swore to shoot me?"

"The pleasure is postponed. Perhaps indefinitely. I have also sworn to rescue you."

"Sworn! Someone paid you?" Barstow gasped. "Who? The Trevarter gang?"

Please turn to Page 20

IDEAL

There are men who take my fancy
By their laughter and their wit,
And I laugh and chatter with them
Then I think no more of it.

There are others I am fond of
For their qualities of charm,
And a few win admiration
By their strength and grace of arm.

But I never ever thought I'd find,
By any place or plan,
So many splendid qualities
In this one man.

—*Yvonne Webb.*

. . . and modern girls care for their complexion with this *milder* toilet soap

LIFEBUOY HELPS the modern girl achieve a clean, healthy, lovely skin. 6,000 tests by a leading Australian skin specialist prove Lifebuoy *milder* than many soaps recommended for babies and women. Lifebuoy lather gently removes all the impurities from the pores . . . keeps the skin smooth . . . prevents "B.O."—*its own clean scent vanishes as you rinse.*

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BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys — How to Get Happy Relief.

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need flushing out.

The kidneys are the great filters of the blood. All day long the blood is passing through the 15 miles of kidney tubes to be strained of acids and wastes. Healthy persons should pass 2 pints a day and so get rid of more than 2 pounds of waste matter.

When the kidney tubes become clogged, bladder passages are scanty, burning and smarting. The acids and wastes that should be passed out of the body, stay in the blood and become poisonous. This condition causes nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS . . . used successfully the world over by millions of people suffering with backache and other kidney disorders. They give quick relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. So be sure you get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS.

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CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.

WRITE NOW

All readers are welcome to try their hand at writing to this page on any topic that interests them. Letters should be short and concise. Address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

USEFUL TRAINING

UNEMPLOYMENT predicates lack of specific training for a definite trade. The average child learns no definite trade at school, and is burdened with useless homework till late hours. Technical school training, at the leaving-age of fourteen (if the child can be induced to take it), means tiring classes after long working-days. Why not so arrange the school curriculum that purely academic subjects can be eliminated where superfluous and every child be taught a trade?

Let it be compulsory that a child's natural gifts be forged into the implements of its adult sustenance.

£1 for this letter to V. A. Neville, 16 Roslyn Gardens, Elizabeth Bay, Sydney.

✣ ✣ ✣

CRUEL KINDNESS

WHY is it that many parents insist on going with their offspring when they are looking for positions?

Almost without exception the parents answer the questions before the child can open his lips.

They overshadow any character that the child might have, and give the prospective employer the impression of an ineffectual and dull boy or girl.

Miss E. Jeans, c/o Mrs. A. J. Harris, Edithia, Willan St., Eaglehawk, Vic.

✣ ✣ ✣

OFT-READ BOOKS

I HAVE just read that a famous author thinks it is not very intelligent to read a book over and over again.

Many books become much more interesting upon a second reading. Some books need a second study to fully grasp their value.

One does not discard a painting because one has looked at it once.

Mrs. F. E. Thomason, 73 Leinster St., Paddington, N.S.W.

Does Helping in the Home Harm Man's Prestige?

I DO not agree with E. A. Holdsworth (Sept. 24, 1938) that the husband loses his dignity by helping in the house.

Any man who helps his wife after a day's work is not belittling himself.

Washing up at night is the time I like best, as my husband helps me, and we tell each other all our doings of the day while we do it.

No true husband can feel quite comfortable while he rests and his wife still works.

Mrs. V. Headry, 1 Yuill Street, Glenelg, S.A.

Doesn't Become Him

A HUSBAND should not be expected to help at home. The husband is breadwinner, the wife guardian of the house, and these two functions should not overlap.

Undoubtedly washing or drying-up, or any other household task, does not become a man.

Just as it does not become a wife to help earn the daily bread and butter.

It does seem to me a pity that husbands should be expected to do household chores.

Mrs. Mitchell, Young St., Parkside, S.A.

Feared, Not Respected

E. A. HOLDSWORTH gives one the impression that marriage is a "job" or a "bargain."

No matter how much is done during the day, no woman can wash-up or put children to bed before the evening meal is over, and a manly husband would find it very difficult to refrain from giving a little assistance. In bygone days, the head of the house was more feared than respected, and hardly ever really loved by his children.

Anne Sprawson, 18 Murray St., Coburg N13, Vic.

Must "Give and Take"

WHAT is E. A. Holdsworth's idea of the "marriage bargain"?

A successful marriage must be based on the principle of "Give and Take."

If the husband returns from business weary from excessive work, I'm sure his wife would not expect him to assist her; but, on the other hand, a considerate husband who perceives that his wife is worn out with the day's washing (mostly his clothes) would be only too willing to help.

Mrs. I. Todd, 11 Nicholson St., Wollstonecraft, N.S.W.

Can't Affect Prestige

THE average man possesses little natural prestige, according to E. A. Holdsworth, if he may lose it by helping a little in his home.

Does E. A. Holdsworth think a man marries to obtain a servant? To make a success of marriage, each should pull, as in double harness, to the best of his or her ability. Kindly service is ennobling, not belittling.

J. William, c/o Spotswood Post Office, W14, Vic.

Blow to his dignity!

Should Co-operate

I WOULD advise E. A. Holdsworth to try his hand at keeping a house. It would be all right if all a woman had to do was to keep the house, but when it comes to looking after children, isn't it only right that a man should co-operate and help his wife?

After all, why should a man reign supreme in this world and a woman be a slave? It is about time that sex-equality came to the rescue of many downtrodden women.

Miss M. Filmer, c/o International Harvester Co., Bassendean, W.A.

Youth Giving Too Much Time to Study?

MISS BAKER wonders if the excessive study of our young people is worth the effort. (24/9/'38.)

It is quite certain that if the young people could follow their own inclination there would be very much less study.

But the blame rests on our present industrial system. To obtain any worth-while job the employer demands that the employee shall have reached a certain scholastic standard. And that standard is set so high that young people must study all these hours to pass the necessary examinations.

What is said of middle-age is also correct, but it is equally true that we are caught in a social and economic system from which at present there is no escape.

Mrs. Esther Hume, c/o "The Economic Store," Bowen Hills N1, Brisbane.

Futile Efforts

I ENDORSE Miss Baker's comments (24/9/'38) on the futility of young people indulging in excessive study during the best years of their lives as a preparation for ambitious careers.

Too often the ripe-looking plums that young folk see dangling from the industrial tree prove to be dead sea fruit in later life.

Unfortunately, most of us learn the art of living when it is too late.

Our younger people ought to be taught that tenseness and the struggle to "get on" are not virtues and that there are finer things worth living for than mere study. It should be remembered, however, that by example it is age which sets the pace for youth.

Miss F. Liddicoat, 17 Gurr St., Goodwood Park, Adelaide.

BAD ADVICE

RECENTLY I was asked by a bride-to-be: "What do you think of married life?"

In replying I said: "I would not be single for worlds, nor have I been happier." To my surprise she said, "Thank goodness someone thinks it's all right." Everybody she had spoken to on the subject advised her to stay single!

Why do people try to turn the younger generation from marriage?

In my opinion a woman is never happier than in her own home and with an understanding partner to share life's joys and adversities.

Mrs. R. H. Docksey, 34 Asquith Ave., Rosebery, N.S.W.

Conditions are Bad

IT is the conditions under which most of us study to-day which are injurious to health later on in life rather than the actual work.

Given plenty of body and brain-building foods, reasonable sleep, and the necessary quiet, children especially should not feel the strain of study so much. Anyhow, most of us study because we like to.

Mrs. S. J. Levy, Royal Parade, Alderley, Brisbane.

Need Definite Objective

THE majority of our young people do not endanger their health by over-study.

The average youngster is naturally much more interested in the pursuit of amusement than in adding to his store of knowledge.

Young people need a definite objective in life to develop character and personality, as well as brain. Ambition and industry are attributes to be encouraged.

Those few years of studying are definitely worth while, and bring their own reward, in that deep sense of satisfaction which is only attained through personal effort and achievement.

Lynn Hapgood, Greaves St., Inverell, N.S.W.

Value of Family Life to the Individual

MISS MILLIE MILLS says the era of family life is passing, and is pleased, as in her opinion it allows development of the individual (24/9/'38.)

She is right. We should not allow our families to dominate us. We should branch out, follow our own desires, and be individual always.

No time for family life!

Miss N. H. Thomas, 17 James St., Glenhuntly, Melbourne.

Necessary Influence

IT may be, as Miss Millie Mills says, that the era of the family is passing, but I do not agree that it is a good thing. Proper family atmosphere is vitally necessary to the upbringing of a child.

Certainly it is good for youth to stretch its wings, and I maintain that all experience is life; but at the same time it is the home circle that influences the nature of our experiences and so shapes the whole course of our lives.

Mrs. M. I. Harris, 43 Trafalgar St., Belmore, N.S.W.

Friendly Relation

I BELIEVE in individuality, but I think that this individuality is compatible with the family life which exists to-day.

In Victorian days it might have been suppressed by paternal domination, but now parents are the friends of their children, and individuality and character can blossom more fruitfully with their wise help than by forcing its own stormy way unaided.

Miss J. Beale, 30 Tennent Pde., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Absurd Statement

MISS MILLS says that the era of family life is passing—which is an absurd statement.

You have only to look around at the many happy families to-day—the members freer certainly than they were in the days when our parents were young—but still belonging to their individual family circles.

One can be individual and still have a family life. How many people do you know who are, as Miss Mills says, mere puppets, unable to stretch their wings because of family ties? Not many!

Pat McGregor, Winthrop Ave., Hollywood, W.A.

Danger to Individual

I AGREE with Miss Mills. There is much danger to the individual in family life.

Particularly have I noticed this with grown-up families. Once children are adults they should leave the home and strike out for themselves.

Parents are inclined to impose their views and to try to enforce their will on their children, forgetting they are grown up and should know their own minds.

Children tend to flaunt their adulthood and wound their parents' feelings. Thus much unhappiness for all concerned results.

This is one sad aspect of family life—at least in these modern times.

Miss Ferguson, Fairfield St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

Helps Character

Family life is one of the refining influences on the individual. In the bosom of the family, one learns how to live amicably with her fellows—learns to be unselfish and to think of others besides herself.

Family life, in short, helps in the development of character.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Ocean Road, Cottesloe, W.A.

WOMAN PROPOSING

IN these enlightened days when woman has at last come into her own, when she has proved herself man's equal even in the trackless paths of the air, surely she should be granted the privilege of proposing to the man of her choice.

Our grandmothers would have held up their hands in horror no doubt at the idea.

But nowadays we are more practical, and if she admires and loves a man modern woman should have the right to ask him to marry without causing derision.

Mrs. Dorothy Gaunson, 3 Lorne Grove, Camberwell, Vic.

✣ ✣ ✣

POPULARITY SECRET

REVIEWING my acquaintances, I find that the most popular man and woman I know both share certain characteristics.

They both have a markedly genial and friendly manner, a ready and infectious laugh, and an inclination to see the lighter side of things, so that there is a perceptible uplift in the general atmosphere when one or other of them enters a room—and gloom departs.

Far from showing any desire to hold the floor, they are both good at drawing out the quieter members of a group, thus developing a general spirit of good humor.

What do other readers think?

Mrs. E. Hagarty, 10 Claremont Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.

✣ ✣ ✣

SPOIL-SPORTS?

THE average child goes to the pictures very frequently, yet it is only the exceptional child who can tell the story of the picture he or she has seen with any clearness or apparent understanding of the sequence of events.

This seems to show a definite lack of concentration on the part of the modern child. He seems to enjoy just the thrills and excitement.

A small boy of ten from whom his parents request a fairly clear "story" after a visit to the pictures is much pitied by his juvenile aunts, who declare that his pleasure is being spoilt. His parents think they are helping him train his memory.

What do other readers think?

E. A. Paterson, 23 McKenzie St., Seaford, N.S.W.

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Riddle of the Devoted Sphinx

Continued from Page 18

"DO I work in the sewers?" spat the eagle-fierce man. "Would mere money sway Savaran to dare so much? It was something nobler than you'll ever understand, Barstow—your wife!"

"Ah! Of course—you called me Marrion!" the man said, and lay still, watching Savaran with queer, questioning eyes. Savaran asked, guessing the man might be playing fox: "Are you too weak to walk?"

"How far? I'm pretty weak."

"To the hill road above the workings. It's the nearest I can hide mules."

"I might—if you could get me food," the man shuddered. "And a shot of millet spirit . . . and give me a day or two."

"I mean to," Savaran said. "You've got to watch me, Barstow, pick up my tricks. I'll be coming here all hours. Study my antics so that you can mimic me."

He leapt up with the abruptness of the madman, aimed a fanatic kick at Barstow and then shambled gibbering away. But he kept his word. He came back at all hours. Even during the night, to the anger of the other slaves whose sleep he disturbed.

It was as though the mad fakir was drawn by a very magnetism of hate for this infidel. But there was cunning in his method. Not only was he able to slip food he had stolen to the weakened man, his irresponsible comings and goings became a commonplace.

But as he leant over to curse the infidel, Savaran dropped his jibba and turban with fierce injunctions to Barstow to get into them. Then he passed a stiff shot of native spirit, and, when it had steadied the man's shaking nerve, he handed over his whole collection of amulets.

"Tie these about you," he hissed. "When I give you my usual farewell kick I will stumble and fall. Spring up at once and take my place. Go gibbering off through the camp like me. You'll find two mules tethered between the first two big rocks on the left of the hill path. Wait by them until I come. Keep your nerve. It will be all right once you reach the mules."

He did all as said. Barstow, in his robes and amulets and acting his mad mowings excellently, went off unchallenged. He gave the man ten minutes, then with the stealth of a woodsman slid through the camp after him. All went well. He got by the salt guards without a hint of suspicion. It was only when he was clear of immediate danger and running towards the mules that something went wrong.

He heard the clatter of hoofs ahead of him, caught a glimpse of two mules speeding up the path while the man on the back of one flailed both to a gallop.

Barstow was bolting, leaving his rescuer in the lurch.

. . . . . .

That was Barstow always, treacherous and cowardly in any crisis. Savaran found him two miles along the trail, lying where his mule had thrown him, snivelling in fear.

"I thought they'd got you," he whined. "You seemed so long and . . . and I could feel them coming after me."

"They won't even know you've gone until dawn to-morrow," Savaran said curtly, and yanked him to his feet.

"That's what I've been thinking," Barstow snuffled. "You can still get me back before they know. I'll be safe then . . . Darn you, do you hear? I won't get on that mule. If they catch me it will be worse than ever . . . I'm going back."

Savaran did not argue. He hit with a terrible swing to the brute's chin and then tied the insensible body across the mule. When Savaran promised to rescue a man, Savaran did it, even if he had to do it by force.

It was only when Savaran had once more accomplished the impossible and got them out of the Jagna-gnana country that Barstow began to see a ray of hope ahead and quietened down. Yet more than ever he took to studying his rescuer with that queer, speculative glance of his, and one day he asked:

"Why did Judith come to you?"

"Because she is a remarkable woman," the fierce smile flashed back. "Who else in all Africa could she have gone to?"

"She might have tried bribery through someone in a salt caravan," Barstow mumbled.

"And never seen you or the man or her money again," shrugged the lean adventurer. "There are a score of ways she might have tried, but she had the instinct beyond ordinary women to know the only one that was sure."

"Ah, you were impressed by her cleverness?"

"By something bigger—her divine devotion."

"Devotion?" sniggered the man. "Devotion, eh?"

"Barstow," said Savaran grimly. "The balance between my twisting your neck, as I promised, and saving your life, as I also promised, depends on a featherweight. One sneer at that noble lady, your wife, and not even my word to her will save that neck."

Barstow cringed under the death in the bright eyes. Yet presently he said: "I wonder . . . She didn't tell you my real name was Barstow?"

"Obviously—am I not here? Would I have given my word to save a rat like you even to such a woman as your wife? Does she even know that your name is Barstow?"

"She may," he frowned. "You never do know what she knows."

"If she knew would she have withheld it from me—a woman as simple and guileless as that?"

"That's the puzzler," scowled Barstow. "That's why I'm wondering."

He became very quiet and docile after that—and dangerous. When they reached the Yanni people and Savaran was able to use the money in his body-belt to hire carriers and gather stores for a caravan, Barstow spent much time hobnobbing secretly with the local medicine man. Also on the night before they marched he showed both a curious elation and an eagerness to press drink on Savaran by way of celebration. Or rather he did until after the third drink. Then he sprang up, swaying on his feet, his face green.

"My Heavens!" he shouted. "What have you given me?"

"You know best," said Savaran with ferocious geniality. "What did the ju-ju man give you for me—that's what you've drunk."

Barstow fell to the floor, his limbs curiously rigid, and the spider-spare man bent over him. "What was it—a poison?" Barstow's lips framed a hoarse negative. "Oh, I thought as much — the-vine-that-kills-a-man's-legs-for-a-week . . . Just long enough to let you get away from me, eh? Very fortunate really, it'll prevent you being a nuisance on the march . . . Oh, and next time you plot with medicine men make sure they haven't daughters. This one has a pretty little thing, and talkative."

Barstow continued the march helpless in a litter, yet Savaran overlooked one thing: that is, that years of practice under the eyes of slave-drivers had made the man a master in malingering. One day rather more than a week later, the lean adventurer left him in camp, sure that he was still unable to stand upright. When he returned at nightfall he knew better. Barstow had vanished with all the carriers, arms and stores save for what Savaran and his two hunters had on them.

"They left an hour after we started on our hunt," said one of the hunters studying the tracks. "The other white bwana hurried them. See how his booted feet move here and there as he drives them. And he knows where he is going. This track leads to the Ba Lee River, and, reaching it, he can get canoes to take him up to Gongoda or down through the Riad country to McQuala on the Reef Coast, or even to the British Malaria Colony, which would be the way a white man would go."

"Not this white man," said Savaran grimly. "He goes to Gongoda."

He knew that for certain, knowing Barstow. Gongoda would be a haven of refuge for the fellow, because, thanks to the hate of its king, death waited for Savaran there. Also it was the nearest bolt hole by several weeks.

Once again Savaran stood and asked himself if it was worth risking a painful and protracted death for such a fellow. Reason said no, reason said that even Judith Marrion would be better rid of such a cur . . . But Savaran was never a creature of reason. He had a vision of that quiet, trusting woman waiting with her sublime patience in McQuala . . .

"We go to Gongoda," he said grimly.

ON the Ba Lee River he found that Barstow had gone upstream to hide among his deadly enemies as he had thought. Savaran paused only long enough to buy a canoe and a Hazramut trader's outfit, and went after him.

The Gongoda border line on the river was aswarm with canoes waiting to massacre him, for Barstow had passed word of his coming. Grinning fiercely he steered slap for where they were thickest, and standing up roared boldly:

"Way!—Way for Shentunt the Hazrami. I have news for the king. Zavarani is trying to creep up to the King-town disguised. Ho, let me by to warn the king of his enemy."

Such audacity could not even be questioned. The guard boats let him through, the warriors in them even cheered him on his way. And Savaran's hand-picked paddlers made record speed upstream.

Time fought against them and nearly beat them when they reached the King-town, for Barstow, having brought news of a hated enemy, was being banqueted by the king.

The eagle-fierce face grinned. Savaran did relish impossible situations, they gave such opportunities for magnificent gestures. Walking round to the kitchens he waylaid a serving man he had marked, and, slipping money into his hand, said:

"As you serve the white bwana, whisper to him to beware, since he who led him from the Yanni country is already in Gongoda town . . ."

He knew that would be enough. Barstow would know it meant Savaran.

No native can resist a spice of intrigue with money attached. The message was delivered to Barstow with the next dish, and Savaran watched the fellow shudder and go green. Then, as he had expected, the fellow's nerve cracked and, heedless of anything but his own safety, he chose a moment when a swirling mob of dancers came between him and the king to slip away . . . An oily and cringing Hazramut met him outside.

"It was I, bwana, who sent you news of Zavarani. Your men saw him in the town half an hour ago. Come quickly, I can take you to a good hiding place—for money."

Please turn to Page 22

BETTY WAS A "PICKER"

(Betty was thin, pale and 'nervy' until the Doctor traced the trouble back to her sleep)

IF your child picks at her food, looks pale and gets nervy, then it's time you started her on Horlicks. Horlicks soon brings the appetite back and changes paleness and listlessness into radiant vitality. Children love the flavour of Horlicks—specially when it's made with a Horlicks Mixer. Horlicks is priced at 1/6. Economy size, 2/9. Special Pack, with Mixer, 2/-.

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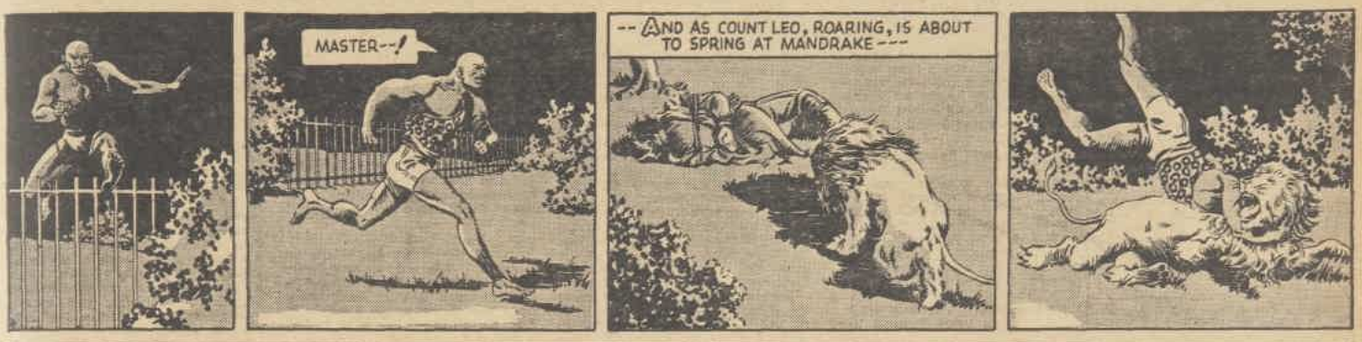
Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, joins up with
GRUNTZ: Theatrical producer, and becomes the star turn of his revue. He unwittingly arouses the jealousy of
NORVELL: Who has the knife-throwing act in the revue. On the first night he attracts the attention of two gamblers by his magical demonstrations, and with the aid of Norvell they kidnap him. They want him to use his magic to help them in some crooked work, and when he refuses they decide to get rid of him so that no blame will attach to them. Consequently they take him to the zoo and leave him outside the open cage of a ferocious lion. Mandrake, however, is missed at the theatre, and Lothar, suspecting Norvell, forces the truth from him, and rushes by taxi to the aid of his master. NOW READ ON—



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She was Tired, Colourless

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Riddle of the Devoted Sphinx

"YES, get me out of this, quick," said the drunk and fearful Barstow. "I'll pay you well."

In his panic he suspected nothing until they reached the waterside and he saw the canoe—with its bows pointing down stream. Then he jerked alert, turned on his guide with a screeched: "Who in the devil's name are you?"

"Who else but Savaran?" grinned the lean man and flung him into the canoe.

They travelled down stream all night in safety, for the Gongoda prefers to leave the darkness to devils. Barstow lay under the awning amidships, sullen and unspeaking. It was only when dawn brought a sudden tension and a reaching for and a placing handy of weapons that he turned and looked ahead to where war canoes dotted the bosom of the river.

"The border?" he asked of Savaran.

"In fifteen minutes we'll be through—and safe," said the lean man. "The Gongoda dare not follow us into Riad waters."

"Will they let you by?"

"With cheers. I'm the gallant Hazramut who carried news of that terror of Empires, Savaran, to their king. They won't have had time to have learnt the truth about me."

"And when we're through, what then?"

"Straight on to your wife."

"But where is she?"

"At McQuala, on the Keef Coast," said Savaran, and Barstow jerked abruptly to a sitting position.

"McQuala! By Heavens!" he gulped, and then: "Why McQuala—why not the Malaria Colony?"

"It seemed to us the more likely place."

"Us!" the man said quickly. "You mean my wife? It was she who fixed on McQuala?"

"Does it matter? She's there waiting for you now."

"It matters; by Heaven it matters. Did she arrange it—did she?"

"Yes," shrugged Savaran. "Sensibly she thought——"

He stopped because Rod Barstow had thrown back his head in a long yelping laugh. Savaran cursed him. The Gongoda war canoes were very close.

"Stop that, you fool," he snarled. "It's death for both of us."

"Death!" shouted Barstow, and he laughed again. Then he sprang to his feet and screamed in Swahili: "Savaran is here! Savaran is the Hazramut in this canoe! Up Gongoda and slay Savaran."

The lean adventurer's quick-shot foot landed Barstow windless in the bottom of the canoe, but the damage had been done. With a roar of war cries and a flash of paddles the Gongoda canoes came at them.

Savaran's eagle glance flamed as he shouted his own paddlers to furious effort. His pistol swept up and spoke, and the steersman of the nearest canoe fell. The craft yawed and they were by. It spoke again

Continued from Page 20

twice and again helmsmen among four canoes hurled forward in a bunch dead, so that the four craft crashed together and dropped astern in inextricable confusion.

Arrows and hammered slugs from trade rifles came screaming over. A paddler fell forward with a shaft through his heart, Savaran tossed the corpse overboard and kicked another man to the paddle. A slug took the lean adventurer himself in the shoulder with the blow of a club, flinging him on his face. Barstow making signs of surrender leapt for the steering sweep, but Savaran was up, had smashed the traitor into the bottom of the canoe, and was in command again in a flash.

A canoe swerved to lay alongside. Savaran also swerved, lunging a grinding, glancing blow along the side of the other and sinking her before her crew could leap. A minute later a canoe did come into them, Savaran having only time to swing his own boat so that she touched bow on instead of broadside — at once hand-to-hand fighting raged.

IT was nearly all Savaran. His tall, spidery figure had leapt into it like a demon. He had snatched a long Riad sword from one of the paddlers and with this he fought like a man inspired. Neither shield nor spear-parry seemed able to check the vicious swing and hack of that terrible blade. Like a berserker the bizarre fighter carved his way through the warriors who had gained his canoe, until those who had not died leapt into the river to save themselves from a living demon. With one foot on the nose of the enemy canoe he drove its men stumbling back. Then he roared: "Paddle! Paddle!" and heaved downwards with his foot. The nose of the enemy went under and sank as his own craft rushed clear.

Then Savaran, half fainting, dropped beside Barstow.

"We're through," he shouted. "We've won!"

"No!" Barstow cried with a thin cackle of laughter. "She's won . . . my wife has won . . . I'm a dead man!"

Savaran steadied his reeling wits and looked at the man, saw the wound a shovel-headed spear had made in his chest—Barstow was, indeed, a dying man.

"She's won," Barstow croaked again. "Clever Judith—you'll be able to tell her I am definitely dead."

Savaran, dizzy with pain, mad with rage, cursed him.

"You mean-gutted dog! If you'd only played straight I'd have had you alive and safe with her in two weeks."

"How she would have hated that," jeered the dying man.

"You fool! Can't you even yet realise the wonder of a woman like your wife . . .?"

"I am!" Barstow scoffed. "For the first time. I never could make head or tail of Judith before, but now I do. She's as clever as a snake. What other woman could have taken so much pains to make certain of my death?"

"She'd hardly have picked on the one man in all Africa who could save you if she wanted that," scoffed Savaran.

"She sent the man who had sworn to kill me," said Barstow.

"How was she to know I had sworn it?" the fierce man asked, narrow-eyed. "Or did she?"

"Who knows what she knows or what goes on behind that smooth, sphinx face of hers," shrugged Barstow, and Savaran scowled at this echo of his own first impression. "But she didn't tell you my name was Barstow . . . and that's queer."

Savaran glared at that. That was queer—if Judith Marrion had told him he would never have gone, and she'd never have learnt whether her husband was alive or dead. That is if she had known—but even Barstow was not certain she knew his name . . . And even if she had, for what end would she deceive: in the hope of his shooting Barstow? Unthinkable! He could see her now—calm, sweet, gentle, negative . . . suspicion of such a creature was absurd.

"It's your rat's mind working," he snarled. "Vicious yourself, you can only think evil of others. The devotion of that noble woman is wasted on you. You can't see that it is her very womanliness that made her risk all to save you and bring you back to her side . . ."

"In—McQuala," Barstow gasped. "Darn—queer—idea of safety—making you bring me to—McQuala."

"What's wrong with McQuala?" demanded Savaran.

"I'm—I'm—wanted for murder in McQuala," panted the man. "If you—all else—failed her—I was bound—to be hanged in McQuala!"

Savaran's mouth dropped open. He stared in amazement. Barstow's head was sagging sideways, his breath dying. In a sudden fury Savaran gripped his shoulders, cried:

"But, does she know that? Does she know McQuala means hanging for you?"

"Know——" panted the dying man. "Know—who knows what Judith knows? Ask of the—Sphinx yourself—she—she may tell——"

Savaran shook him again. It was no good. He was dead.

Savaran was a prey to fierce doubt until he sat with Judith Marrion at the secluded end of her hotel verandah in McQuala, telling all that had happened. Watching her he regained confidence in his knowledge of woman nature.

Impossible to credit even a thought of violence to so typical a suburban wife. She was so still, so sweet, so entirely negative. She was too emotionless even to feel anything save what she considered her "duty to her husband."

She listened to his story of peril and death with the same baffling blankness with which a commutor's wife hears of her husband's adventures in a subway breakdown. Only at the end did she touch her eyes with her handkerchief and say:

"Terrible . . . terrible . . . so close to the end, too . . ."

"Don't grieve too much," said Savaran. "You did all you could—and I too . . . And perhaps it was all for the best. Barstow was a broken man. His life, had he lived, would have been a misery."

"Yes," she said, holding out her hand. "It ends . . . perhaps for the best. I can't thank you enough, Mr. Savaran."

He took her hand, but he was looking at her queerly. He realised that he had called her husband Barstow and not Marrion, and that she had shown no surprise. His keen eyes frowning, he said:

"Did you know that your husband's name was Barstow?"

SHE looked at him with her smooth, reticent glance and not even he, Savaran, could read whether surprise, fear, cunning, knowledge or sublime innocence was behind it.

And then, just as she was about to speak, and he waited breathless on the brink of knowing her secret, a step sounded on the verandah behind him. She took her hand very gently from his, moved softly past him and with a murmured: "Harry! Harry, my dear!" sank into the arms of a man who had come out of the hotel.

Savaran stood blinking. He recognised the man. He had been pointed out that morning as an American millionaire travelling apparently for his health.

And Judith Marrion had taken refuge as by right in his arms.

What in the name of all riddles did that mean?

Was she the highly virtuous woman she seemed, determined to clear up the mystery of her husband's life or death even by heroic means before consenting to marry "Harry"? Or was Bartsow right? Was her choice of the man who had sworn to kill her husband and McQuala deliberate? That is, had she done all she could to make sure of her husband's death so that she could marry "Harry"?

Was she Messalina at heart—or mere middle-class morality?

Savaran watched as, very gently and chastely, she allowed Harry to lead her into the hotel. He felt as baffled by her as even ordinary men had been baffled by Mona Lisa, their wives and the Sphinx. Like Barstow he felt that no man ever would know what passed in the mind of Judith Marrion—no, not even Harry.

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"Yes, she was bothered with hard throbbing burning corns — but they didn't last long," said the chemist. If you are suffering from corns—take my advice and put a drop of Frozol-Ice on them. Pain will go quickly—and the corn will wither up and then you can lift it out with your finger-tips.

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A. Natural linen oxford with polo-tan trim and wedge heel. For linen suits, frocks. Half sizes 2 to 7. At 19/9.

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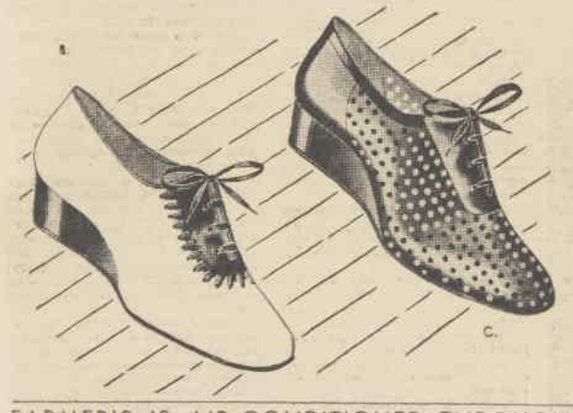

Mail to P.O. Box 497 AA, Sydney, or 'phone M 2405.

The XV Group of Independent Art holds an Exhibition in Farmer's Blaxland Galleries till 21st October. No charge for admission. Ninth Floor.

Terry pullover and shorts; monogrammed coat (sold separately if you prefer). Gold, white, blue. 34 to 38. Pullover, 5/11. Shorts, 6/11. Coat, 10/11.

Overalls in green, scarlet, royal, navy, brown, fawn. S.S.W. to W., 9/11. O.S. 10/11.

Sun-stripe shirt, open neck. S.S.W. to O.S., 3/11.

Pretty playsuit, haircord, pleated shorts. Navy, green or red, with white, in florals. Sizes 34 to 40, 10/6.

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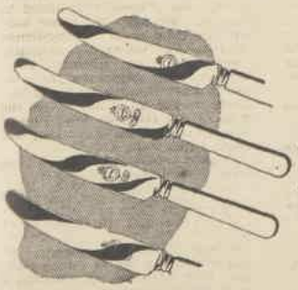

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Cutlery — Ground Floor

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Hair Accessories — Ground Floor

PEGGY SAGE EXPERT AT FARMER'S. Gwladys Byrne, direct from Peggy Sage manicure headquarters in New York, will be at Farmer's till October 21st. She will instruct Farmer's operators in London and New York methods and will personally supervise you on Peggy Sage media. Ground Floor.

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SPECIAL	13/9	11/3	10/6	9/3	8/3

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Laces on the Ground Floor. Use the easy lay-by

NEEDLEWORK SPECIAL! Smart frocks in cream sanforised linen, traced flat so you can embroider them in the colours you like best. The completed frocks are ever so fashionable, too, and charming for holiday wear. Sizes, S.S.W., 22/6; S.W., 23/6; W., 25/6. Enquire Needlework Depart., Ground Floor.

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IF IT'S FAULDING'S—IT'S PURE

Betty's "Racey" Narratives

There weren't any guineas at Caulfield for a lone traveller

By BETTY GEE

After a debacle at Wednesday's races at Randwick, I decided to join the exodus from Sydney.

All the horses, all my luck, and the money seemed to be going south, so why shouldn't I join them?

I went, but for all the profit I got out of it I would have been better off at home.

THE first day, Saturday, showed just what might be called a trading return, but I wasn't hopeful.

So few Sydney horses are down, and, anyhow, I was cautious because I know from past experience that Guineas day isn't organised for the punters.

Listen to this.

One favorite won, Nuffield, at 2 to 1 on, and one other, Ena, dead-heated, at 6/4, and five others were beaten.

I wonder what is Melbourne's equivalent for Sydney's The Gap, because punters with suicidal tendencies were headed there.

As for me, there were no guineas for a lone traveller at Caulfield, yet they call it Guineas Day.

I began well by investing £1 on the place tote on Othello in the first race.

Everybody said he was a certainty to win, because he hadn't been out of a place in three starts, and was better than ever.

So, with the cash in my hand, I headed for the place tote, and once more he was second, and I got back £1/12/- for my sagacity.

I lunched while they ran the next race, and awaited Esperanto for the first division of the Debutant.

Winning Talk

By the way, I don't know why they give a race such a title when it's for colts and geldings.

But, reverting to Esperanto, that's the one I mentioned last week.

He'd been slipped over quietly from Sydney as a good thing, especially for this race.

He's owned by Mrs. Jimmy Bancks, and our information was that he couldn't lose.

So I had £9 to £2, and the way he showed a clean pair of heels to those Melbourne youngsters was a treat to see, except, of course, for the Melbourne punters.

What annoyed me was to learn that his price had drifted to 6 to 1 while we sat in the stands waiting for the race to start.

Aren't those bookies aggravating the way they offer enhanced odds when they know the only way you can get at them is by jumping off the top of the high grandstands.

I liked the name of Limerick Lace so much I took £2 to £1, but she came only second to Zonda in the second division.

Laid Odds On

For The Guineas I had the utter temerity to lay £6 to £4 on Nuffield, and, really, it was only lending the bookie money for a few minutes at tremendous interest.

Darby Munro looked like getting shut in when the leaders closed round him momentarily at the straight entrance.

But suddenly he shouted, "Open Sesame," and the passage to victory was there.

I followed Darby at £10 to £2 on Aitchengee in the Herbert Power Stakes, but if there had been a passage all the way as wide as Pitt Street for this mount, he couldn't have won it.

He's Melbourne's most overboomed horse, except on a wet day.

Surprise Dead-Heat

I firmly clapped on my hat, and hurried against a high wind, down to take £4 to £2 about Ena for the last race—the Toorak.

I was just metaphorically adding it to my winnings when along came El Golea to make a dead-heat. All I got back from the bookie was a miserly £3, including my own two. Dead-heats are horrible.

After the races Mr. C. B. Kellow, owner of Nuffield, told me that Nuffield wouldn't get beaten this spring, so I took me the double, Buzalong and Nuffield, for the two Cups.

Just in case of accidents, I also had Marauder and Nuffield. So I consider I've got them both sewn up, don't you?

For Wednesday's races the boots at the hotel gives me Remiss for the Mona Nursery, and I've a tip for Evening Mist for the Moonga Handicap.

For Saturday Esperanto is again a certainty in the Gwyn Nursery.

Pamelus looks the winner of the Windsor Handicap.

Of course, don't forget a little each-way investment on Buzalong for the Caulfield Cup, and a very strong tip boots gives me is Amigo for the Burwood Handicap.

Betty's doubles for the two Cups are Nuffield and Buzalong, and Nuffield and Marauder.

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Thousands of students all over Australia and New Zealand have learned by this method. To hear them you'd think they'd put in months of tedious study and practice, yet actually a few months ago they were in the same position as you are to-day. That's the beauty of my course—it does away with tedious scales and monotonous finger exercises. You play snappy tunes from the word "Go!" even if previously you couldn't play a note.

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Woman Broadcaster's World Tour

"Aunt Daisy" Heard from 2GB

One of New Zealand's leading radio personalities, "Aunt Daisy," otherwise Mrs. D. Basham, was in Sydney this week.

Australian listeners had a chance to hear her when she was interviewed on Monday of this week from 2GB.

MRS. BASHAM is known throughout the length and breadth of New Zealand as "Aunt Daisy."

Although she was in Sydney for only one day, those who met her were quickly won by her delightful personality.

Five-foot nothing, but full of dynamic energy, this visitor was returning to New Zealand from a world tour.

She is one of the few women broadcasters to be sent on a world tour in order to bring to housewives news of what is doing everywhere in relation to the home.

Everywhere she went, "Aunt Daisy" visited factories, radio stations, and contacted housewives' organisations.

Arrangements were made through the Macquarie Broadcasting Services of Sydney for "Aunt Daisy" to record at various ports of call her usual daily sessions.

These records were forwarded to her homeland where the schedule was adhered to without a break.

New Zealand listeners were, therefore, in daily contact with their favorite woman personality right throughout her world tour.

In addition to inspecting factories, from soap works to wool-dying plants, "Aunt Daisy" found time to do the usual round of cathedrals and concerts, in addition to making a number of broadcasts from various stations.

She appeared in the famous Vox Pop Session in New York. She was interviewed by Prudence Penny, the famous American home adviser, gave her impressions of the Glasgow Exhibition in an Empire broadcast from Daventry, and was televised by the B.B.C.

On her return to New Zealand, "Aunt Daisy" will be accorded a great welcome.

STORYTELLER Ellis Price had proof of his popularity recently. At the suggestion of a listener to his Friday morning "Old Folks' Session," broadcast from 2GB, Mr. Price entered at the last moment the table setting contest arranged to assist the funds of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

His table, which was arranged by Mrs. Ellis Price and Mrs. De Boulay, was carried out in lavender and lace in keeping with his popular session.

Hundreds of his listeners contributed their threepenny bits in votes, with the result that the table was awarded first place by an overwhelming majority.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS ... from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, October 12.—11.45 a.m.: Serial, "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins. 2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, October 13.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, October 14.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, October 15.—2.30 p.m.: "Let's Go Places." 9.30 p.m.: Hits of To-day.

SUNDAY, October 16.—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital—Herbert Janffen, baritone. 6.10 p.m.: Famous Waltzes.

MONDAY, October 17.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, October 18.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: The Homemaker, Miss D. Vautier.

Timely Attention Checks Development of Disease

It is well known in medical circles that many serious diseases develop from the most simple of causes, many of which can be obviated by timely attention.

Simple disorder of the kidneys has been found to be the most common cause of many painful and common diseases. The correct function of the kidneys is the filtration from the blood of waste poisons and impurities, which form through the decay of the tissues. If the kidneys are disordered, these poisons remain in the blood stream and upset the entire system, eventually causing Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gallstones and Digestive Troubles.

The remedy for these complaints, therefore, lies in the restoration of the kidneys to their correct working order, the best known course being Warner's Safe Cure, the sixty-year-old remedy for all kidney and liver disorders.

A lady user from Fullerton, S.A., writes: "For years I suffered severe pain in the back, legs and knees, which was so bad that I could scarcely go about my daily duties. After trying many medicines, I procured some Warner's Safe Cure and after taking only a few bottles all the pain left me."

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/9, and in the original 5/- bottles.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.***

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THE MOVIE WORLD

● 1. LOUISE CAMPBELL as Peggy. In France during the Great War, with Fred MacMurray.

● 2. PEGGY with Scott (Ray Milland), watches Pat dexterously land his plane.

● 3. FIGHTING FOR FRANCE during the war, Pat uncomfortably receives a French officer's hearty salutation.

● 4. WHILE PAT FIGHTS in China Scott stays home building planes. He is shown with Kitty Kelly and his sponsors.

● 5. PEGGY, Pat, and Scott from childhood days work together, building and flying planes till the war comes.

● 6. IT IS PAT (MacMurray) who first receives Peggy's love.

Cavalcade of Aviation

"MEN WITH WINGS," Paramount release, covers dramatically the development of aviation by tracing the lives and loves of three friends, children together in 1902, whose whole interest lies in aeroplanes. Ray Milland, Fred MacMurray, and Louise Campbell provide a triangular love theme.

Moviedom Gossip

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood

Import Trouble

PARAMOUNT is once more looking round for a film for Isa Miranda, glamorous Italian import. Miranda worked only two days on "Zaza," but was removed from the cast because it was impossible to follow her English.

Isa is now taking English lessons and trying to lose her accent.

The studio is thinking of featuring her in a new version of "Hotel Imperial." Marlene Dietrich started this picture some time ago, but walked out after a couple of weeks.

✦ ✦ ✦

Hedy Romance

FAMOUS aviator Howard Hughes is reported variously interested romantically in Katharine Hepburn and Hedy LaMarr.

So far as Hepburn is concerned, it now seems that their recent meetings have been for purposes of business rather than romance. The millionaire flier plans to produce an aviation picture based on the life of Amelia Earhart, with Katharine in the leading role.

As for Hedy, since her triumph in "Algiers" she had been the most popular girl in Hollywood. She and Howard are meeting frequently.

O.K. on Oakie Divorce

VENITA VARDEN'S divorce from Jack Oakie has gone through. Venita claimed that he was quarrelsome and abusive, and so jealous that he wouldn't tolerate the presence of girl friends in the house.

When Jack and Venita separated about a month ago, after two years of marriage, it came as a surprise to their friends, because Oakie had been reforming in a big way. By dieting and exercising he has lost 45 pounds, so that he now weighs only 160 pounds.

He has had to buy an entire new wardrobe for his part in "The Affairs of Annabel," in which he is co-starring with Lucille Ball.

✦ ✦ ✦

A Life of Beethoven

PAUL MUNI is to portray the great musician, Beethoven, in a picture for Warners.

Before attempting to bring any historical character to the screen, Muni always does months of research, absorbing every scrap of available information about the person he is to portray.

Incidentally, Muni himself has considerable musical ability. He studied the violin for years, in order to become a concert artist, and now continues to play the instrument for his own enjoyment.

Shearer's Wealth

NORMA SHEARER says that her wealth is vastly overestimated by the public. She can't say just what she is worth, but all she knows is that she hasn't enough.

If she should retire now, says Norma, she would have only an income of 20,000 dollars a year, and that would not be enough for her to do the things she likes.

The late Irving Thalberg, Norma's husband, was a major stockholder in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and was in the millionaire class.

✦ ✦ ✦

Hair to Order

BINNIE BARNES has cut her hair close to her head, like a little boy's, and now there is no need for her to fuss with elaborate hair-do's. She has a collection of gorgeous wigs which she uses for screening and in private life.

Now she can get home from the studio and be ready for a formal dinner-party within a half-hour, looking resplendent in blonde or black hair, as her mood dictates.

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Rainer Works Harder

MARRIAGE ENDED, THE WAYWARD LITTLE VIENNESE IS NOW CONCENTRATING HARD ON HER FILM CAREER.

By JOHN B. DAVIES, New York

WHAT happens when domestic trouble comes upon a film actress? Like any other woman, she may forget her woes in a gay social whirl, or concentrate on a career—as has Luise Rainer, versatile film actress from Vienna, chief Academy winner of Hollywood.

Since her recent separation from her playwright husband, Clifford Odets, she has worked harder than before, and in the past four months has completed two important costume dramas, "The Toy Wife," and "The Great Waltz."

Luise Rainer is at once one of Hollywood's outstanding actresses and one of its most interesting personalities.

She has been only two years in pictures, but during that time has become the best-known, most-praised, most-discussed star discovery of recent years.

Although she has made only five pictures, and two of those failures, on her successes she has secured the awards for the best acting for two years running.

Now only twenty-three years of age, she began her acting career on the legitimate stage in Vienna, at the age of sixteen, playing in dramas of Shakespeare and Ibsen, Pirandello, and others with Max Reinhardt's players.

An M.-G.-M. talent scout saw her on the stage in Vienna, and brought her to America. Her first picture was the Viennese romance, "Escapade," with William Powell.

After scoring a hit in this film she was assigned the role of Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld," and this won her the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for 1936.

She then co-starred in "The Good Earth" with Paul Muni, and this won her the same award for the next year. This was followed by "The Emperor's Candlesticks," with William Powell, and "Big City," her first film not in costume—the latter two failures.

So much for her brief but spectacular film career.

In real life Luise is a strangely vibrant person.

Even with her hands folded quietly in her lap, sitting as still as Whistler's "Mother," she is more alive than anyone else in the room.

Her beauty is not apparent. If you should walk by her casually, she would not strike your eye. Her figure is not arresting. She is small, rather insignificant, and her informal clothes do not reflect Hollywood standards of chic and elegance. Her short hair falls softly about her face—she never has it set by a hairdresser, unless she is working in a film—and her clear skin needs no make-up.

Yet she is beautiful, once you stop to look at her. It is the intensity of her personality, her intelligence, that light up her features into true beauty.

Two years ago Luise married Clifford Odets, the young American playwright who has achieved spectacular success on the Broadway stage.

Unfortunately their respective careers kept them separated most of the time, and it was this fact that finally brought about their separation four months ago.

At the present time, Luise's mother is visiting her. It is one of the sad things in her life that her parents can't be with her always. Her father's business in Europe makes that impossible.

Luise is one of those versatile people who are gifted with all sorts of talent. If she were not an actress, she would probably be a sculptress, a painter or musician. She is talented in all these fields, and when she was about 16 used to devote much time to these arts.

A great European drama teacher forced her to concentrate on her acting lest she dissipate her talents. She still enjoys practising her music, and occasionally draws or models.

"The Toy Wife," one of her recent films, gave Luise a new type of role—that of a flighty, superficial and selfish girl. Adrian designed her frocks so that even Luise, who is usually so uninterested in the things she wears, was captured by their charm.

Her latest role as heroine in "The Great Waltz" promises to give her further opportunities for award winning. She is starred opposite French star Fernand Gravet. Julian Duvivier, famous French director of "Pepe la Moko" and "Carnet de Bal" fame, is responsible for the film.

● Luise Rainer, M.-G.-M. star, in frills and furbelows for her latest film, just completed, "The Great Waltz."

● A special study of the actress in characteristic pose — revealing her strange piquancy and elfin charm.

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It's Smart To Be Simple

IN HOLLYWOOD, WHERE FUDGE-MAKING, HUNT-THE-THIMBLE, AND OTHER INNOCENT FUN ARE THE PARTY VOGUE.

From
Barbara Bourchier
Hollywood.

WHEN one hears of a film star throwing a party, one automatically conjures up visions of floating draperies, clinking glasses, sophisticated laughter, a gay round of mad, midnight pleasures.

And it may have been like that once—in the days when Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, and Lilyan Tashman held sway.

But to-day the stars have eschewed sophistication, and delight in simple, party pleasures and bucolic pastimes in their spare moments.

"Hunt the slipper," "horseshoe pitching," jack straws, tiddledywinks, and such innocent party games are all the rage in Hollywood to-day.

Glamorous stars delight in inviting people over for the evening, and finishing up carefully be-aproned, making fudge and toffee—and eating it on the spot.

For sweet simplicity is the vogue everywhere in Hollywood to-day.

In attitude and mode of life the stars are intensely simple.

Women appear on the streets and even for important occasions in the most informal of attire—often without stockings or hats.

They drop into nightclubs thus attired, with escorts clad in open-necked sports shirts and slacks.

All delight in proving their prowess at sport. Tennis parties and badminton are the order of the outdoor day. If you can play tennis—or any other sport well—you have the entree into some of Hollywood's most exclusive circles.

Family is a fetish. Said Jeanette MacDonald to an astonished group of M.-G.-M. executives at an important conference one day: "I hope you will excuse me. I have to hurry home and cook Gene's tea. I promised to make him hamburgers—in just the way he likes."

Children are an important factor in screen stars' family life—and if they haven't got some of their own they adopt one or two—and sometimes even more. So that now one automatically inquires on hearing of a screen star's family: "Are they their own—or are they adopted?"

It isn't difficult to explain the vogue. Screen stars are really an extremely hard-working people, sometimes rising at six o'clock to work and finishing somewhere around midnight.

They are usually too tired on working days to do anything but go home to bed. And at all times they must watch their appearance. Make-up cannot hide dissipation or check the dull pale signs of hectic living.

Probably the originator of the new vogue for simplicity was glamorous Marlene Dietrich, who on her arrival in Hollywood a few years ago startled the town by appearing in tailored slacks and mannish attire at all the smart functions.

It was she who first began the tradition of sweet simplicity. After a particularly elegant party, she invited some of the guests home for a snack.

On arrival, the servants had retired, and Marlene got to work herself and cooked efficiently scrambled eggs for supper.

The most popular form of entertainment in the colony is the Sunday "dejeuners"—parties that start about eleven or twelve o'clock on Sunday morning. Location is usually at one of the stars' luxurious beach homes, or town houses with bathing pool.

Guests arrive prepared for activity in slacks or other sports clothes. Usually a swim or sunbake is the order of the day, and after luxuriating in the sun a barbecue meal is served—steak grilled in the open with sundry savory additions.

Then the guests depart as fancy or engagements take them—after several hours of complete informality.

These dejeuners are the casual meeting ground of friends, and no one dreams of dressing up. The older the clothes the more seasoned is one revealed.

Evening entertainments now are unsophisticated.

Hectic dances are avoided—except by the very young seeking to get into the public eye. But when a circus or something unusual like that comes to town Hollywood goes out in full force to revel in performing elephants, clowns, and bareback riders.

Recently Joan Crawford threw a party. Her guests sat down at a gorgeous Georgian dining-table, laden with crystal and silver, and enjoyed a delicate repast of stuffed lobster and other luxuries, with conversation pleasant and witty.

After dinner and coffee all adjourned to the library and games room, equipped for every orthodox game invented—roulette, bridge, backgammon, chess.

All these were ignored, and a small box of jack straws was dumped in the middle of a table and all clustered round—to throw up a ball and pick up the largest number of jacks before the ball came down to be caught again, which is the principle of the game.

● One of the most popular recreations among Hollywood's elite is the good, old-fashioned English game of archery. Here is attractive Pat Patterson, United Artists star, enjoying her game. In private life she is married to French star, Charles Boyer.

One of the brightest parties of the year was held recently at the home of Marion Davies, Hollywood's premier hostess.

In formal evening attire the film star guests disported, vying with each other in the time-honored childhood game of tiddledywinks.

You remember how it is played—from childhood days. The player who can flick with his finger the most bone discs into a cup is the winner.

Farmyard Party

LATER horseshoe pitching occupied the party. Players try to get a horseshoe to encircle a pole set up at twenty-five feet distance.

Elsa Maxwell, famous hostess, held a farmyard party at the swanky Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York recently.

One of the great ballrooms was turned into a farmyard, and the most honored guest was a real life hog-caller.

Everybody attended in costume, in gingham, calico and faded overalls. Among them was glamorous, sophisticated Kay Francis attired as a country lass, but with long pointed red-tipped fingernails and an expensive string of pearls around her neck.

A back-to-childhood party at the home of the Allan Jones' created a furore in Hollywood recently. At another successful party, given by Johnny Farrow and his wife, Maureen O'Sullivan, one went attired as one would have looked fifty years ago.

Smartest hostesses issue formal invitations, arrange small tables in the rooms, and dividing the guests into sets of four let them enjoy themselves playing anagrams, jigsaw puzzles—with special cushions on the floor for comfort playing jacks.

Bette Davis recently entertained her guests in the kitchen, where all tested out their ingenuity in sweet-making, with Bette turning out a particularly toothsome variety of fudge.

In her new home Ginger Rogers has had built, there is a complete milk bar at which she dispenses unbelievably extravagant malted milks—and some ginger-pop.

So next time you want to throw a party you'll discard all conventional notions of bridge, dancing, or intellectual conversation, lay in a stock of jacks and tiddledywinks appliances, and be really sure you're giving the smartest kind of Hollywood party.

JESSIE MATTHEWS WANTS TO RETIRE

JESSIE MATTHEWS, who is just finishing six years as a star, is all eager to get out of it and back to the stage.

At the moment she is at work all by herself, minus husband Sonnie Hale, doing her job with a good heart, but frankly longing for the time when her film contract expires and she can get to work on the musical play she'd like to launch before Christmas.

"I've had enough," says Jessie, with her chin out. "Six years has been too long. What's the point of earning all that money if you can't live your own life? Honest, I'm sorry for Garbo. She doesn't have any life at all.

"I want to live. I want to be able to go to a swimming bath without them calling out the police reserves."

When Jessie is through filming at the end of this month she'll get to work with Sonnie on their musical play, which is a gay comedy about a film star, a film director and a lot of other crazy people.

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GLAMOUR

lives in clear eyes — dull, tired eyes ruin the most perfect make-up. "I-LO" makes tired eyes brilliant and clear, with whites free of veins or redness, in thirty seconds.
"I-LO" is the formula of a famous Eye Specialist — it soothes, cleans, strengthens, and is prescribed for eye strain.
Age signs begin at the eyes — "I-LO" arrests them and maintains youthful clarity and charm at a cost of a few pence per week.

I-LO
EYE LOTION
ALL CHEMISTS

Claire Trevor Takes a Honeymoon

• *LOVER OF THE SUN and out-of-doors is film actress Claire Trevor, above, who is now honeymooning in Honolulu.*

SPECIAL INTERVIEW WITH THE PLAYER ENJOYING SUN AND SURF IN PEACEFUL HONOLULU

By JOHN WILLIAMS, from Honolulu

BIGGEST Hollywood wedding in recent months was that of Claire Trevor, Fox featured player, and Clark Andrew, radio director.

Claire donned full bridal regalia, had film actress Inez Courtney for her bridesmaid, and smart Hollywood turned out in full force for the event.

Now she is honeymooning in Honolulu, haven of Hollywood stars, leading a happy, carefree life away from film cares.

As we sat in a quiet, cool corner of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, she discussed her film career which, despite her marriage, she intends to pursue.

She is the actress who made such a hit as the blonde girl friend of the sardonic gangster in the problem film "Dead End."

It was by her work in this film that Hollywood producers first realised her dramatic possibilities.

Before this, however, she played in no fewer than twenty-six "B-class" pictures—those apparently inconsequential programme padders that sometimes turn out box-office hits.

All along she thought she had been showing them—often in leads, often in dramatic big-hit parts. You'll remember her choice bit in "If I Had a Million." She was the absent-minded blonde who went to bed with her stockings on.

But it was the stark slice from life that she portrayed in "Dead End" that finally brought her recognition.

Talent Rewarded

FOR her work on that film a national radio network snapped her up to play opposite Edward G. Robinson in a hard-boiled, streamlined series called "Big Town," that deals with the drama of U.S. news reporting.

Warner Brothers teamed her with Robinson in "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" from the famed stage play.

Of her part, Claire to-day said: "I'm the only girl in the show except a nurse, who flashes on for a few seconds. I'm hard-boiled, plain tough."

It was her slick work on the air, her work in "Dr. Clitterhouse," that made 20th Century-Fox snap her up for another movie. It is "Five of a Kind," the latest Dionne Quintuplet offering.

In this Claire plays the part of a radio reporter in competition with Cesar Romero, who conducts a newsreel of the air with a portable microphone in public places such as sidewalks and hotel lobbies.

Jean Hersholt and Slim Summerville play their old quintuplet parts. Newcomer is British actor Henry Wilcoxson.

Although maybe you'll be tickled with the way in which Claire persuades the "Quins" before the microphone to scoop Romero, you may as well know that Claire never saw the "Quins."

Modest of Manner

THEIR scenes were shot up in Canada at their home and were turned into transparencies for the radiocasting scenes taken in Hollywood.

Claire is a likeable type, subdued, always at ease.

To-day, for example, she could have interviewed me in her luxury honeymoon suite, but she preferred a corner downstairs where it was cool and quiet.

A few high school girls found us out, blushed, beseeched for autographs. She talked on and on about the stage, about how fine is its courage in tackling current social problems. She sat very still as she talked. There was no nervous crushing of cigarettes, no twitching of fingers.

I couldn't help thinking of her with her familiar screen background: slamming doors and chattering typewriters, newshawks, police sirens, tommy guns, the hacking cough of "Dead End."

She was insistent upon sending an aloha message to her Australian fans: she regards them as intelligent and helpful. American fans, she says, are frivolous.

Her husband is collegiate in build, broad-shouldered like a football player. He's brunette and handsome. They met on the Robinson Big Town programme. He directs it.

Are you "a creature of habit"?

1. Have you been parting your hair on the same side, or arranging it the same way, for ten years?

2. Do you keep certain pieces of furniture sitting in the same place, year after year?

3. Do you sprinkle salt on your food at the table before you've even tasted it?

4. Do you . . . just from habit . . . buy the same kind of sanitary napkins you started using years ago?

Did you answer "yes" to Question 4? Then change that habit now. Get a box of Modess, and notice the difference! Feel the fluffy, soft-as-down cotton that films Modess on all sides—that is why Modess is softer . . . more comfortable.

And Modess is safer. Only Modess has a moisture-proof backing . . . thus only Modess gives you "certain-safe" protection. Modess Sanitary Napkins are softer, safer, yet cost less . . . they're economical.

Ask for **Modess**
SANITARY NAPKINS

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BOX OF 12

Ask also for
VEMO
(Deodorant Powder)
A soothing, absorbent, and mildly astringent powder for personal hygiene. Sprinkle freely on sanitary napkins.

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SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

Here's Hot News from All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; JUDY BAILEY, London.

FOLLOWING on the sensational success scored by Hedy La Marr in her first Hollywood picture, "Algiers," M.-G.-M. is speeding up production on a new picture for her. Director Josef von Sternberg, who guided Marlene Dietrich to film fame, has been signed to direct Hedy in "Lady of the Tropics," and the studio intends to co-star her in a picture with Clark Gable, possibly "New Orleans."

* * *

DEANNA DURBIN'S parents recently refused to let her accept an offer to do a twenty-six weeks' radio programme at several thousand dollars a week. They feel she has plenty to do with her film work and school studies without taking on extra jobs, regardless of the money involved.

Deanna must do four hours of school work every day, except during regular school holidays, when she confines her studying to French and music.

FOR two years rumors have been current that Ronald Colman and Benita Hume were secretly married. Now they have dispelled all doubts by a secret wedding at Santa Barbara, California, last week.

The wedding took place in a friend's home before a police judge. The only persons present at the ceremony were Heather Thatcher, Colonel Tim McCoy, the western star, and picture agent William Hawk.

Colman is forty-seven years old, Miss Hume thirty-two.

* * *

PRODUCTION on "Listen Darling" has been held up pending Mary Astor's recovery from injuries suffered when she was thrown from a horse the other day. No bones were broken, but the fall resulted in a badly sprained back which will keep her at home at least two weeks.

* * *

WITH "Northwest Passage" postponed for a while, Robert Taylor has skipped off for a little vacation, travelling under his real name, Spangler A. Brugh, and accompanied by his friend, Don Milo, who also acts as his stand-in on occasion.

* * *

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER gets a cheque for about £300 every week, whether he's working or not, so that he will be free to film his three "Tarzan" pictures a year.

* * *

MADELEINE CARROLL has just signed an agreement with Paramount to star in "Cafe Society," a story about members of the social set and smart night spots. Fred MacMurray will play opposite, with Shirley Ross in a second lead.

* * *

ON the Warner lot they're building a four-room bungalow for Paul Muni so that he and his wife will be able to live inside the studio during production of his pictures.

Muni feels driving between home and studio every day is a waste of time, and asked if he might have a dressing-room large enough to live in while he is working.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE
NEW PRESCRIPTION
High Blood Pressure wears out heart and arteries and kills thousands before their time.
Constant headaches, poor circulation, failing sight, dizziness, flushes and kidney and bladder weaknesses are caused by High Blood Pressure.
If you suffer this way, start a three months' course of DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHODS, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure—to banish aches and pains, improve circulation, rejuvenate your arteries, and give you new vitality. Get 6/6 flask of 80 MENTHODS (month's treatment), or 3/6 flask of 36 from your nearest chemist today.

THEATRE ROYAL
HOLLYWOOD HOTEL
REVUE
SEE IT FOR FUN!

FUN with WILL MAHONEY
50 — SINGING, DANCING, COMEDIANS — 60
TIVOLI TWICE DAILY 2.30 & 8

PRIVATE VIEWS

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM
No stars— below average.
★ *One star— average entertainment*
★★ *Two stars— above average*
★★★ *Three stars— excellent*

★★ ALWAYS GOODBYE

Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall. (20th Century-Fox.)
WEEK'S BEST RELEASE

AN unusual story this, swinging between the tragedy of "Madame X" and the sophisticated comedy of "Call It a Day." Definitely a woman's picture, it plays on the emotions in a way that is sometimes delightful, sometimes harrowing, but always intensely absorbing.

Barbara Stanwyck, who is very much better in a sympathetic role like this than in her few attempts at clowning, plays the part of a girl whose lover is killed just as they are about to be married.

Knowing she is to become a mother, she is desperately contemplating suicide when a kindly and chivalrous gentleman (Herbert Marshall) steps in.

That's the beginning of romantic adventures for the girl, but not the end of troubles. With Marshall, Ian Hunter, Cesar Romero, and Binnie Barnes, she portrays a tangled series of emotional complications that are sometimes melodramatic, but mostly very lifelike.

Binnie Barnes is excellent as the type of woman she plays, so well-polished, witty, catty, jealous, and withal amusing.

A unique and appealing drama, not without plenty of comedy—but we warn you there won't be a dry eye in the house.—Prince Edward; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.** Feature-length fairy tale, drawn by Walt Disney.—Plaza, 20th week.
★★ **The Drum.** Valerie Hobson, Sabu; Indian adventure.—Mayfair, 4th week.
★★ **Holiday.** Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; romantic comedy.—Century, 3rd week.
★★ **The Baroness and the Butler.** Annabella, William Powell; sophisticated comedy. Regent, 2nd week.
★★ **Letter of Introduction.** Andrea Leeds, George Murphy; theatrical drama.—State, 2nd week.
★★ **The Crowd Roars.** Maureen O'Sullivan, Robert Taylor; ringside drama.—St. James, 2nd week.
★★ **Dad and Dave Come to Town.** Shirley Ann Richards, Bert Bailey; Australian comedy.—Capitol, 2nd week.

★★ KENTUCKY MOONSHINE

Marjorie Weaver, the Ritz Bros. (20th Century-Fox.)

A GOOD deal of the hill-billy humor in this amusing burlesque will be meaningless to those Australians who haven't made a special study of the "mountain boys" of Kentucky.

The sardonic Ritzes spend much of their time laughing at the romantic traditions that have been built round Kentucky's feuds and family loyalties, and the sentimental ballads written in New York for mountain boys from Los Angeles.

But whether you get all the local allusions or not, you'll have a long and hearty laugh at the Ritz Boys' clowning, which is as good as ever, if not crazier.

There's a love story in the film, of course. Marjorie Weaver and Tony Martin are in charge of it.

Tony plays the broadcasting station manager who wants real, dyed-in-the-wool hill-billies, and Marjorie is the smart girl who takes the Ritz Bros. in hand and turns them into the proper theatrical thing—long beards, corncob pipes, corn whisky, shotguns, and all.

Great fun if you enjoy nonsense.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ DANGER ON THE AIR

Nan Grey, Donald Woods. (Universal.)

PROBABLY no product of Hollywood is quite so synthetic as the average thriller. It's like eating a breakfast food made of flaked asbestos.

This applies to "Danger on the Air," the State support. Efficiently made, fairly clever in plot, it lacks all the zest we used to get out of thrillers before the mass production days.

Jed Prouty plays a radio station manager who is upset though not deeply grieved by the murder of his chief sponsor. Nan Grey and Donald Woods, as radio employees, eventually solve the mystery—the crime having, of course, been committed by the most unlikely person in the most incredible manner. Just a time-passer.—State; showing.

★ ESCAPE BY NIGHT

Anne Nagel, William Hall. (Republic.)

A SENSATIONAL action film about three criminals who want to reform but can't because of the hounding of the law on the one hand and the underworld on the other.

They take refuge in a blind man's house, and secretly repair his farm so he won't know it had gone to ruin. An incredible tale, weakly told.

The two lovers, Anne Nagel as the blind man's daughter, and William Hall as the criminal's friend, are good. So are the rest of the cast. The stuff is just too thin to make really good entertainment.—Capitol; showing.

★ TIME OUT FOR MURDER

Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen. (Fox.)

ONE more newspaper reporter solves one more murder—in between playing the trombone and falling in love. The murder is tied up with the usual gangster theme, with a telephone girl and a lady debt-collector as dramatic feminine figures.

The action is a bit brutal at times, but the comedy lightens up the general effect. Fair thriller.—Regent; showing.

BLONDES FOR DANGER

Enid Stamp Taylor, Gordon Harker. (Associated Distributors.)

GORDON HARKER, the best thriller man on the English screen, gets very poor material this time. "Blondes For Danger" is old-fashioned, unconvincing, and poorly produced.

The theme is the attempted murder of a foreign diplomat, with the usual Oppenheim unreality, but none of the Oppenheim polish. Enid Stamp Taylor does her best, but the picture is dull.—Lyceum; showing.

ARS GRATIA ARTIS

THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

If we had the space to print the photos of the *M-G-M* stars entertaining audiences at present in various Australian cities, we'd have a complete picture gallery of the screen's most popular stars!

* * *

In *Sydney* the *St. James* signs read:

ROBERT TAYLOR in "THE CROWD ROARS"

with Edward Arnold, Frank Morgan, Maureen O'Sullivan, William Gargan, Lionel Stander and Jane Wyman!

* * *

The *Metro* Theatre, *Melbourne*, is delighting capacity audiences with:

CLARK GABLE
MYRNA LOY
SPENCER TRACY
in "TEST PILOT"

with Lionel Barrymore!

* * *

In *Perth* the new *Metro* Theatre has opened, and everyone in Perth is enjoying or planning to enjoy:

Jeanette MacDonald
Nelson Eddy in
"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

with Walter Pidgeon, Leo Carrillo, Buddy Ebsen and H. B. Warner!

* * *

And so it goes around Australia, with the screen's most popular stars and the screen's finest pictures bearing the magic trademark: *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!*

* * *

Yours for the *best* in entertainment,

LEO, of M-G-M.

Watch new youthful loveliness glow on your lips the instant you apply Tangee. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes — *right on your lips* — to the exact shade of blush-rose that is yours naturally. Tangee won't rub off and its special cream base protects lips, keeps them soft and smooth.

Face Powder and Rouge Blend too!
● Tangee Face Powder blends with your natural skin tones. Gives a fresh smooth, youthful look.
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Beware of Substitutes! Be sure to ask for Tangee Natural. If you prefer more color use Tangee Theatrical.

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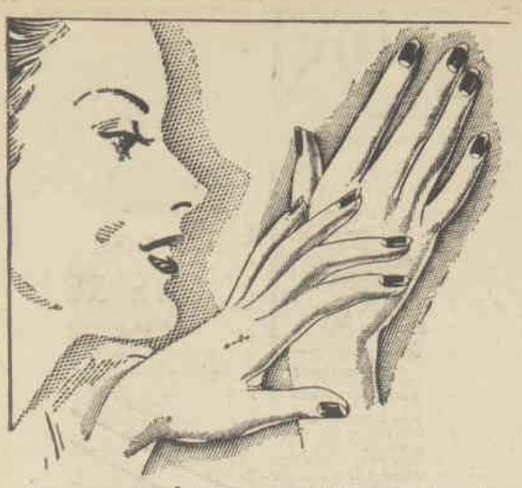

New Fashions in Fingertips!

Cutex has five soft new nail polish shades —Clover...Tulip...Thistle...Laurel...Heather—all recommended by famous Paris dressmakers to flatter the season's favourite costume colours...Select one of these rich shades to stir up colour excitement in your new ensemble

Here's News...Cutex is now available in a newer type polish that flows on smoothly and easily without running down on the sides of the nail. Its sparkling lustre lasts days longer than the old style—without a hint of chipping, peeling, or fading!

REGULAR SIZE NOW COSTS ONLY 2/-. For economy buy the Regular Size Cutex Polish. It is usable to the last drop, and contains nearly three times the quantity of the 1/- Trial Size.

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"Lady of Millions"
featuring
Australia's Own
MAY ROBSON

A story of laughter and tears, a story that will let the sunshine into your hearts and the smileshine into your faces.

THESE ARE FEATURES!

"FRANK and ARCHIE in HOLLYWOOD"

They didn't know a glamour girl from a camera.
They couldn't make a talkie, but they still make thousands laugh every time they come on the air.

8.15 p.m. 2GB Monday, Wednesday & Friday

Books

Reviewed by ESME FENSTON

As befits swashbuckling historical romance, "Konigsmark," A. E. W. Mason's latest book, has plenty of villainy, and the blackest villain of all is a woman.

THE luxury of reading historical romances is the ease with which we may thrill madly and sob bitterly with the characters without involving our real feelings for a moment.

If, instead, we take up a modern, realistic story about a struggling young clerk, his wife and children, we can shed real tears over their troubles, which are too grimly like our own.

But it takes a vivid imagination to identify your husband with a gallant in white velvet and lace ruffles, and yourself with the wife of a Prince of Hanover.

That's why reading "Konigsmark" is easy on the emotions.

The seventeenth-century dirty work in high places has a faintly familiar flavor, but the European scene is so different from the present that you can wallow in the intrigues of Courts and Chancelleries without becoming indignant over the public good.

Plenty of Action

THE author, A. E. W. Mason, writes with the glib assurance of long experience and unquestionable skill.

His beautiful aristocrats have flesh and blood under their frills and ruffles, his villains have a genuine menace, and there are fighting, feasting and love-making aplenty.

"Konigsmark" is the story of the lovely Sophia Dorothea, Princess of Celle, and later wife of Prince George Louis of Hanover, heir to the Duchy.

It follows most of the way the conventional line of historical romances. The young Princess—at fourteen—and her father's handsome young page, Count Philip von Konigsmark, stage a boy-and-girl romance.

Philip is from the Swedish house of Konigsmark, noted for its impetuous brilliance. Its sons ran through Europe "bright and ruinous like a flame through standing corn."

The daily meetings of Page and Princess in the chapel are discovered by the sinister Chancellor Bernstorff; Philip is banished, and a year or two later the young Princess submits to the inevitable fate of Royalty, marriage for political reasons with the heir to the Duchy of Hanover.

It is some years later that Philip, much changed from the dreamy youth of fifteen by years of trial and adventure, comes to Hanover and begins to woo the sweetheart of his childhood.

Among his adventures is the best scene of the book—an English trial in which Philip's elder brother is accused of murder. This is Mason at his best; much of the novel is not.

Philip's character is the book's main departure from the rules. He is not entirely the fine white knight and romantic lover.

Indeed, he is slightly soiled by circumstances, and his reasons for re-wooing Dorothea are unromantically selfish at first.

Naturally, he is whitewashed by pure devotion before the end.

Black-hearted villainess of the piece is Clara von Platen, mistress of the reigning Duke and an acknowledged meddler in affairs of State.

The headstrong young Princess Dorothea incurs Clara's mortal enmity when she comes to Hanover as a young bride, and publicly snubs the ambitious courtesan.

Clara, ruthless old harridan, takes a revenge worthy of the bloodthirsty temper of the times.

Prompter's Voice

FOR such a skilled craftsman, Mason surprisingly has one very irritating trick.

He is anticipating his climax right through, and begins hinting at the ultimate tragedy in the first chapter.

This suggests that he knew the book lacked the sharp excitement such a tale should have.

A story should create its own tension, and the possible results of action should suggest themselves to the reader without undue prompting.

In trying to remedy the lack, Mason has not spoilt the tale, which is a competent job of work, and provides a pleasant evening's flight from reality.

"Konigsmark," by A. E. W. Mason. Hodder and Stoughton. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

THREE STARS of the music halls of 40 years ago: Top right: Vesta Tilley, now Lady de Frece. Above left: Marie Loyd at Drury Lane in 1895, and right, Marie Loftus, who reveals the changes in stage curves since those days. These are three of the many plates in "Limelight," by George Mozart.

Books in Brief

TO see the stalls and dress-circle rapidly emptying as he began his turn was the disconcerting experience of music-hall artist George Mozart, at the King's Theatre, Portsmouth, one night in July, 1914. Unknown to him a screen had been lowered over the backdrop; it read, "All officers and men back to your ships."

This is one of many stage incidents told by **George Mozart** in **"Limelight,"** his reminiscences. He began his career by playing the side drum at the age of nine for a shilling a night, and at 73 is now flirting with pictures. The book ambles through the 64 years between, but the pace is too leisurely to hold the interest. The illustrations are the best part of it. **(Hurst & Blackett).**

THE letters of an Englishwoman who was in Oporto during the siege of that city in the Portuguese Civil War a century ago form the basis of **"Siege Lady,"** by **C. P. Hawkes** and **Marion Smithes.** This book is more an account of the war than a personal story, but it has some exciting and romantic touches. **(Peter Davies).**

* * *

MARTHA WILMOT wanted to be a film star . . . a star, not just an actress. That's a likely enough beginning for a book. But it's the only likely thing about **"Love Locked Out,"** latest novel by **Betty Trask.** You can read this in about an hour—right to the end where they find the key and let love in again. **(Collins).**

MRS YATES (OF SYDNEY) SAYS

Taking 2 teaspoonsful of

BONKORA

3 times daily, made me

Lose 2 Stone 2 lbs in a short time

At all Chemists

"Before taking BonKora in this way I could hardly get upstairs. I seemed to lose my strength. Now I can go about without any trouble."

A copy of Mrs. Yates' testimonial, including her full Sydney address, will be mailed on request.

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I enclose 3d. in stamps. Please send me FREE SAMPLE and full details of BonKora Treatment.

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A New and Important Medical Discovery by NYAL

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Announce NYAL PANAZE

For Indigestion and Stomach Disorders!

Science Marches On! **New medical discovery will—in ten minutes—digest 200 times its own weight in starchy foods . . . relieves indigestion . . . ends stomach pains.**

Note to Doctors

Panaze, one of the principal ingredients of Nyal Panaze, is a highly activated combination of pancreatic enzymes possessing unequalled diastatic power, in addition to marked proteolytic fat-splitting and milk-curdling properties. Panaze is one of the strongest starch digesting agents, being more powerful than any diastase or other starch-digesting product, regardless of source. It is combined in Panaze with Sodium Bicarbonate, Calcium Carbonate, Magnesium Carbonate, Colloidal Kaolin, Bismuth Subcarbonate and Bismuth Subgallate.

The Nyal Company, world-renowned pharmaceutical organisation, has discovered a remarkable treatment for indigestion, stomach and intestinal disorders, colitis, hyperacidity, and other gastro-intestinal ailments. This new treatment is known as Nyal Panaze and may now be purchased from all chemists. Nyal Panaze is a powder and contains an ingredient which **in 10 minutes will digest 200 times its own weight in starchy foods.** Panaze is the only treatment of its kind which is SOLD IN MEASURED DOSES—each dose being accurately measured and separately and hygienically wrapped.

ELIMINATES EXCESS STARCH

Before you can get relief from stomach or intestinal troubles, the digestive tract must be cleared of surplus starch. It is a well-known medical fact that the inability of the system to digest starchy foods is the most common cause of indigestion. It is the excess starch which causes painful, distressing, bloated conditions.

Panaze—the ingredient from which Nyal Panaze derives its name, is one of the most powerful starch digestants known to medical science. Under proper conditions one part of Panaze will **digest 200 times its own weight of starchy foods.** As two-thirds of the food we eat contains starch in some form or other, and as Panaze is Nyal discovery! is contained in no other indigestion treatment, you will realise why Nyal Panaze is different from all other treatments.

Nyal Panaze increases vital secretions. Your doctor will tell you that for the complete digestion and absorption of food, an adequate flow of bile is essential. If you will ask your doctor to test Nyal Panaze . . . submit it to searching investigation . . . he will confirm the fact that Nyal Panaze increases the vital secretions.

Because of the manner in which Nyal Panaze Powders protect the walls and membranes of the stomach and intestines, many stomach sufferers are able almost immediately to increase their diet. Because of increased bile secretions and better assimilation of food, they are better nourished and will be freed from pain and distress after eating.

Nyal Panaze enables you to derive the maximum nourishment from the food you eat, because it aids correct digestion and assimilation, and eliminates the toxins which are the root cause of so much ill-health.

A COMPLETE TREATMENT

When you realise that every ingredient contained in Panaze is one regularly prescribed by stomach and intestinal specialists, you will understand why Panaze brings such quick and sure relief. Consider this. Panaze contains the necessary mild astringent almost invariably prescribed for colitis. It contains an ingredient which forms a protective coating on the walls of the stomach and intestines, safeguarding them against irritation and inflammation. Because medical science has proved that a mild laxative and acid-neutralising agent is essential to the treatment, a special ingredient is included for this purpose, too.

It is important, too, that toxins must be eliminated from the system. In order to do this, and to protect the gastro-intestinal membranes, still another recognised and approved ingredient has been added to Nyal Panaze. Other ingredients are embodied for the relief of flatulence and colic, dyspepsia and indigestion. You see, therefore, that Panaze is a **complete** treatment, and not one which deals with only one aspect of your ailment.

WHY PANAZE IS MADE IN POWDER FORM

Nyal Panaze is made in powder form only, because of the fact that tablets take longer to dissolve in the stomach and to form the protective coating which is so essential to the treatment. Remember, too, that the handy form in which Nyal Panaze Powders are packed enables you to slip two or three into your pocket or handbag. If there is a possibility of taking meals away from home, don't run the risk of interrupting the treatment.

WHY PANAZE IS SOLD IN MEASURED DOSES

Many people will ask why Nyal Panaze is supplied to the public already packed in accurately measured doses. The answer can be given simply and frankly. Far too many men and women are inclined to carelessness in judging the doses of such treatment. They fail to realise, for instance, that in the correction of acid stomach (the common cause of indigestion) it is possible from haphazard dosing, to introduce an excess of alkali into the system. Excessive alkalinity is just as harmful as excessive acidity. With the Nyal Panaze treatment there is not the slightest possibility of such mistakes, **because each dose comes to you accurately measured and individually and hygienically wrapped.**

A complete Panaze treatment of 24 Panaze Powders (each a complete dose) costs only 2/6. Panaze is obtainable from all chemists.

Nyal Co., Sydney.
Dear Sirs,
I have been a chronic dyspeptic for about 12 years, passed by as incurable by the Bureau. I passed up my operation without availing, tried no end of drugs, powder on the market, and almost every for several doctors, and had treatment for several months, and had almost every chance of any relief, until Mr. B. urged me to try Panaze, and I must say it gave me great relief, and I feel a new man. I intend to recommend it to others, for it gave me a fair chance to believe, and the first time I felt hopeful, and I can eat anything, and feel fine, and I can sleep soundly, although I still have to watch my diet.
I felt that I ought to write you, and let you know how thankful I am, and you may publish the powder on the market, you are
Yours (Sgd.) E. Clarke.

CHECK THESE SYMPTOMS OF INDIGESTION, Stomach and Intestinal Troubles

- PAIN AFTER EATING
- NAUSEA
- CONSTIPATION
- FREQUENT HEADACHES
- ACID MOUTH
- FLATULENCE
- SOUR STOMACH
- PALPITATION
- SLEEPLESSNESS

For any of the above ailments or symptoms, **take one Nyal Panaze Powder in a glass of water after each meal.**

TEST NYAL PANAZE AT OUR EXPENSE.

Nyal Company,
Box 3266PP, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

Be under that I may personally test Nyal Panaze, please forward a trial package (sufficient for one day's treatment) free of charge.

Name _____

Address _____

W.W.—15/10/'38.

NYAL PANAZE

FOR INDIGESTION

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NYAL ESTERIN AND NYAL FIGSEN

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Linda Perry
Warner Brothers Star

Has an immense following in America on the radio. Keen on riding and hiking. Loves blue colours and violets, and is an ardent stamp collector. Her ambition is to be one of the world's best dramatic actresses, and, judging by film performances to date, it won't be long before she "gets there."

It's a case of having that "extra quality" that gets people and things, for instance, like Charmosan face powder, to the top. This powder has the "extra quality" of being able to subdue and conceal skin faults and signs of age in your skin and bring immediate charm and youthfulness to it. That's why millions of women love it.

Millions love it, too, because it stays on for hours without any fuss, and for its perfect heavenly fragrance.

Charmosan face powder

All shades and suntan. Big double size box 2/6. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores.

Sweet dreams

Just before that, you have to cleanse your face of "make-up" and, being smart and modern, you do this with Charmosan cold cream.

Charmosan cold cream

Boudoir jars 2/6; tubes 1/-. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores.

Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/10/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note some examples:

"'Nocturne,' printed by 'Smith's' recently, brought me between £5 and £6."

"My last story, 'The Darling of Hobart Town,' was published by 'Table Talk.' I received £6/19/6 for it."

"In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ('Smith's' and 'The Bulletin') to the amount of £7/15/-, which, I think, is rather satisfactory."

"I have had three articles accepted by 2LO and broadcast by the A.B.C."

"'The Bulletin' headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/15/0 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £6/13/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

"I received £6 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Twin Ships.'"

Stott's Correspondence College,

186 Russell Street, Melbourne; 70 Pitt Street, Sydney; 290 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 49 Flinders Street, Adelaide; 254 Murray Street, Perth.

You, too, can win success as a writer by taking STOTT'S Postal Course.

MAIL THIS COUPON — — CUT HERE.

To Stott's: Please send me Literary Prospectus free, and without obligation.

MY NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

A.W.W.2138 .....

What Women Are Doing

Comrades' Club

ASSISTING with the organising of the Comrades' Club, a club said to be unique in England because it has mixed membership, was one of the highlights of Mrs. David Garnsey's four years' residence in Oxford. With her husband, Rev. David Garnsey, Mrs. Garnsey, formerly Miss Evanne Wood, daughter of the late Professor G. A. Wood, of Sydney University, returned to Australia last week from England, where Rev. Garnsey was curate at the University Church, Oxford.

Mrs. Garnsey, who is a graduate of Sydney University, was greatly interested in the University life at Oxford, and kept open house for students connected with the Students' Christian Movement, of which her husband was secretary, and for members of the Comrades' Club, which is social and intellectual in its aims.

✦ ✦ ✦

Interested in Work Of Y.M.C.A.

THROUGH her son, who was a member, Mrs. S. E. Carter, of Brisbane, became interested in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and for the past fourteen years has been a member of the mothers' committee of the boys' department.

She is also president of the Vikings' Club, and she and her committee are kept busy all the year round organising benefit socials to raise funds for the association.

✦ ✦ ✦

Preparing for Handicraft Exhibition

AS well as being very busy as honorary treasurer of the Queensland Arts and Crafts Society, which will hold its annual exhibition on October 25, Mrs. Andrew Pedersen is much occupied preparing her own exhibits.

She has just completed the illustrating and decorating of a specially bound volume of verse.

She will also show tapestry, needlework, modelling and pottery. Mrs. Pederoen has been treasurer of the society for two years.

✦ ✦ ✦

Spanish Relief Committee President Knows Spain Well

ONE of the most enthusiastic workers for the Spanish Relief Committee is Mrs. Vance Palmer, who has been president of the Melbourne committee since its inception two years ago. Mrs. Palmer knows Spain well, speaks the language, and was there when the war broke out. Her daughter, Eileen, did relief work in Spain for a long time.

Mrs. Palmer
—Antoine.

Four new Spanish films, just arrived in Melbourne by air mail, are being shown by the committee at the Assembly Hall, Melbourne, from October 8 to 22, in aid of the Spanish Relief Funds.

Well known in Australia as Nettie Palmer, author of many short stories and literary reviews in overseas papers, Mrs. Palmer was editor of the Victorian Women's Centenary Gift Book.

SHOOTS HER OWN CLOTHES

WEARING a coat, dress, shoes and hat made of skins of boa-constrictors shot by herself, Mrs. Hilda Ingenohl de Roger was an interesting arrival in Australia last week from her home on the edge of the jungle in Paraguay.

She has come to Australia in the hope of getting some shark-fishing.

As well as managing a small cattle ranch, Mrs. de Roger has a flourishing brick industry, employing Indian workers whom she herself taught to make bricks.

To Launch Her Own System of Teaching

MISS PAULA BRAIN, of South Australia, is making plans to launch her own special system of education in Melbourne. She hopes to combine mental and physical training in one harmonious system, which will include rhythmic physical exercise, sane diet, and self expression work through music, movement, and color.

Miss Brain
—Broothorn.

Victorian educationists are interested in Miss Brain's scheme and invited her to give a lecture demonstration recently at the Melbourne Boys' High School.

Miss Brain worked in art schools in Adelaide for a number of years before going abroad to study, and holds the South Australian Education Department's certificate for anatomy and also for painting.

In London she studied art at the Slade school, rhythmic dancing and acting at the Ginner Mawer School, and ballet technique with Rachel Lanfranchi and Thurza Rodgers. She also made a special study of child psychology and diet.

✦ ✦ ✦

Studied Educational Methods Abroad

MISS HELEN MATHIESON, who has been appointed principal of Clarendon College, Ballarat, Victoria, has made a study of educational methods and school management in Great Britain. She recently returned to Australia after taking a special course at the London University. She also attended an educational congress in Denmark.

Miss Mathieson was for seven years on the staff of the Church of England Girls' Grammar School, Geelong, and for six years was head of the staff at Clyde, Woodend, being acting headmistress for two years.

She will take up her new appointment early next year, in succession to Miss Janice McDonald, M.A., who is retiring to be married.

✦ ✦ ✦

Executive Officer For Many Organisations

WHEN added together, the years devoted by Mrs. J. Tait, of Brisbane, to welfare and charitable work make an imposing total. For twenty-five years she has been associated with the Women's Christian Temperance Union in Queensland. During that time she has held office as State president, treasurer, and corresponding secretary, and national president.

The Ithaca Benevolent Society, now incorporated with the Social Service League, has claimed Mrs. Tait as secretary for twenty-five years, and as president for five. In addition she was general secretary of the Presbyterian Women's Mission for fifteen years, and is now a vice-president.

Mrs. Tait has been a delegate for the National Council of Women for thirty years, and was vice-president of the Queensland Women's Electoral League, and president of the Kelvin Grove Branch for thirteen years.

Sends Her Textile Designs Overseas

PRETTY and vivacious Miss Vida Turner, of Melbourne, talented artist and capable business woman, has built up a flourishing designing business of her own. After studying interior decorating, Miss Turner decided to try her hand at designs for patterned materials.

Miss Turner

Her first six designs were accepted by textile manufacturers, and in the last four years she and her assistants have turned out 9800 original designs, most of which have been bought by overseas buyers.

Miss Turner finds it necessary to know the general principles of the machinery used for weaving and printing materials, and the reactions of dyes on various types of fabric.

She is her own business manager, and does a lot of travelling, mostly by plane, in connection with her work.

✦ ✦ ✦

Home Life Is Her Chief Interest

AN interesting newcomer to Victoria is Mrs. C. L. Riley, wife of the new Bishop of Bendigo, who has hitherto lived all her life in West Australia. Her forebears were among the pioneers of the western corner of Australia, and she loves the great open spaces.

For the last eight years her husband's archdeaconry was in the inland, covering a vast area, extending hundreds of miles north, east, and south of Perth.

Mrs. Riley took a great interest in the Girls' Friendly Society's caravan which travels through country districts ministering to the needs of the people. She is also an enthusiastic supporter of Toc H activities.

But it is in her home that Mrs. Riley finds her chief interest. As the mother of four children, she considers that her first responsibility lies in the life of the home.

✦ ✦ ✦

Her Arts and Crafts Design Featured in U.S.

FASHION plate designing and sketching is the career chosen by Miss Alice Broomham, of Sydney, who left for America and England a few months ago to further her knowledge of this branch of art.

She has been studying at the Traphagon School of Fashion, New York, and has had the distinction of having one of her arts and crafts designs chosen to be exhibited in universities, colleges, galleries and museums in all parts of the United States.

✦ ✦ ✦

President of Ex-Service Women's Fellowship

FIRST president of the British ex-Service Women's Fellowship in South Australia is Mrs. W. M. Caffin. The fellowship, which embraces all women war-workers, or women who replaced men in jobs during the Great War, was founded by Dame Florence Simpson when she visited Adelaide about a year ago.

Mrs. Caffin
—Crown Studios.

Mrs. Caffin, like other members of the fellowship in Adelaide, is an Englishwoman, and was attached in a clerical capacity to the motor transport depot, which was close to the firing line in France.

"THERE GOES A GIRL WHO USES Michel"

★ No matter where you go—you can tell the women who use Michel—their mouths are so soft and young—the color of their lips so invitingly fresh!

Michel helps more women keep their beauty than any other lipstick. It's used the world over because millions have found it's a balanced lipstick that spreads evenly—gives a feeling of freshness to the mouth. So join the society of lovely—alluring women—try MICHEL.

SIX ENTRANCING SHADES
Blonde : Cherry
Vivid : Capucine
Raspberry : Scarlet

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

WHY I USE NEW VEET

1 New 'Veet' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

2 New 'Veet' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without trace of ugly stubble.

3 New 'Veet' is a dainty white cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.

4 New 'Veet' avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

FREE: By exclusive arrangement every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd., (Dept. 3871), 169/172 Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

FOR GOOD HEALTH AND VITALITY

Chamberlain's TABLETS WHEN NATURE NEEDS HELP

MIDENE is NEW—Different!

STOPS ALL PERSONAL PAIN IN 3 MINUTES

Don't suffer silent agony. This NEW Midene brings instant relief from Splitting Headaches, Periodic Pains, Sea-sickness, Neuralgia, Backache, Nerves, Colds and Influenza, Neuritis.

Midene is effective and perfectly harmless. Packed in dainty new slide box containing a generous supply, sufficient for several months.

MIDENE Pronounced (MY-DEEN)

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Real Life Stories

Women Who Tricked a Drink-Crazed Bushman

Night-Long Vigil at a Lonely Outback Post Office

"LOCK up to-night," called the mailman as he passed the little post office and store at Mirra-Mitta, on the lonely Birdsville track. "A half-caste murderer has escaped from up Birdsville way."

Lock up? The only room we could lock was the storeroom in which supplies of brandy were kept for passing drovers.

We were two women alone on this particular night. Certainly my companion was a hardy bush woman but the nearest house was thirty miles away.

It was with uneasy minds that we retired to bed, but soon nature had her way and it was not long before I fell into a troubled sleep.

How long I slept I do not know, but I was awakened suddenly. Someone was in the room! For a moment I lay still, hardly daring to breathe, but the next movement, followed by a wild, confused muttering, decided me.

"Brandy—I want brandy."

Like a flash I was out of bed, afraid as I had never been before, fleeing to the only help I knew.

"Someone—the half-caste—my room——" I managed to gasp to my friend, "and he's after the brandy."

For a moment she was silent, then she spoke.

"Get him away from the house while I get the key of the store, and we'll lock ourselves in there," she said. "Promise him the drink—but keep him away until I give you the signal to come in."

Inwardly trembling I called to the stumbling, cursing figure now close on my track. I lured him on with promises, I, in my white gown and my black hair flying in the wind, as round and round the house we slowly moved. Realising at last that he had been tricked he started to threaten us. It seemed an eternity before that longed-for signal came, and I was able to stumble to safety. All night long the man raved round the house, and, cramped and cold, we crouched in the storeroom.

Morning brought relief in the shape of a teamster returning with his horses, and then we found, not the half-caste, but an old bushman who had been camping nearby, asleep with his head through the lignum fence.

£1 to Mrs. F. Hiles, Davies Terrace, Prospect, S.A.

"I LURED him on with promises . . . as round and round the house we slowly moved."

The Round-up That Wasn't

LIVING 20 miles out of Grafton, and having just learned to ride, I decided to give Dad a surprise by rounding up the cows on my own.

But things did not work out as smoothly as I expected.

I was cantering through the bush singing when I noticed an old tree with low limbs right in my track. I turned to avoid it, but at this the horse shied, and, stepping right back into the track, set off at a quick canter.

Before I realised what had happened I was swinging in mid-air by my dress. The horse had gone. I was alone, and it was getting dark.

I tried to wriggle myself free, but could not, and hearing a noise and thinking it was a dingo I screamed. Then I looked down and there was my horse.

He had come back to look for me, and was standing beneath me.

Putting a shaky foot on his back I stood up straight and was able to free my dress and slither on to his back.

5/- to Mrs. R. Wall, Lincoln Street, Stanmore, N.S.W.

Mad Elephant

FOR four years I lived with my husband, who was a missionary, in Africa. His parish extended over 800 square miles and took about nine months to cover.

On one trip we were pushing through dense jungle to visit a pygmy tribe, when one of the guides stopped suddenly. Quite close we could hear a thumping noise, and a couple of minutes later a wild-looking elephant pushed through the undergrowth. It had seven spears sticking out of it, which indicated the presence of pygmy hunters.

The big beast was mad with pain and fright, and in its rush towards us fatally injured one of our native boys.

My husband's cheek was also grazed where the swinging trunk of the great brute caught him a glancing blow.

5/- to S. Campbell, Ahmorah, Marrickville Rd., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Intuition?

DROVING 2000 sheep in the Armidale district, my husband and myself had been "on the road" for two weeks when we struck bad weather and decided to put into camp early.

There was a travelling stock reserve handy, and, having fixed the sheep up for the night, my husband erected the tent under a tree.

Although I pleaded with him, he refused to shift it into the open. But at last he gave in.

Half an hour later we were having tea on our new site when there was a dreadful thunderclap, accompanied by most vivid lightning.

Scraps of timber fell all round us and my husband received a nasty cut on the arm.

When we scrambled out of the remains of our tent we saw that the tree, under which we had first pitched our tent, had been struck by lightning and smashed to matchwood.

5/- to Mrs. C. Fitzsimmons, c/o P.O., Glen Innes, N.S.W.

Death-Dodging

WHILE staying at Dromana I decided to explore The Rocks, a famous landmark between Rosebud and Dromana.

I was rambling along the top of the cliff when I foolishly decided to try to reach the road fifty feet below. I had scrambled and clung for about ten feet when there was a sharp rending noise and the rock upon which I was standing broke away from under me.

Halfway down the cliff was a telegraph-pole, and although I could not grip it it served the purpose of breaking my fall.

Although I did not suffer injury, I just missed a speeding car when I hit the asphalt roadway, so I think I can justly claim to have shaken hands with death twice in sixty seconds.

5/- to T. D. Nolan, Police Station, Rochester, Vic.

SEND IN YOUR STORY!

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page. Set down simply the most outstanding incident in which you have been concerned. It does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be AUTHENTIC.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best Real Life Story each week, and 5/- for others published.

Write your letters legibly on one side of the paper, and address them: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

Plane Thrill

WHEN I learned I was to go for my first aeroplane flight from Brisbane to Texas, a distance of 250 miles, I was thrilled—also a little frightened.

A quarter of an hour after leaving Archerfield in a small plane, oil began to spurt over us from all directions.

It was not possible to inform the pilot as he was seated some distance from us, so my grandfather tore up his newspaper and wiped the oil off our clothes and the machine.

The pilot, seeing the pieces of newspaper being thrown out, looked over the side of the cockpit, and, realising that something was wrong, went up to 5000 feet and turned off the engine.

We landed safely on the Warwick Racecourse.

An oilpipe had broken and if we had gone any further the machine would have burst into flames.

5/- to Miss Ray Moss, Biarra St., Yeerongpilly, Brisbane.

Cloudburst

MIDNIGHT in the township of Illabo, and I was awakened by a strange bumping noise.

Jumping out of bed I felt something like a snake curling about my legs and feet, but on striking a match I found I was standing in water.

A suitcase and other things were floating round the house. Everything movable was moving round.

There was about three feet of water on the ground outside, and although we showed a red light nobody came to our rescue.

My husband took the children to higher ground and eventually carried all of us to a neighbor's place, where we spent the remainder of the night.

The sudden flood was the result of a cloudburst which occurred about five miles away.

5/- to Mrs. C. W. Manns, Illabo, N.S.W.

The Sleep-Walker

WHEN my daughter was born, her stepsister, aged eight, was intensely jealous. So jealous, in fact, that I was forced to guard baby night and day.

In spite of this vigilance I awoke one night to find the child missing from my side.

Suspicion at once centred on my stepdaughter, but no amount of questioning could shake her statement that she had had no hand in the baby's abduction.

Nearly crazy with fear I rang my mother.

"But you brought her here yourself, about 3 o'clock this morning," she said. "We thought it strange of you to put only a light wrap over your pyjamas and to wear no slippers through the streets."

Worried with the thought of possible danger, I had found a haven for my baby while I slept.

5/- to M. Oaten, Parry St., Fremantle, W.A.

Giving children harsh laxatives is unkind . . . and harmful

Here's a Special Child's Preparation—PLEASANT and MILD

When your youngster is out-of-sorts — obviously in need of a thorough intestinal cleansing — and still "fights" taking a laxative, don't set it down as stubbornness. Maybe *you* are guilty — of thoughtlessness. For when a child objects to such medicine, there's often good cause. The taste may be offensive or the action harsh and unpleasant.

So is it ever fair, or even kind, to force such remedies on your youngster, thus taxing his upset condition still further?

Fortunately, there's no need to resort to such measures. You can get a real child's laxative, "California Syrup of Figs," made primarily for children — and thoroughly pleasant both in taste and action.

In flavour, "California Syrup of Figs" — 'Califig' — is as delicious as pure fruit syrup. And, because of its gentle vegetable ingredients, is mild and agreeable in effect. Doctors recommend it. And in thousands of homes where it is used, "California Syrup of Figs" has proved an equally suitable laxative for others in the family — either young or old, especially for women — with whom it is important to avoid the shock of stronger, harsher drugs.

"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say '*California*' and look for '*Califig*' on the package.

'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'

'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4619973

INDIGESTION

First Dose Gives INSTANT RELIEF

When you suffer from indigestion—in other words, do not digest all your food—some portion lies fermenting in the stomach. The result is the production of excess acid. This excess acid may eat into the delicate lining of the digestive tract and you have *pain*—very bad pain—shortly after meals. Acid stomach, neglected, may lead to gastritis or even more serious trouble.

De Witt's Antacid Powder ends the pain and danger of acid stomach quickly because it immediately covers the stomach lining with a protective coat of colloidal kaolin. Other ingredients of this quick-action remedy for indigestion neutralise acidity and actually assist in digestion of the food you eat.

Time and time again one-time sufferers from the torture caused by acid stomach write to say that the first dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder brought instant relief.

Read this letter and be convinced

Years of Suffering Ended in One Week

Mr. V. E. Willis, of Foch Street, Ashgrove, Queensland, writes: "I have suffered terribly with chronic indigestion for years. I was afraid to eat anything. My trouble was vomiting, heartburn and unbearable stomach pains. I saw an advertisement about De Witt's Antacid Powder and I tried it. Within a week I was looking forward to meals and now I can thank your remedy for having made me feel better than I have for years. I can eat and enjoy anything. I shall never fail to recommend De Witt's Antacid Powder to my friends."

No case of indigestion or chronic digestive disorder is too serious or has existed too long for De Witt's Antacid Powder to benefit it. This fine remedy has conquered cases of dyspepsia and gastritis that has defied all other forms of treatment. No waiting days to see results—immediate relief, permanent, lasting benefit if you will only give this most effective, most economical remedy a trial. Get a supply to-day and stop digestive misery quickly and for good by following this sound advice:—

TAKE

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Palpitation and Gastritis.

Of all chemists, in the famous sky-blue canisters, price 2/6

DON'T PAY A PENNY

for your Classified Ads. until you get replies

The Daily Telegraph's new plan guarantees replies to your classified ads. or no cost to you. Under this plan, unless you get a written reply to your Daily Telegraph Classified Ad., you don't pay a penny. Here are the conditions:—

No names, addresses or telephone numbers can appear in classified advertisements inserted on the basis of "No Reply, No Charge" (the only exception to this rule is the inserting of a locality). All replies to such ads. must be directed to a Daily Telegraph Box Number, and must be picked up by the advertiser. Payment for Classified Ads. inserted on the basis of "No Reply, No Charge" is made only when a reply is received—no reply, no payment. The charges for this type of classified ad. are 1/- per line week days, and 1/3 per line Saturdays, some classifications less.

DAILY TELEGRAPH Classified Ads Phone M6635

MID CITY OFFICE, 115 PITT STREET, *midway between Martin Place and Hunter Street*

One Perfect Year

Continued from Page 16

IN Copenhagen, the rose-petals began to fall in the gardens, and the willow's green hair to turn golden, and rainy winds blew over the city. It was draughty now at the street corners with the wind blowing up from the Sound, and very soon after the falling of the roses, it seemed, the snow came and turned the city into an old-fashioned Christmas-card of the most enchanting kind.

The cold was intense, but it was dry, and you didn't mind. I could keep my attic warm, and out at the villa there was a huge tiled oven that reached from floor to ceiling and gave out a prodigious heat. There was ice in the Sound, and bicycles skidded on the frozen roads. Now, instead of water spurting from the nostrils of the bulls of the great stepped fountain on the way up to the Langeline, icicles dangled in sharp points—but the logs blazed merrily in the oven in the villa in the woods at the north of the island.

Hilary made her little drawings, and Richard moved restlessly about, chopping wood, sweeping away snow, peeling potatoes, preparing vegetables, and making some kind of interminable sailors' tatting that got longer and longer and threatened to become huge enough to become a fishing net. Asked what it was for, he would laugh; it was something to do, he would say.

We had fun that winter, ski-ing, driving about in sledges with a jingle of bells, tobogganning, and trying to skate. Hilary went into Copenhagen and interested some publishers in some book-jacket designs. She did one or two things like that. They still had some money left, and their cottage in England was let, and, as she would say, they "managed." Richard talked of getting a ship again in the spring. Hilary made no comment when he talked like that. They would cross that bridge when they came to it.

You might think they'd have sickened of each other, but it wasn't like that for them at all; they were a case of appetite growing with what it fed on.

I think their secret was that they liked each other. They liked the look of each other, and the things each other said, grave and gay, and the way each other's bodies moved, and the way each other's minds and feelings worked.

I'd bring them books from Copenhagen, and sometimes little presents of food and drink delicacies, and new gramophone records for the old gramophone at the villa.

They liked simple things—folk-songs and folk-dance music; and I got them a Purcell sonata or two, lovely, delicate harpsichord things, and the "Trumpet Voluntary" for Richard, who liked something a bit more robust. That music was like what he felt for Hilary, he would declare, smiling as he listened to it. I knew what he meant; there is strength, vigor, boldness, something very emphatic and undeniable about that music. Then I got them an Elizabeth Schumann record, and that music, he said, was like Hilary's face, and again I knew what he meant, there was such sweetness and tenderness in that little Italian song.

So we'd all three sit round the tall tiled stove listening to music that had something to say for all of us, and we'd have, maybe, a bottle of wine between us, and peace would flow between us like the warming of the blood in our veins and the golden spread of the music in our heads.

I never felt shut out, though those two were so close; perhaps it was because they were so much one person. It wasn't like being with two people in love and sufficient unto themselves, but like being with a beloved friend in the utmost peace. It never troubled me in my solitude thinking of them at night sleeping in each other's arms; I could only be glad for them. I suppose it means that I loved them both, very dearly.

If this were just a magazine story I'd have fallen in love with Richard, and Hilary would have been jealous, and discord would have come between us; but life doesn't work out in the ways we prescribe for it. I didn't fall in love with Richard, or he with me, and though I was technically "lonely," I wasn't at all jealous of Hilary's great happiness. And if all this seems odd to you—well, I'm just telling you how it was that one perfect year.

I suppose it was a long winter, but it didn't seem long. I worked hard, I looked forward to the relaxation of the week-ends, I even made a few congenial friends in Copenhagen. The early spring softness crept into the air imperceptibly; once the snow had started to go it went astonishingly quickly. Imperceptibly the green deepened, and somehow, out of the torrential rains of April, spring was born—and by May Hilary was certain she was going to be a mother.

In March, Richard reported to the hospital and was declared free of his old trouble. They lived more in a lovers' dream than ever after that. I should have said in Copenhagen that they couldn't have loved each other any more than they did, but a new quality came into their love that spring; a sort of holiness. It's hard to talk of this sort of thing without sounding exaggerated. Well, they loved exaggeratedly.

I went about Copenhagen with a heart singing for joy in their happiness. Lilac blossom began to appear in the villa gardens, and there was a crispness and lift in the sea-smelling air and a sparkle on the waters of the Sound, crowded again with white sails. Then the roses were out in the public gardens and in the gardens beside the water, and, incredibly, almost a year had passed, a year of happiness snatched from the grey press of all the other years.

Richard and Hilary came back to Copenhagen; I let them have the attic again. They didn't want to take it from me, protesting that they couldn't turn me out, but I had finished my book, and I knew that, at last, I must be thinking again of the city I hated most in all Europe, London. They, too, must be going back, they said. Richard was fit again and wanted a ship, and they wanted to go home to prepare for the child. We arranged to travel home together.

Richard and Hilary were excited, like children. They were going home—and richer than they'd come; they had the stored-up treasure of all their happiness, and treasure to come in the form of the child their love and happiness had created.

Their home was near Harwich; her mother would have it all ready for them, Hilary said, the furniture taken out of storage and arranged in all its old familiar places. It would be exciting to have their own things again after so long.

I left them at Harwich in this state of excited happiness, going home! Going home to begin a new life after an interval of perfection.

. . . . . .

Nothing was ever as happy again. Richard was at sea when the child was born on a wild day in November, and that was a great sorrow for Hilary. He was away again a lot after that—as he'd always been in the past. Women who marry seafaring men expect such separations, though some of them, and Hilary was one, never get used to them. She grieved perpetually. And the child worried her. She had a bad time when it was born, as women seem to when they leave it rather late before they have their first child, and after so many years of freedom she found the child a tie; she had little time left for drawing.

The child was a boy, and she loved it passionately because it was Richard's child and created by their love—a souvenir of that perfect year. It was company for her when Richard was away, but she wasn't a very efficient mother; and she got a lot older, suddenly, after the child was born. She ceased to be quaint and ageless and like a little wild doe, but just a rather worried little woman of thirty something, a little ordinary.

Richard took excessive care of himself after the shock of his illness, and by the time he was thirty-five had already begun to put on weight. Not a lot, but he ceased to be slim.

Well, he is forty now, and a skipper. His fine blond hair is much darker, and he has lost that coltish look and movement that was so attractive.

He is very proud of the boy, a beautiful child with his mother's small sensitive features and his father's very fair hair and soft brown eyes. Hilary adores him. She seems never tired of looking at him. Watching her, one feels that her whole life is concentrated in loving him, as though she loves him with every tiniest breath of her, consciously and unconsciously. Everything she does for him is somehow a caress.

She and Richard are devoted still. You will not find a more devoted couple anywhere among married people.

Sometimes when I visit them we talk of the old days, and laugh a little tenderly over the Lovers of Copenhagen.

"They were so beautiful in their love" I find myself crying to them sometimes in a sort of half-wistful, half-defensive protest.

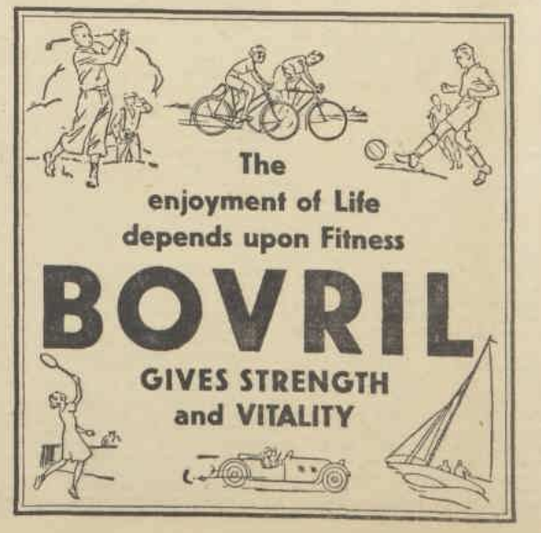
They look at each other and smile, placidly, like old friends who once shared something beautiful—but so long ago that now it takes a third person to recall it.

I don't know if this is a sad-ending story or not. They are very happy; and they had a year of perfect happiness such as is given to few, and then seldom for so long. That I have never been back to Copenhagen means nothing except that I am sentimental, I expect. Or remember too much. Or both!

(Copyright.)

GIRLIGAGS

"AN OLD-FASHIONED girl is she who would rather marry the man first and then go to work for him."



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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

LIBRAN bachelors and widowers who value their freedom beware! The year 1940 is approaching . . . and 1940 is leap year.

ALTHOUGH intensely loyal and loving once they have finally decided to settle their hearts on particular persons, Librans (those born between September 23 and October 24) are sometimes so outrageously slow and diffident about making up their minds in regard to marriage that they not infrequently find the "birds" they intended to snare have grown tired of waiting and flown.

Whether this is merely a sign of the Libran tendency to balance and weigh the pros and cons of everything they do or say, or whether it is just a desire to prolong their emotional "affairs," is hard to say.

But there seems significance in the fact that a counting of noses shows that it is the Libran men and women of this world who seem to predominate in "not-so-young" marriages.

Many Librans, though having excellent opportunities for happy marriage during their teens and twenties, fail to take advantage of their chances then, but they seem anxious to do so during their thirties and forties. And even their fifties and sixties.

For, give Librans their due, they are often better looking at forty than at thirty . . . and are frequently more "young of heart" at seventy than at twenty. The majority are also possessors of a gay spirit, a simple faith in human nature, and a great fund of optimism.

Marriage Year

WITH 1940 a leap year the courageous and cheerful characteristics of Libran women of all ages will be displayed at their best, for they will be in match-making mood.

A little guile and a great deal of charm may be expended in the good cause of matrimony. And if these fail to bring the desired proposal, Lady Libra is quite capable of "popping the question." In the nicest possible way, of course, but popping it just the same.

As for the Libra women of marriageable age, they are always sought as life-partners, so that every year can be a leap year for them.

But let those who now feel that they have dalled overlong in settling down to married life look forward to 1940 as a heaven-sent chance to rectify that error. Between now and then, many Libra-born women are likely to suddenly realise that they have chosen the lonely and least desirable path through life, and the desire for a happy married life with its interests of partner, children and home will create great unrest.

Such folk should turn their 1940 opportunities to good account, and not be too shy or self-conscious about broaching the topic of marriage.

Now, let it be known that the male partner of a Libran woman can usually be regarded as a rather lucky fellow. The women make just and kindly wives, and are gentle and docile (for at least 60 per cent. of their days, anyway), cheerful, attractive and faithful.

One thing must never be forgotten (and this applies to both sexes) —it is really essential for Libra people to be happily married if they are to do their best work in life.

They belong to a dual sign of the zodiac; the sign which has ruled over marriage (and business) partnerships. During their more foolish years they may play a little with the idea of freedom versus marriage, but in the end they nearly all submit, and gladly, too, to a "life sentence" with a chosen mate.

Those who love Libra people, yet cannot get them to say "Yes," should apply a little extra pressure in the way of charm, good-humor and attractiveness. All Librans are impressed by these things. They're always looking for rainbows.

Lastly, Libra-born people should choose their partners with extreme care, for harmony and happiness are essential to their well-being.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise the following information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Your stars advise caution in all affairs just now. Do not begin new ventures or make changes, for loss and difficulty can follow. October 18, 19, 21 and 22 particularly poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Not important, yet you must get all matters of moment started or finalised without delay. October 18 and 20 can be better than October 17 and 18, but thereafter live quietly.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): SmiLe and the world will smile with you now. Go after the things you want; be venturesome, hard-working and ambitious, especially on October 21 (after 2 p.m. only), and 22.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Avoid risks and new ventures. Live quietly. Concentrate on routine work. Beware of October 21 and 22.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Keen Leonians can turn October 17, 18 and 19 (very early) to fair account.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): October 19, 20 and 21 (early) just fair. Routine.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Librans with good ideas and a love of work can create opportunities for themselves on October 21 (after noon) and 22. Avoid changes on October 15 and 16.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): October 15 and 16 just fair, but let important matters wait a while.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Quite fair on October 17 and 18.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Be on guard. Rashness can bring headache aplenty, especially on October 18, 19, 21 (after noon), and 22. Avoid changes; muddle along; play safe. Delays and opposition likely.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): The stars now favor diligent Aquarians. Begin new enterprises or changes and improve past ventures on October 21 (after noon) and 22, for best results. Work hard now, for the end of the month can produce difficulties.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Be patient for a little while, but meanwhile prepare plans of ambitious projects. Set routine matters in order and look ahead for better times. Meanwhile October 18 and 19 just fair, and October 19, 20 and 21 (early) poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Nurse Recommends WINE OF LIFE

Mrs. Johnson had been feeling wretched for months past, but as she said to the nurse who had been called in for a "case" next door—she just couldn't afford to rest.

"True," replied the nurse, "But can you afford to buy a really fine tonic? Your whole trouble is just getting hopelessly run-down with years of work. Your blood has become poor and your strength naturally is just dwindling away day by day. What you need to put you right on your feet again is Wincarnis. I've proved it again and again."

Mrs. Johnson sent for a bottle of Wincarnis and, as nurse advised, took it regularly. In a few weeks she was a new woman. No hopeless tiredness at night—no jumpy nerves. Healthy people are never nervy or irritable—they feel cheerful and radiate happiness. And that's the very kind of health Wincarnis brings. It must, because Wincarnis is made from prime beef extract, vitamin malt and delicious matured blood-building wine.

Wincarnis builds up rich, red corpuscles and makes you feel years younger. Get all the fun and laughter you can out of life. Let Wincarnis bring back your health and strength.

But be sure you get Wincarnis, for, although you may be tempted with cheaper products, remember—there is only one Wincarnis—the product with only quality ingredients—the product that is waiting to bring you priceless health.

HERE IS a truly novel decoration for a wedding breakfast—a model of the future home of the bride and bridegroom in ice-cream. It attracted a lot of attention, following the recent marriage at St. John's Cathedral, Brisbane, of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Dodwell, of New Farm. The bride and groom are shown admiring the "home," all of which could be eaten.

SAVES WOMEN UNTOLD SUFFERING.

A leading lady says: "No, I don't have 'nerves.' You can't have them and hold this sort of position. My head used to throb around three o'clock, and some days, of course, were worse than others.

"Then I learned to rely on Bayer's Aspirin tablets."

One sure cure for any headache is rest. But sometimes we must postpone it. That's when Bayer's Aspirin saves the day. Two tablets, and the nagging pain is gone until you are house. And once you are comfortable, the pain seldom returns.

Keep Bayer's Aspirin handy. Don't put it away, or put off taking it. Fighting a headache to finish the day may be heroic, but it is also a little foolish. So is sacrificing a night's sleep because you have an annoying cold, or irritated throat, or a grumbling tooth, neuralgia, neuritis.

Bayer's Aspirin tablets do not depress the heart and can be taken freely without harm. That is medical opinion. It is a fact established by the last thirty years of medical practice.

Bayer originated aspirin and a number of other remedies for the relief of pain and disease, and they are prescribed by doctors the world over. Bayer's Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin, therefore insist on Bayer's when you buy. In bottles, 24 tablets 1/3, 100 4/-. Bayer means Better.

50 Bayer's

'I hate to think, Meg, what this frock will be like after I wash it'...

'Don't worry! The colours will sparkle like new if you wash it with PERSIL'

'Meg was right...'

PERSIL DOES WASH COLOURS BEAUTIFULLY'

Put aside foolish fears about washing those delicate colours and woollies. They're absolutely safe in Persil because Persil's oxygen-charged suds cleanse so gently . . . and so *thoroughly* that every speck of dirt comes away with the least possible handling. Water need never be more than tepid when you use Persil, and for very delicate colours cold water may be used. Such a short time in the water, too, with Persil's quick cleansing—no wonder the colours come out fresh, bright, well-defined—a delight to the eye! ***And don't forget—Persil's gentle cleansing action makes things last longer.***

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Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 6

"MACVEY is what he is—a lout—and you're a young girl with ideals, but young girls can like louts. They're romantic. A lad like MacVey, just standing around in uniform, giving orders, can be worse than white orchids and diamond bracelets in the right setting."

She was clinging to his hands suddenly, and there was uncertainty again in her eyes—the uncertainty that had been there last night on the terrace—a vague, troubled light.

"I had to strike you," she whispered. "It was as if you were someone else in that moment—someone who had no right to touch me. It was as if I weren't free to have you touch me." She put her hand to her forehead and covered her eyes. "How awful," she whispered.

Sherman shook her hand once, roughly. "Stop it!"

"I can't, Sherman. It's true!"

There was fear in his heart suddenly. She was tall there before him, and slender with fine life. All the youth in her was a splendid thing that called to him as no woman's youth had ever called to him before, but there was a sudden wall between them that held them apart, and the cold strength of it chilled his heart. In that moment he knew that this thing was real and that the awfulness of it could kill them both; that there was no avoiding the issue of it. It had to be fought on its own grounds, in its own way.

"Connie, I knew enough about this cruise of MacVey's to get Charles Staveneaux to stop you and your aunt from going, I think. There's hell going on behind every move of it."

"I know it"—she nodded without looking at him. "I've felt it all along. Something frightful will happen to us all."

"No"—he shook his head—"for I won't let anything too awful happen; but I'm not going to tell what I know to Staveneaux. You've got to go now. You've got to see it through to its bitter end, for this thing that has come between us. You've got to see what MacVey is; what his life stands for. That's the only thing that will convince you. Even as I tell you this, I can feel your wrist stiffen under my fingers. You don't want me to talk against him—almost you can't bear it—but you'll see what he is; then you'll know!"

MacVey was between the cabanas, standing there beside them. There was that present fact. His face was quite white and his lips were drawn tightly together. He said, "Let go of Miss Yates' arm!" Connie tore it free and faced them both. The anger in her eyes was fire. Humiliation hung in her mind like a sharp stench. She crawled with it under the anger, but there were no words; only the iciness aching in her hands and the blinding anger in her heart. She faced them both, but neither one of them could look at her, so she turned from them and went quickly up the beach.

Drumm and MacVey stood very still, looking into each other's eyes for what they would see.

"I suppose you either hit me now or make some pointed remark about my parentage," Sherman said pleasantly. "I'm not quite up on the etiquette of matters of this kind."

MacVey didn't speak. He couldn't. The fire in him was directly behind his lips, and he daren't open them. He could feel the flesh drawn tightly from his eyes to his chin, and the murderer that has never left any of us since we crawled out of caves crouching to kill.

"I'll wait to hit you," MacVey said. "I have no intention of embarrassing Miss Yates further."

Sherman said, "Don't, then. Miss Yates is a gentlewoman. Heaven knows what you are, but keep away from her. Is that plain?"

"Mr. Drumm," MacVey said, "I could cancel your passage on my ship, but I won't. I should like to see what you are. But I can't, for the life of me, tell why I don't kill you now, with my bare hands. Good morning."

Sherman got dressed quickly. He tried Connie Yates' room on the telephone. There was no answer. He tried Dame Ellen's room.

Dame Ellen said: "Come up here Sherman Drumm. Come right away, alone."

Dame Ellen was in a white flannel skirt, white stockings and white rope-soled shoes. She wore the blue double-breasted monkey jacket of the Royal Yacht Squadron of Sweden with its eight black buttons and black owner's stripes with trefoil on the sleeves. She had Chart No. 528 pegged down on her table top with thumb tacks, and across it lay a parallel rule and a pair of dividers.

Dame Ellen said, "Look at this," and she picked up a card from the top of the bureau, handing it to him. "What does it mean to you?" Written on the card were two lines:

171—11—21

6—10—12

Sherman said, "Off-tackle play." He frowned. "Roulette system. Depositor's account number at a department store. Automobile-licence numbers. Pawnbroker's code. Ages of all minor children between six and a hundred and seventy-one. Combination of safe."

HE scratched the card on his thumb-nail.

Dame Ellen nodded to the chart. Sherman leaned over it. Eleven minutes and twenty-one seconds had been spaced off from the one hundred and seventy-first meridian and projected south to the sixth degree, tenth minute and twelfth second of north latitude. There was a cross in pencil where they intersected: West longitude 171deg., 11 min., 21sec.; north latitude 6deg., 10min., 12sec. The cross was slightly south-east of Wilder Shoals—roughly, about a thousand miles south-west of Honolulu.

She was fat in the hips, Dame Ellen, and skinny and sharp-boned in the legs with age. But her hands were small and her feet were small, and her neck still held the fine, arrogant upthrust that had been her answer to life in its living. Standing there, smoking her slender brown cigarette, looking at him with her cool blue eyes, she was suddenly a very magnificent figure, for the spirit of her was in its ultimate refinement, and that is all that there is to magnificence.

"Did you do that yourself?" Sherman put the flat of his hand on the chart and stared at her in utter amazement. "Lay off that position?"

Dame Ellen smiled. "I should love to lie to you. I almost could. Do you know what a Fastnet Light Race is?"

Sherman said, "Give it to me quickly, Dame Ellen; I'm steeled. I've made one Bermuda thrash, one St. Petersburg-Havana and three Miami-Nassaus, but you've done the Fastnet Light!"

"Three times," Dame Ellen said, "in the old Svendholm with Kurt Fredericksen, before you were born; but I'll be fair with you, I won't lie," she smiled. "Commander MacIntyre did this for me. He's the navigating officer on the flagship. He had heard I was going on this cruise, so he had the chart sent up and came by to point out a few places that might interest us. Commander MacIntyre laid off that position. That's where I want to go." She put her finger on the chart.

"There's nothing but ocean there."

She shook her head. "No," she said, "I don't know how I know it, but that's where King Bradley is. That's where he went to with Chang Tien when he left Palmyra Island."

The boys came in to take her luggage down.

Sherman looked at her. "Those are the numbers that were inside Mayhew's cigarette-case?"

She nodded.

He said, "Dame Ellen, there are millions of dollars in the table stakes of this game. Are you sure you want a hand in it?"

She said, "Sherman, I'm an old woman. I've been bored to death for eight years. I want to do this more than I want anything, even to go on living, and I love life."

"Dame Ellen," he said, "I think I know enough about this whole adventure cruise now to have the British Consul-General stop you from going."

She said, "Sherman, don't take this away from me."

He looked at her and suddenly he held out his hand. "I won't," he said. "You are a grand old soul. You are going." And they shook on it.

"Thank you, Sherman."

There were three brown-paper bundles on the bureau behind Dame Ellen. They were about the size of three-pound candy boxes, oblong, and carefully wrapped in heavy brown paper, tied doubly with twine and sealed with red blobs of wax at all the knots and all the intersections of the twine. They were identical in size and shape.

"My niece asked me not to take my jewels on this trip," Dame Ellen said, "so the chances are I won't. Sherman. Pick out one of those boxes, will you, please?"

"What jumps out of it when I do?" He crossed to them. "All right, I'll bite. This one"—he laid his hand flat on the middle box. Dame Ellen took it up in her hands and packed it carefully in the corner of her still-open Gladstone. Sherman said, "What are you doing?"

"PLAYING odds of two to one. After all, they're my jewels, and I like to know they are with me. It's a small pleasure, but it's an honest one. I've made a concession to my niece's advice. That's all she can ask, in fairness. One of those boxes has the jewels in it and the other two have the two sets of reproductions. I had the manager come up himself and bring all three cases from the safe. He wrapped them here and sealed them. I watched him do that, but I give you my word I can't tell them apart now, so I'm leaving my jewels in safety deposit and I'm taking them with me, too. Nothing could be fairer."

Sherman grinned. "And I, Dame Ellen, will be hanged."

"Probably," Dame Ellen said.

"Is Connie in her room?"

Dame Ellen nodded. Sherman went through.

For one awful moment when Connie came up from the beach, she stood in her room with the door closed behind her, then everything let go inside her and she flung herself across her bed, burying her face in the pillow, clutching it tightly to her face, waiting breathlessly for the tears that would loosen the frightful tension of her lungs. While she lay there, her phone rang, but she knew it was Sherman, so she didn't answer it. And these are the things that were in her heart that her mind gave the lie to, as it always does with young women. She had wanted Sherman to kiss her—wanted him desperately—and loathed him because she loathed herself for wanting respect from him at the same time.

Please turn to Page 38

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3.

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Thousands who have piles have not learned that quick and permanent relief can only be accomplished with internal medicine. Neither cutting nor any amount of treatment with ointments and suppositories will remove the cause.

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PRESENTLY she got up and washed her face, and when Sherman came in her door from the living-room of the suite, she was so completely in control of herself that she was not conscious of the final effort it took. She was standing with her back to him, at the lanai curtains.

"I came up to say that I'm desperately sorry for that beach scene."

"It's happened," she said.

"But it's nobody's business that it has happened except ours. Oh, Connie, can't we laugh at MacVey——"

He saw her shoulders stiffen. "I'm afraid we can't," she said.

"Connie," he said, "I had a right to kiss you, and you had the right to strike me. The surprise of it gave you that right—and my own manner of doing it—but nobody had the right to interfere."

"Sherman," she said, "please leave me alone."

In that moment he knew, by all the laws of men and women, that he must cross to her and take her in his arms and hold her so tightly against him that the breath would go out of her; that he must kiss her until she went limp in his arms, hold her forever against the world. But in that moment she spoke again: "Please go out of my room, Sherman," and suddenly he knew the bitter sting of defeat. It was in his nostrils and in his heart, an.. it thinned the blood in him until his hands went cold with it. Last night if he hadn't gone dancing with Ida Sefton—hang Ida Sefton—this morning on the beach, before MacVey interrupted. Those were the times, not now.

"I will go out," he said quietly, "and leave you to it."

When he went up the corridor to his room to pack, Bo Fanning was waiting there for him.

"It was Linehardt last night on the phone," Fanning said. "He's called me again. What am I going to do, Drumm? He and his whole crowd are here in Honolulu."

"Stop drinking brandy, you fool!"

"I can't face this. I'm all shot! Just before I came up from the lobby, Mayhew sat down beside me." Fanning covered his face with his hands.

Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 37

"What did Mayhew say?"

"He had a gun in his pocket. I could see its bulge through the linen of his coat. He said, 'I trust you are all packed, Mr. Fanning. I should hate not to have your company on the Storm Child.' Then I came up to pack, and Linehardt called me on the phone; warned me not to try to go. What shall I do?"

"You're going on the Storm Child," Sherman said, and he started to pack. "Because I want you where I can keep my eye on you, too, and I'm willing to take a chance at being pot-shot at to do it." He threw all his things into his bags and strapped them up. He called the desk for his bill and Fanning's, and asked for a boy and a car. He poured more brandy into Fanning, got him across to his own room and got him packed.

When they came down with their bags, Ida Sefton was in the lobby with her things.

"I'm frightened to death to go on this boat," she said.

"You shouldn't take dares," Sherman told her.

He put Ida in the car and pushed Bo in beside her. Bo couldn't talk. He sat there, holding his shaking hands together.

MacVey had the Storm Child alongside at the Hawaiian-Orient dock. He was in blues. He touched his cap with a finger as they got out of their car. One of his Kanakas was standing by for the bags. There were two reporters on the stringpiece, smoking cigarettes.

Charles Staveneaux drove up in a consulate car.

"Has Dame Ellen come down yet?"

"Not yet, sir," MacVey told him.

The Kanaka boy took Ida Sefton's bags aboard and came back for Sherman's. Sherman paid off the car. Staveneaux was talking to Ida. Thinly British, Staveneaux, with a long face chopped in easy, pleasant planes and that restrained laughter that Englishmen bring to women to cover up their own embarrassment at not being subtle squires.

Sherman followed Fanning and the bags down the brassbound companion. It was hot below, and stuffy. There was a fan whining forward in the saloon and a faint stirring of hot air from it in the passage. That passage ran aft from the foot of the companion, with the stateroom doors on either side. MacVey's black steward was in the saloon, all smiles. Forward of the saloon were the other two cabins, port and starboard.

Sherman said to the steward, "You used to be a cook at the Royal Hawaiian?"

"Yes, sarr."

"West Indian, no?"

"Barbadoes, sarr. My name is Melville."

"Well, Melville, here's five dollars on account. I'm not going to like any of this, so I expect you to help me. You can start by putting my friend, here, to bed." He nodded toward Fanning. "Go to bed, Fanning." Fanning stumbled into the starboard-side stateroom forward of the saloon and threw himself across the berth.

Melville tore his mouth open in a quick, white-toothed smile. His teeth were as big as great toenails. He howled, silently, in his fat stomach and took the bags forward.

"I'll help you unpack later, sarr."

"No," Sherman said. "I'm still fairly active for my years." He closed his own cabin door on Melville and took off his coat. He lay down in his berth and loosened his collar and tie. He lit a cigarette. He'd had only two hours' sleep the night before, so he slept presently, without, for some reason, burning himself up with his cigarette.

. . . . .

On the dock, Dame Ellen and her niece arrived almost at the same time as Doctor Mayhew's cab drew up.

Doctor Mayhew said, "I sacrificed two white doves at the temple of Jupiter this morning at dawn and the auspices are good for our journey."

Ida Sefton said, "When I lived in Greenwich I saw the heads of doves being twisted right off once by my houseman. I've never been able to eat one since."

"I have not eaten a houseman since 1911," Doctor Mayhew said.

One of the reporters laughed. The other one said, "Dame Ellen, can I get a picture of you at the Storm Child's wheel in that yachting coat?"

"You cannot," Dame Ellen said.

The Kanakas were still handing the luggage aboard.

Dame Ellen said, "I suppose this is the sailing, isn't it?"

"When you are ready," MacVey told them.

"Good-bye" — Staveneaux took Dame Ellen's hands in both of his lean brown ones—"and the best of fair winds and weather!" He smiled and handed her aboard with a long reach of his thin arms. Mayhew stepped aboard, mopping his pink brow, and held his hand for Connie.

MACVEY called down for his engine and it whanked into heavy, slow pulsation that flowed into the Storm Child like the beat of blood. Dame Ellen and Doctor Mayhew, with Ida Sefton and Connie, sat down awkwardly on the seat above the skylight. Ida was humming "Aloha" softly. Staveneaux, on the dock, took it up in a surprisingly good tenor, and the reporters, grinning, joined in.

MacVey stood by the wheel. "Mister," he said to his mate, "stand by the bowline."

The lines came in and he bent down and put his engine into gear. The Kanaka amidships brought in the fenders and stood by to fend while the mate and the man behind MacVey coiled down their lines. The Storm Child swung her head out slightly and began to move.

The waterfront of Honolulu swam slowly down into the field of vision. Sheds with hot corrugated roofs, wharf ends and dozens of streamers suddenly all tied quietly to their quays with their colors drooping in the hot air. Charles Staveneaux was a thin white figure presently on the end of the old Hawaiian-Orient wharf, still waving his hat. Dame Ellen waved back.

Captain MacVey stood at the wheel, touching it lightly with the thumb and first two fingers of his right hand, moving it just the least bit, keeping his eyes ahead. Once he stooped with his other hand and touched something on the side of the wheel box. The Storm Child's siren screamed briefly and a tug answered with a throaty cough, and they passed, port to port. The Storm Child lifted easily on the tug's swell, lifted and tossed her head like a horse that has been standing. There was another boat coming out behind them now; a slightly smaller schooner than the Storm Child, with a black hull with long rust streaks down her chain plates and her dinghies lashed bottom-up on her decks. She nosed along about three hundred yards behind in the wake of the Storm Child. Mayhew looked at her. MacVey looked at her, once, casually, for he had his own boat on the channel buoys now, taking her out through the cable area of Pier No. 1.

Mayhew went down and came back with binoculars to look at the other boat. Melville brought cushions up for the ladies and three little folding legless chairs, with seats and backs made of webbed hide like the webbing of snowshoes.

Captain MacVey took a departure from the Sea Buoy, No. 2. Joe Lount, the mate, came aft with the log, and streamed it out over the stern. He set it at zero and went below to enter it with the time in the logbook. He was still clean and freshly scrubbed, and he moved with the assurance of a good sea officer.

After the crew had set the mainsail, MacVey called forward for his main staysail and jib. The watch leaped out on the bowsprit and took the stops off the jib. It shrieked up, slapping, shivered and bellied evenly. When they got the forestaysail up, MacVey cut the engine, and the silence suddenly rang across the waters like the silence that howls in your ears a after a plane lands and switches off. He flattened the main, and the Storm Child heeled down to port with her rigging singing in the wind and her bow wave increasing as she picked up headway. And that is sailing.

The wind was cleaner and fresher, like spring water, and the sea was suddenly a part of all their world. She was honest now, the Storm Child, canted to her work, with the smell of Diesel oil behind her and gone, and the salt spray of the Pacific in her teeth.

BEHIND the Storm Child, on the same tack, the black schooner that had followed her out of the harbor was down on her rail, ploughing along less than half a mile astern.

It was the silence that woke Sherman Drumm in his cabin, not Melville knocking on his door. Sherman Drumm awakened full out. For a moment he was back in Spain with all the futility of it, the flies and the spiced foods, the stupidity of civil war and his own stupidity in mixing up in it for a lost childhood ambition that had been whelped in his soul when he was a boy, by tales of flying in France.

Then he was back on the Storm Child, lying in his bunk, moving gently with the full, free motion of the boat under sail. Cooped on the Storm Child with a girl who had sent him out of her room in a way that had backed his pride up within him, so that it still rankled. What to do about it—ignore it, laugh at it? Don't be a fool, for you can't do either one. On a boat of this size, it can't be ignored, and there is no laughter left in you."

Melville knocked again.

"Come in."

"Mrs. Sefton would like to have you in her cabin for cocktails, Mistah Drumm."

"Do we dress for dinner on this waggon as well?"

Melville tore his maw into its great grin. "Don't think so, sarr."

Sherman let water into his basin and doused his head.

Ida was in white pyjamas—a tall slim girl, Ida, who carried pyjamas well. Soft they were, and beautifully tailored to her. She had a green scarf wound around the gold of her hair and espadrilles on her slender feet. She was buffing her nails when Sherman knocked.

"My, my," Sherman said.

"Sit down," she told him. Melville knocked, with a tray and two daiquiris. They were in slender-stemmed crystal—two pale tulips growing from a silver pool.

"What a ship this has turned out to be."

Ida said, "Don't be silly. I brought those glasses aboard, and that tray. And I brought the cocktails."

"I take the dare back. You don't unravel; you travel well."

"Thanks," Ida said. "I'm not travelling any farther than Lanai. I'm afraid to."

Sherman sipped his cocktail. "Ida," he said, "you aren't afraid of anything but yourself, and growing old."

Ida said, "Shut up. This whole darned boatload is crazy, and I'm having no more of it for little Ida. And I'm not going to be stuck in Lanai and have to come back alone on some inter-island boat. So you're getting off with me."

Please turn to Page 40

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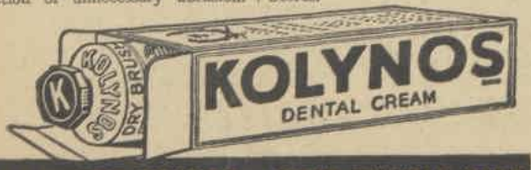

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"I am a man of 55 years. It is now five years since I was pensioned off from the ——— Police. I went through thick and thin, day and night in all weathers, while I was in the Force, and am to-day as fit as any man still serving in the Force. People often ask me 'Why are you remaining so young?' and my answer is 'Kruschen Salts.' I have used Kruschen now for the last 13 years, and I will certainly use these Salts until I am leaving this world."—W.J.

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Intimate Jottings by Caroline

DID YOU KNOW—

That Margot Spicer's engagement ring is a lovely sapphire in a setting of diamonds? Her engagement to Mack Brown was announced at a party given by her mother, Mrs. Gordon Spicer, of Boorowa, at the Macquarie Club.

* * *

Fun of Race Week Finale

LAST day of the spring racing carnival was rather fun. Nobody took their punting as strenuously as on the opening days. The crowd was not nearly so dense, and, in the genial, unbuttoned atmosphere of relaxation, friends found an opportunity to pass the social time of day with each other.

In the chat drifting hither and yon, personalities figured nearly as prominently as horses. Nobody seemed to be dressed up on purpose, and the sartorial slogan evidently was, "A little bit of what you fancy does you good."

Bits I enjoyed most included Joyce Boynton's gargantuan hat and Mrs. Dick Allen's minuscule ditto; the slashings and lashings in Mrs. Ernest Watt's brilliant blue gloves, and the white daisies embroidered round the shoulder lines of Mrs. C. H. K. Miller's black frock.

And then there was Mrs. Jack Jacobsen's lush spray of about a round dozen of orchids. She said she'd had them for a fortnight. Which just goes to show you can be both orchidaceous and economical.

* * *

Dance at Golf Club

THE members' dance at Royal Sydney Golf Club last Saturday night was a gay finale to Race Week. There was a glorious array of flowers in the old ballroom, the reception rooms, and spacious verandahs. Flowers are always a feature of this party.

A great number of country guests in town for the festivities were among those who dined and danced at the club. Elizabeth Spicer, of Scone, who made her debut earlier this year, looked most attractive in a moonlight-blue lame gown threaded in silver, and with mauve orchids worn at one shoulder.

Frances Angus was in a model gown of silvery-grey net worn over duck-egg blue taffeta. At the waist was a cluster of roses, shading from pink to wine. This week Miss Angus is visiting Singleton to decide with her fiance, Alec Binnie, on plans for their new home.

* * *

Nice New Precedent!

FOR the first time, women crossed the threshold of the New South Wales Club on Saturday, when members gave an "At Home" after the races.

Feminine curiosity as to the precincts was very happily satisfied. Glorious floral decorations, with a beautiful blue bird of delphiniums as the piece de resistance, enhanced the charm and comfort of the stately old rooms where hospitality was dispensed on a lavish scale.

Each lady was given a wide choice of posies, and so could choose one to harmonise with her frocking.

President Sir Samuel Hordern was assisted by Vice-president Mr. T. S. Douglas and Mrs. Douglas in receiving the guests. Mrs. Douglas looked very smart in navy, with a tiny veiled hat.

So enjoyable was the party, many women guests were openly hoping the club would see that their new policy was adhered to next year.

Heather from Scotland

WHEN Mollie Storey, of Strathfield, was married last Thursday to Bill Austen, of Hay, she carried in her bouquet of early white lilac a sprig of heather. It was sent specially from Scotland by Mrs. Percy Arnott, whose daughter, Nea, was one of the bridesmaids.

It was an extremely pretty wedding, the bride in a classical ivory satin gown and her bridesmaids — Joyce Austen (Hay), Alison Turner, Nea Arnott, and little Barbara and Audrey Abbott—in daffodil marquisette, their flowers tawny-colored tulips.

The bridegroom will take his bride to live on the Austen family's property, Eil Eiwah, Hay.

* * *

Floral Carpets, Large and Small

THE success of the afternoon, when Lady Wakehurst declared open the Floral Carpet at the Town Hall, last Thursday, were six tiny kindergarten children. They struggled on to the platform clutching a miniature floral carpet made by themselves, and, reaching Lady Wakehurst, they fell upon their knees to present to her the flowers resting on the carpet. She leant down and lifted them to their feet.

So great was the response from schools and private growers all over the State that ten million flowers were sent to make the carpet. Only three millions were used, the rest being sold to augment funds of Kindergarten Week.

This week, as part of the programme, kindergarteners will drive through the streets in gaily decorated lorries, and this Thursday at the Town Hall there will be a merry scene when the lower hall is transformed into a spring fair, complete with the village green.

* * *

Lady Gowrie, in a letter sent from India to Lady Wakehurst, writes that she has taken great interest while abroad in the welfare of children, and she is returning to Australia full of new ideas and enthusiasms.

* * *

Not Superstitious

A BRIDE-ELECT who says she is not the least bit superstitious is Nesta Kierath, of Narromine. She has chosen this Thursday—October 13—for her wedding to Percy Stirton, of Moree. For the past fortnight she has been in town, making headquarters at No. 9, Springfield Avenue, while dashing around finalising details for the wedding, and choosing furniture for her new home at Moree. Nesta's sisters, Monica, who will be a bridesmaid, and Mrs. Tim Scott, of Wellington, also are in town. The wedding will be an evening one at St. Philip's, and reception at Elizabeth Bay House.

* * *

Second Son Born

FOR her second son, born on October 2, Mrs. Edward Fahey made a beautiful pale lemon layette. Mr. and Mrs. Fahey have another small son, Edward. Next week Mrs. Fahey, who was formerly Miss Monica Theodore, will leave Charlemount Hospital and return to her Burwood home.

* * *

Heard a Mariposa passenger remark when Lindsay Nicholas and his bride, Hepzibah Menuhin, arrived from America last week: "They're so young and romantic I feel dewy-eyed whenever I look at them." These young-marrieds (the bridegroom is 22 and the bride 18) spent only a few hours in Sydney before going on to their station property in the Western District of Victoria.

Arch of Riding-Whips

DONALD WHITAKER and his bride, formerly Helen Ross, of Balaclava, Glen Innes, who were married on September 28, were among the punters at Randwick last week. The bride and bridegroom after their wedding passed beneath an arch of riding-whips held aloft by six of the groom's friends who are well-known amateur jockeys. The bridegroom is one of the State's best amateur riders.

* * *

I LIKE—

The "toreador" toque and bolero of black crepe patterned with animated white deer which was worn by Mrs. Noel Hurd at Randwick.

Winner of Golf Trophies

JESSIE McMASTER did not have such good luck at the races as she has had in recent country golf tournaments. She came back from Orange early last week with the Orange Cup in her bag, and just before that romped home with three trophies from the Boorowa tournament.

On top of this, she did an 83 at Royal Sydney last Tuesday, thereby just missing reducing her handicap again. Her partner on Tuesday was her sister, Mrs. Clive Robinson, who admits that she was in the 90's, which shows that even champions have their off moments.

* * *

The Sim Bennets came from Carinya, Cooma, and stayed at the Australia Hotel during Race Week. Colleen, as usual, looked most decorative at every meeting. Early next year she will be hostess for the first time at a country race meeting, as her husband is president of the Monaro Picnic Race Club.

* * *

Frozen Horse

SKATERS had the best of it at the Ice Palais Spring Ball on Friday night. They were able to skate over the top and inspect the horse and jockey which was frozen beneath the ice in the centre of the floor. To ringside spectators, this part of the decorative scheme was out of sight.

A merry crowd, almost one thousand in all, thronged the Palais for this "skating" ball. Among the hostesses were Mesdames Noel Heath, Warwick Fairfax, Roy Buckland, Chick Bouvet, H. P. Pitt-Simons, and R. J. Whiteman.

* * *

When all money is collected for the sale of tickets and added to the cash in hand, the committee of last Tuesday's Pink-and-Black Ball hope to have raised £700 for the Industrial Blind Institution.

Expert Little Skater

LITTLE Jan Solomon, daughter of Dr. Bert Solomon, has become the pet of the Ice Palais. The sight of this piquant child displaying more courage than many grown-ups in the dancing enclosure has won everyone's hearts.

Jan's aunt, Olga Solomon, who married an Italian prince some years ago, is expected to visit Sydney early next year.

* * *

MRS. HANS ROBERTSON, of Double Bay, who was a smart figure in all-white, with shaded pink sweet-peas on her small hat, on Ladies' Day at Randwick, is now getting ready for the Melbourne Cup. She will leave at the end of next week by car with her husband.

The cabled news of the engagement of Miss Hermione Llewellyn (former secretary to Lady Wakehurst) and Lord Ranfurly (former A.D.C. to the Governor-General) came as a surprise to their friends. It reached Sydney last Friday and so provided an exciting topic of conversation during the dinner party given at Government House that evening by the Governor and Lady Wakehurst.

* * *

And Now Melbourne . . .

NO sooner is our Race Week at an end—and what a gay time it was!—than all eyes are turning towards Melbourne. Countless reasons are being found which necessitate our being in the southern capital for the first Tuesday in November.

Neville Palmer, who has been a guest at Government House during the Spring Meeting, is returning to Melbourne, his home town, for the coming festivities.

Mrs. H. H. Dutton and her daughter Helen, who also were guests in the Vice-Regal house party, left Sydney last night and hope to see the Melbourne Cup before returning to Aniaby, their South Australian home.

Margaret Burns, of Bowral, who stayed at the Macquarie Club during the Spring Meeting, will be the guest of Betty Fogarty for the Cup.

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Continuing Seven Must Die

from Page 38

"IT'S dangerously near my price," Sherman said. "Who else is coming to this cocktail party?"

"Nobody. I want to talk to you alone."

"All right then; let your hair down. What's happened?"

"I'll tell you what's happened," Ida said. "I bought a pistol this morning in Honolulu, and it's been stolen from me since I came aboard."

"So?"

"Yes, so."

"Ida, would you know a pistol if you saw one?"

"Say, listen," Ida said, "I was married to a man once who was gun-crazy. Don't tell me about pistols. I've slept with them, eaten them, breathed them, and had them shot at me."

"It sounds like true love."

"It was," Ida said. "The bullets came so close that they hit once—and that's close, the Connecticut courts decided. They're old-fashioned about things like that—the Connecticut courts."

"Yes," Sherman said, "they sound old-fashioned. About this pistol of yours—who knew you had it?"

"Everybody. I told everybody."

"That's a great help."

"I had a permit for it."

"Did they steal that, too?"

"No, you fool."

"That'll cost you another daiquiri. Harsh words. I wilt easily."

"Well, you wilt off this boat with me at Lanai. Do you hear?"

"But I like the boat. And how do you know I didn't steal your pistol?"

"Because I know who did."

"Who?"

"That old fool of an opera singer."

"Wait a minute." Sherman raised his hand. "When you speak of Dame Ellen, you speak of the woman I love."

"Sherman Drumm, she's crazy—and you know it."

Sherman said, "What would Dame Ellen steal your pistol for?"

"That pistol," Ida said, "was in a box, all wrapped up and tied with pale yellow cotton twine. It was with those other packages in my cabin here. Well, it's gone, but the twine is carefully wound up on Dame Ellen Melbury's bureau in her cabin and the paper is wadded beside it. I just saw it when I was in there talking to her."

Sherman said, "Look, Ida; I like you. There's as much of the pirate in you as there is in me. But you're dead wrong in this. It doesn't jell."

"It doesn't, eh? Do you want to come over with me now and face her with it?"

"I certainly do not."

"Then you believe it."

"All right; then I do. Sure I believe it. Why not? But if Dame Ellen did steal that pistol, she had a good reason to steal it."

"Well, I'll be darned!" Ida said.

Sherman drained his second daiquiri. "Good," he nodded. "Now I'll get your pistol back if you'll tell me why you came on this cruise."

"Not to take up your dare."

"I know that; you did it too quickly."

Ida looked at him through her cigarette smoke. "I suppose you came just because I did?"

"Ida," he smiled—"you know I'm mad about you."

"I know you're mad, if that will help."

"You're wrong there; a doctor cured me. I'll give you his card. Are you going to tell me why you came?"

"No," Ida said. "I haven't the faintest idea of telling you, but if you'll get my pistol back I'll consider staying on it."

"For the sake of your daiquiris, Ida, I'll get your pistol back. I should hate to think of you in here absolutely defenceless."

Ida said, "It'll be a cold day when I'm absolutely defenceless, but I want that gun."

Sherman grinned. "Lightning might strike you."

"Lightning," Ida said, "has tried."

Sherman went out into the passage and tapped on Dame Ellen's door. She was sitting on her bed, Dame Ellen, with her hands tightly clasped in her lap. Her face was very much older than it had been that morning—old and tired. She said, "Sherman Drumm, I was just going to send for you."

"I read minds," Sherman said; "here I am. Why'd you steal Ida Sefton's gun, darling?"

"I suppose I did," Dame Ellen said, "Ida Sefton looks much too beautiful in evening gowns to be playing with guns."

"About stealing the gun, please?"

"I decided it was bath salts."

"Yes, of course." Sherman nodded solemnly. "I often do that myself."

"Do you indeed?"

"Every second Tuesday, regularly. Except during Lent."

"I see," Dame Ellen said.

"I hope you do. Now, please, about the gun?"

"Ida Sefton was to bring me my bath salts."

"No." He shook his head. "It's not coming through."

"It's a pity," Dame Ellen said. "For it's a nice story. I got the gun box instead, and when I opened it I decided I was much safer with it than Ida was. But I wasn't. Someone has stolen it from me. It was here on my dresser in the open box when I last went on deck. It's gone."

Sherman whistled.

"So I'll go over and apologise to her. But that isn't what I wanted to talk to you about, Sherman," she said softly. "I am going to die."

He tried to speak, but he couldn't. His throat was tightly closed. He stared at the old girl. Then he did say: "Nonsense!"

"I've just had it," Dame Ellen said.

"Had what?"

"The premonition."

"Well, send it back," Sherman smiled. "Don't pay for it. Now, look here, darling. I won't have this."

Dame Ellen smiled.

"It doesn't really matter, when you are old. Sherman, I don't know when this will happen, but I won't get back to Honolulu. I know that." There wasn't the same conviction that there had been before when she spoke, but suddenly Sherman knew why. The shock of knowing had worn off, so she spoke simply, as of an accepted fact, the way people talk in the death cells.

"So I want you to look out for Constance."

He put his hand on her shoulder. "Look here, darling——"

"Sherman," she smiled, "I don't need cheering up."

He said, "Look, then. I love Connie—I'm mad about her. I'll do anything you say."

"Thank you, Sherman. Now I want to be alone, please."

Sherman stood in the passage for a moment after he closed her door. Then he went up the companion to the deck. Joe Lount, MacVey's mate, was at the wheel, with Mayhew beside him, bending over the binnacle, looking at the compass.

In the wind, Sherman distinctly heard Mayhew say, "Don't you ever speak to me again unless I speak first."

AND SHERMAN saw the mate's mouth tighten in quick white anger as he stood there at the wheel, staring ahead into the gathering darkness. Mayhew smiled at Sherman.

"We had a magnificent sunset," Mayhew said. "Magnificent."

Far off to port, a light blinked suddenly and went off, blinked and went off. "The lighthouse on Makapuu Point," Mayhew said. "It's visible twenty-eight miles."

Behind the Storm Child, there was another boat, its red and green running lights clearly visible a little less than a mile astern.

Mayhew pointed it out to him.

"If I were the romantic type," he said, "I would say that that boat was following us."

"Would you?"

"It's the black schooner that came out of the harbor behind us. She's been on our tail ever since."

"I'm the romantic type," Sherman said. "Let's say she is following us. Now you tell me what she's following us for, Doctor Mayhew."

Mayhew shrugged elaborately. "How would I know, Mr. Drumm?"

"Haven't you got a crystal you can gaze into?"

"Unfortunately not."

"Well," Sherman laughed, "I'll have to gaze into mine then. I've an especially good one—bifocal. I'll let you know what it tells me."

"Do that," Mayhew said pleasantly.

Sherman watched the following boat for a moment, but it meant nothing to him but another boat. Then he saw Connie Yates sitting on the transom seat, the wind in her hair. He went up beside her.

"Connie," he said softly, "turn around here, you sweet child."

She said, "Oh, Sherman, please don't do this to me now. I haven't been able to think of anything all day except us. I'm—I'm a frightful misfit, I'm afraid. Go away from me, please"—and she covered her face suddenly with her hands.

"I will like fun," he said, and he put his hand gently on her head. "Not in a thousand years."

MACVEY, coming back along the deck, saw them there. He stopped. "Not too bad, is it? Open water, a fair wind and a fine sunset."

"Don't look now," Sherman said, "but Doctor Mayhew seems to think we're being followed"—and he pointed to the lights of the other boat.

MacVey looked aft for a long moment. "Does he?" he said.

Connie said, "After all, this was to be an adventure cruise, wasn't it?"

MacVey smiled at her. "Was it?"

Melville's white coat and teeth came up the companion behind Sherman.

"Dinner, gentlemen."

. . . . . .

The saloon was brightly lighted and there was a blue linen cloth on the table with white service plates. Dame Ellen, Connie Yates, Ida Sefton, and Bo Fanning were already sitting down when Mayhew and Sherman Drumm came in. Ida's elbows were on the table, and she was smoking one of her interminable cigarettes. Bo just sat there, thrust back in his chair with his hands clasped across his vest. Melville did them an excellent dinner.

MacVey ate alone in his tiny cabin off the galley, forward. But with the coffee he came into the saloon.

He said, "I'm laying a general course for Lanai. That will give you a chance to go off and stretch your legs and see something of the real Hawaii. We'll be there late the day after to-morrow. After that it's up to you where you want to go."

Ida Sefton looked at him. "Where is it that you have to go to fish up pearl necklaces?"

MacVey smiled. "You never know, Mrs. Sefton. Pearl fishing is like gold mining. Pearls are where you find them."

"That seems rather vague," Ida told him.

Please turn to Page 41

LUX CHANGE-DAILY GIRLS have all the fun!

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Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 40

"WELL, see some diving at Kahoolawe. That's where Larsen trains his boys to the helmet."

"What does that mean?" Connie asked him.

MacVey said, "Kanakas are skin divers usually. They go down with no helmets, no apparatus. Larsen gets young boys who are good divers and trains them to suit-and-helmet diving. They're afraid of it. He starts them by throwing a helmet into twenty feet of water, with the air bubbling into it from the hose, then he tells them to swim down and stick their heads into it. It's very interesting."

Dame Ellen started to say something, but Doctor Mayhew spoke first. "No," he said, "let's not waste our time that way. Let's find King Bradley."

Fanning sat up straight and stared at him. Mayhew had his coffee cup in front of him, with his pudgy hand lying on the blue cloth beside it.

"That's why I came on this trip," he said pleasantly—"to find King Bradley. So you mustn't disappoint me."

Sherman Drumm looked across at the man in amazement. He saw a comfortably stout face with almost childish eyes—the eyes of a child who suddenly senses disappointment and cries out petulantly against it. While he stared at Mayhew, Sherman could see Bo Fanning's cigarette trembling in his yellow fingers; see the greyness of his face going yellow, too. And in that second, beside him, he felt Dame Ellen stiffen in her chair.

Ida Sefton said, "If I hear any more of this King Bradley, I'll scream."

MacVey said, "Doctor Mayhew, when we were talking about King Bradley at the hotel yesterday, I told you what I believed about him, and I still believe it. Nobody will ever find the Albatross."

"Oh, yes," Doctor Mayhew smiled.

"How?" Connie leaned across the table suddenly. "How will they?" she asked. "Tell us, Doctor Mayhew."

Doctor Mayhew turned slowly and looked at her, still smiling. Dame Ellen took one of her tobacco-wrapped cigarettes from the silver box she kept them in and tamped it lightly on the cover.

"Speak up, doctor," she said.

"Oh, yes"—Mayhew nodded—"but first we must have an agreement."

"What do you mean, an agreement?" Sherman asked him.

"I'll show you," Mayhew said . . . "Melville, bring me some writing paper and a pen."

Melville jumped.

MacVey said, "What is it you intend to do, Doctor Mayhew?"

"First," Mayhew said, "if I can take you to the Albatross, will all the passengers agree that Captain MacVey is to go there on this cruise?"

Nobody answered him. He looked at all their faces. Then he smiled.

"Will you Mr. Drumm?"

"I certainly will—I won't spoil any party—but Mrs. Sefton won't, will you, Ida?"

"Why won't I?" Ida asked him blandly.

Doctor Mayhew turned around in his chair and looked at Bo Fanning, but he didn't speak to Bo. Bo looked at him and wet his lips. Melville put the paper and the pen before Mayhew.

Mayhew said, "Something like this: 'We, the undersigned, agree to share equally in any profits that may accrue from any venture we may embark upon jointly,'" and he scratched the words across the paper as he said them.

He passed the paper to Sherman. There was dead silence in the saloon while Sherman scrawled his name boldly across the paper. He passed it to Dame Ellen.

MacVey said, "This is very amusing, anyway."

Ida Sefton looked up at him. "You ought to see its possibilities, captain. It fits right into your racket of selling romance."

MacVey said, "I don't sell romance."

"He gives it away," Sherman said.

MacVey frowned at him.

Connie signed and Mrs. Sefton signed, and the paper was passed to Fanning. He looked at it as if he were reading it. He couldn't have signed it if he had wanted to, his fingers were trembling so. Mayhew paid no further attention to him. He reached into his waistcoat pocket, drew out the niello-work cigarette case and held it on the table under both his hands.

"Inside this cigarette case is scratched the latitude and longitude where we will find the Albatross. Captain MacVey, I am going to hand this cigarette case to you when you give me your word of honor as a seaman that you will not disclose the figures inside it to anyone, whether we go there or not, whether we find the wreck or not."

Dame Ellen looked up at MacVey "You can give that oath, can't you, captain?"

"Of course," MacVey said, "but that doesn't say I'll go."

"Why not?" Ida Sefton asked him. "Yellow?"

MACVEY flushed "You know," he said, "I'm not used to passengers. Maybe I'm a little awkward compared to people you've been used to, Mrs. Sefton, but, at any rate, I don't take dares." He looked at Mayhew. "I'll give you my word, Doctor Mayhew, but I won't say I'll go until I study the whole thing out."

"That's fair enough," Sherman said. "A crowd like this can't stay too long at sea on a boat of this size without getting in each other's hair. That's one item the captain is considering. Then there's weather and provisioning and water. You've got to leave it to MacVey . . . Open the case, captain."

MacVey opened it. He held it to the light and turned it sideways. He was figuring quickly in his mind. He said, "It will take six to seven days. If you all want to go, I'll go."

"Well, we all do," Sherman said.

"But," MacVey smiled, "you can have the Storm Child if you find King Bradley there."

Sherman said, "You'll lose your boat, because we'll find him."

"How do you know?" Ida asked.

"Because Doctor Mayhew is going to tell us now how he got the case and everything connected with it."

"He stole it!" Bo Fanning was swinging sideways in his chair and up and out of it. "Don't you do this! That man is a killer!"

He lunged across Mayhew and grabbed for the cigarette case in MacVey's hands. Mayhew caught at his arm and Bo smashed his left into the side of Mayhew's face. His knuckles tore the skin and there was blood on his hand and on Mayhew's cheek, but he had the cigarette case clenched tightly in his fingers. With it still, he dodged MacVey's swing, tore past him, and threw that case on a long-armed swing up through the companionway and over the side of the boat. Then MacVey had him pinned to the side of the bulkhead and Ida Sefton screamed.

There was the echo of Ida's scream and the echo of the hollow sound that Fanning's back had made against the bulkhead, and there was Fanning standing there limp, with his eyes wide and blood on his hand and saliva flecks at the corner of his mouth.

"Steward," MacVey said, "search Mr. Fanning's cabin for liquor!"

"Mayhew's a killer!" Fanning sobbed. "He'll kill you all in your beds. Don't let him do this to us! Don't!"

For a moment there was only the harsh sound of Fanning's breathing in the saloon. He stood there, his shoulders against the bulkhead, his hands pressed back against it, fingers splayed like starfish. Doctor Mayhew sat exactly where he had been sitting and there was the same expression on his face. He had taken his handkerchief from the breast pocket of his coat almost at the moment Fanning struck him. He was dabbing meticulously at the cut beside his eyes. Suddenly he smiled at Sherman Drumm, for Sherman was the only one looking at him. Dame Ellen and Connie, MacVey and Ida Sefton were still staring at Fanning.

Then Ida said, "I don't suppose you care what you have done to our digestions, Mr. Fanning."

Mayhew said, "Believe me, I'm sorry." And Melville, coming back from Fanning's stateroom, said: "You mean search in his bags, too, captain, sarr?"

MacVey said: "Mr. Fanning, you are not to drink on my ship again—not one drink. Come and open your bags, please. I want your liquor." Fanning closed his eyes tightly for a second, then he pressed both hands into his face to steady himself. He went ahead of MacVey to his stateroom.

Dame Ellen turned slowly in her chair and looked at Doctor Mayhew.

"Doctor Mayhew," she said, "our association has been a pleasant one. Please don't spoil it all by murdering us in our beds. It wouldn't be faintly well-bred."

Mayhew reached his hand across the table and smiled again. "I give you my solemn word of honor, Dame Ellen, that I shan't."

Connie looked suddenly at Sherman Drumm. Sherman just raised his hands and shoulders in that shrug of his and looked back at her.

Ida Sefton pinched out her cigarette. She said, "Doctor Mayhew, we've all paid Captain MacVey six hundred dollars for an adventure cruise. Don't we owe you some small fee in addition for making it come true?"

Mayhew spread his hands. "I am terribly sorry for what's happened. I had no idea I would cause such a furore."

That was when MacVey came back from Fanning's cabin.

"If," Mayhew continued, "I had any definite idea that I could find King Bradley's boat, you don't think I would give that idea away gratis, do you?"

"Yes," Sherman said, "if you didn't have money enough to find it in any other way."

"Oh, come, Mr. Drumm. You don't like me. Let's accept that as a fact and not trade on it for fantasy."

Sherman nodded, "All right."

"What was it then?" MacVey asked them. "Just an attempt to liven up the evening?"

"Not entirely," Ida said. MacVey looked at her. She said: "For it just so happens that I want to go now, wherever Doctor Mayhew wants us to go."

"So do I," Dame Ellen nodded.

Mayhew smiled again. "And so do you, Mr. Drumm, don't you?"

Sherman said: "I'm going to my cabin to read 'Alice in Wonderland,' and go quietly nuts until this cruise is over."

"Splendid, my friends." Mayhew turned in his chair. "We don't have to say anything more about it except that I think we stand an excellent chance of finding the Albatross."

MacVey stood looking at his passengers. He said, "What is it you want me to do—go to that position Doctor Mayhew gave me?"

Sherman looked at Mayhew.

"Did you steal that cigarette case, Doctor Mayhew?"

"Oh, yes," Mayhew smiled, "I stole it; everyone steals that cigarette case sooner or later . . . Does anyone play bridge?"

"AND is that all you are going to tell us about it, Doctor Mayhew?"

"Absolutely all . . . Do you remember the position, Captain MacVey?"

"Well," Sherman said, "I've been a fool all my life, so I suppose it's too late to stop now. When you kill me, cut my throat from ear to ear, will you, as an especial favor?"

MacVey said, "The latitude was six degrees and the longitude a hundred and seventy-one degrees——"

Mayhew looked up at him, startled. "But the rest of it?"

MacVey shook his head.

Sherman turned quickly to Dame Ellen.

Ida said, "Don't tell me that after all this excitement we've lost the position?"

Dame Ellen was fumbling in her handbag.

She said, "After all, I've been called a thief; I might as well be one. Will this help?"—and she slid the card she had shown Sherman that morning across to Doctor Mayhew.

He picked it up and stared at her.

Dame Ellen said, "I didn't steal your cigarette case, Doctor Mayhew. I just looked at it after it was stolen. Do you mind?"

Doctor Mayhew looked at Connie. He said, "You and your charming niece have probably done me the greatest favor of my life." He bowed slightly. "I thank you both profoundly"—and he handed the card to MacVey. Again MacVey looked at the position on it.

"You all want to go?" he asked them again.

"We all want to go," Sherman said.

MacVey nodded. "We go then"—and he went on deck.

Five minutes later, the Storm Child came about on the port tack.

Down in the saloon, Doctor Mayhew held out his hand to Connie Yates. "I'm desperately sorry about last night," he said. "Am I forgiven?"

"I owe you the apology."

Please turn to Page 42

PAIN AFTER MEALS

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Of all the aches and pains which patients come and tell me about, stomach pain after meals is probably the most common. "I get such stabbing, griping pains after meals," they say, or "my meals give me such a horrible full-up feeling."

Well, it doesn't take long to put these patients right. Their trouble is excess stomach acid — burning acid which ferments in the stomach and leads to all sorts of painful symptoms. In these cases, I simply prescribe 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the standard antacid compound. Within five minutes 'Bisurated' Magnesia neutralises excess acid, and so stops all pain and discomfort. If you suffer from stomach trouble, I strongly recommend you to try 'Bisurated' Magnesia.

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HERE IS PROOF

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THEY ACT WHILE YOU SLEEP

Those are two facts about De Witt's Pills you can prove if you will get a supply to-day and take two before going to bed. All through the night as you sleep these fine kidney pills are cleansing your kidneys and giving them new strength. You will know from the colour of the urine that these pills are acting through the kidneys.

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"NOT as it turns out," he said, "for I shall probably owe you a fortune—we all will." He smiled.

The wind was freshening, and when the others went on deck afterwards, for the last chance they were going to have to be comfortable up there for several days, Sherman sat with Dame Ellen in the saloon.

"How do you feel now?" he asked her. "Is that business still in your mind?"

"Oh, yes," she said quietly. "It's still there, but we'll ignore it, if you don't mind."

He patted her hand. "Everybody gets those hunches at times; there's nothing to them, you know. Two liver pills after meals and they fade."

She said, "I told you I didn't need cheering, Sherman. All I needed was someone to tell it to—and I picked you."

"Right you are."

"That gun of Ida's," she said, "lay right on my bureau top where I unwrapped it. I was only out of my cabin ten minutes."

"Any ideas?"

"No," she said. "The mate, Joe Lount, was in the passage when I came back, but that's all."

He told Ida about her gun later on.

Ida said, "I don't believe it was stolen from her. I think she's still got it."

"Don't be that way, Ida; you're straining a point for drama."

"On this boat—with everyone turning into a ham actor?"

They were on deck when he talked to her. She went down presently. Connie had gone down a while before, so he waited up there on the chance that she would come back. But she didn't. Dame Ellen had gone into her cabin shortly after dinner. Doctor Mayhew was forward in one of the chairs, bundled to the chin against the night air.

Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 41

Sherman stood beside the mate, Joe Lount, who had the wheel. The lights of that other boat were still visible about three-quarters of a mile off the port quarter. Apparently she had come about when the Storm Child came about. After a moment, Sherman pointed it out to Joe Lount.

Joe shrugged. "She follows," he said.

"What for?"

"Who knows?" Joe said.

"Maybe she knows where we're going?"

"We go to Lanai."

"Not any more," Sherman said.

That information failed to move Joe. He stood to his wheel stolidly, fingering it slightly, keeping deftly to his course with the whole sweet life of the Storm Child in easy control under his finger tips.

"Ever hear of King Bradley?" For a moment, Sherman thought Joe started slightly, then he decided it was the light from the binnacle that jerked across his face.

"Sure, everybody hears of King Bradley."

"We're going to find him."

Joe laughed. "That's not possible. The King, he's gone for good. When the walrus is old, when he has outlived his use to his harem, a younger bull takes over and the old walrus goes away. He swims out to sea in a straight line until he is out of sight, and the herd never sees him again. That's what King Bradley has done," Joe said.

"Your knowledge astounds me," Sherman said.

"Fanning," Joe said, "he tells you this—that we are going to find the King?"

"What makes you think that?"

"I know Fanning. Everybody does."

"Apparently."

"Fanning," Joe said, "is no good."

"How good is Mayhew."

"I don't know Mayhew."

"THAT'S a tall one. You were talking to him here at the wheel when I came on deck to-night, and you were talking to him in the hotel driveway last night."

"You see me?" Joe looked up at him, and there was that in his Island eyes that is more than anger when the bloods are crossed.

"Miss Yates saw you."

"Huh," Joe said. "She not see good. I don't know Mayhew."

"Have it so," Sherman said. He went forward to light his cigarette in the lee of the deckhouse, but the wind was so strong it burned down one side, so he tossed it over the rail and went below. Everybody had turned in, apparently. He sat for a while over a book in the saloon, then he went into his cabin and turned in himself.

The glass began to fall around midnight and by 4 a.m. they were racing down a roaring north-easter under double reefs. The howl of weather sang through the Storm Child and it was still singing through her by dawn, piling up almost ten knots on the log, and piling it steadily. Everybody but Fanning turned to at breakfast, and Ida, Connie, Dame Ellen and Sherman played bridge all morning, leaning to it sideways in the saloon. Melville's cooking got better as the weather got worse, and his smile became wider. Nobody was sick. There's little roll to a sailboat on the wind. They spent an hour on deck in oilskins after lunch and went back to their bridge game. Fanning didn't show up for lunch or dinner. He didn't show up for four days.

That blow whipped them down the Pacific for forty-eight hours and they ran into another one late the fourth day out.

From the time they left Honolulu Harbor, MacVey had spoken only once to Connie—when he saw that she had seen the name on the Siberia Maru as they came out to the channel—but she knew that he was waiting to speak as soon as he got the chance, so she tried all the second day not to give him the chance. That was easy because of the weather. MacVey got completely normal with heavy weather. Weather was his meat and he liked chewing on it. His joy made everybody else like it. He asked Connie Yates to stand beside him at the wheel for a time before dinner the second day. There was no decent excuse she could offer to refuse him with.

For a long time he said nothing to her—so long that she felt a slight embarrassment at the way he stood there beside her staring ahead, looking now and then at the compass to check what he was making good, steering by the wind. How long she did stand there waiting for him to speak she didn't know, but she did know that she was waiting for him to speak. That was in her mind, and she knew that she would have to listen to him.

He said presently, "I have been unfair to you."

"How?"

"Please don't talk to me," he asked her. "Just let me talk to you. I'll be slow about it, because I want to think out everything very carefully."

"It sounds like an ordeal," she smiled.

He didn't look at her. It was as if she hadn't spoken to him. He had that quiet presence in every line of him that let him ignore all but the important things people said, without crassness. He said: "When I told you I wanted to marry you two mornings ago, I told you the simple truth. I didn't ask you to marry me; I told you I wanted to marry you. That is true. The unfairness lies in my knowing everything about you and your knowing nothing about me."

That awful feeling that she had had on the beach—that he was going to hurt himself again; that he was going to tell her things that he had never shared with anyone before—came back to her and she didn't want him to go on, must not let him.

"Please don't tell me anything more about you."

"Oh, yes, I must," he said. "You must know of my life."

"But there is no reason for me to," she told him. "People's lives belong to themselves. They are definitely a part of them. Nothing can change that, so there is never any need of talking about them. It's—it's like opening other people's letters."

"Your letters," he smiled, "would be quite simple. Mine aren't. Perhaps mine will amuse you. I must take the chance, for I intend opening them to you."

"I don't want you to."

"Why?" he asked her. "Are you afraid of them?"

"There is no reason why I should be afraid of them or pleased by them. After all, we have only known each other three days."

"That is quite true, but all the important things in life happen quickly."

"Captain MacVey, will it help you if I tell you that you don't mean a thing to me other than a rather picturesque and capable sea captain?"

He smiled again. "If it is true."

"It is true."

"If it were, you would leave me now."

"That doesn't follow."

"Leave me, then," he said.

"Suppose I don't care to leave you? Do I have the right to stay or must I do exactly as you tell me?" There was anger in her suddenly at the ridiculousness of the situation, at the faint smile that played about his lips, at herself for consciously avoiding him for the past two days.

"I DON'T know," he said, "what rights you have. What rights do you think you have?"

"The right of not listening to you any longer . . . Is that a boat off there?"

He didn't look. "Yes," he said. "It's the boat Mr. Drumm spoke about the first night out, when we were off Makapuu Light. She was down horizon yesterday for a while, but somehow she's picked us up again."

"Is she following us?"

"I wouldn't be at all surprised," MacVey said.

"What for?"

"Probably because she has an idea where we are going, Miss Yates. What do you think?"

"You mean somebody else knows about King Bradley?"

"The whole Pacific knows about King Bradley. Now, have we finished with that boat?"

"I think so," she said. "I'm going down."

"No," he said quietly. "You are not going below—yet. I sat on the beach under your window at the hotel the entire night before we sailed. You didn't come down to me then; you won't go below now, until I'm finished with what I have to say."

"Why should I have come down to you, if I saw you on the beach?"

"You did see me," he said—"I knew that—and you didn't come down because you made a conscious effort not to. You are making a conscious effort now to leave me, but you can't, for you don't want to."

"That is most absurd. How could you know I saw you on the beach the other night?"

"I could know. And I did know," he nodded. "Some things are not explainable. I never turned around, but I did know you were there in your lanai for a while, watching me. It was in the air I breathed; in my mind."

"That is ridiculous, of course."

"Of course," he said, "and it's in my mind now that you want me to finish what it is that I started to say."

"That is not true."

"Leave me, then."

She thrust her hands deeply into the pockets of her oilskins. She was stiff with annoyance. She said: "Captain MacVey, I have been trying to avoid any continuance of the conversation you started on the beach the other morning, but since you are not going to have the politeness to let me, perhaps you'd better finish it now." Then she saw his eyes. They were hurt suddenly, as if she had cut him across the face. The light in them was deep and troubled and not pleasant to see. For a second the impulse was so strong to put her hand out and touch him that she was afraid she had done it.

"I deserved that," he said quietly.

"I'm sorry. But you did. What is it that you want to tell me?"

"I don't want to tell you anything. I have to tell you," he said. "You might have the politeness to understand that——"

She flushed hotly.

"——for," he said, "you understand politeness. I don't, except at second-hand. You may go below now."

Continued Next Week

The vitamins, mineral salts and natural roughage of whole wheat—which Peek Frean's Vita-Weat contains—are essential for top-of-the-morning fitness.

Vita-Weat also makes *slimness* a certainty. The crisp, wafer-thin slices of Peek Frean's energising Crispbread are free from fattening "unconverted" starch. You see, Vita-Weat simply cannot make you fat, so eat it every day for slim vitality.

Put a toast rack of Vita-Weat on your table at every meal. You'll feel better for it, and the flavour's delicious!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME-MAKER
October 15, 1938 — A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers — Page One

GUARD the BEAUTY of YOUR EYES

Care for them . . . idealise them . . . let them reveal a winning personality, for they play a bigger part than other features in giving an interest to your face.

THERE'S mystery and a suggestion of a magnetic personality expressed in these eyes.

SOFT, soulful and rather sad, despite the smile on the mouth, are the eyes of Loretta Young, Fox star.

(ABOVE): Ultra-sophistication — an almost siren-like quality in heavy-lidded, thickly-lashed eyes. (Left): Friendliness and a sense of fun—the eyes in this face indicate the personality.

(LEFT, ABOVE): The wistful childlike expression in the eyes of Jessie Matthews, Gaumont-British star, gives her face a most appealing quality. (Above): Here is Annabella, the French star, whose inscrutable, somewhat sombre-looking eyes are unusually fascinating.

By . . . JANETTE

☆

NOTICE how the eyes indicate personality in the pictures on this page, and what a large part they play in making the face beautiful or interesting.

Through the ages men have sung praises to the eyes of their ladies, and modern man is no exception. So to be really attractive it's just about compulsory to have your eyes the focal point of your personality. Without their aid Cupid would be playing a losing game.

For common-sense reasons care for your eyes—your most precious possession. With a little attention they will serve you well.

Not only is it terribly important in this age of haste and efficiency to have your eyes feeling their best, but if they are healthy and clear they will be beautiful and sparkling.

In the Morning

CARING for the eyes as a part of the morning and nightly routine will be an easy habit to form, and won't really slow you up at all.

Bathe the eyes in the morning before washing your face.

You'll be pleased at how this will wake you up and make you feel ready for the day's adventures. Then bathe them again before going to bed to remove all the dirt and dust.

Use an eye cup or an eye dropper and a soothing and refreshing eye lotion.

There are lots of good lotions on the market now, but if you prefer to make your own here is a good old standby which for the best results should be made fresh every day.

Take a teaspoon of boric acid powder or crystals and dissolve them in a glassful of boiled water. Let the solution cool before using it.

Pads of cotton wool soaked in witch-hazel, or herbal eye pads, are very good if your eyes feel tired after a busy day. They are splendid little revivers.

If you are beginning to worry about small laugh-lines or wrinkles around your eyes, it's a good idea to use a rich lubricating cream around the eyes, too. This should be applied before you apply the pads.

The skin in this area is very thin and sensitive and is more inclined to line than on other parts of the face. The eyes also show every emotion and expression, and naturally this is the first place where the wear and tear of our joys and griefs are etched.

Gently smooth the cream into the skin, starting on the upper lid at the bridge of the nose and working around and down, back to the bridge of the nose.

To Rest Eyes

A GOOD way to rest the eyes if you are spending lots of time on close work such as sewing, writing or reading is to look up about every half hour and focus your eyes on some point in the distance.

Gaze at it for a moment with both eyes, then close one, look at the given point, then close the other and do it again.

So many women to-day have eyes that are strained and tired in appearance, and in the summer time this strained, fatigued appearance often increases.

That, I think, is mostly because women don't know how to protect their eyes from the bright glare of the summer sun.

It is a wise girl who wears dark glasses when exposed to the sun, for I believe that the eyes always should receive some protection from this glare.

In addition to the dark glasses, it always is well to smooth a bit of cream or oil around your eyes before going out into the sunshine, for while the sun can't penetrate the dark glasses, the heat can, and heat alone is enough to parch the tender skin around the eyes.

The sun's glare on the water, on glittering beach-sand, on smooth roads and on any like reflecting medium, tends to strain the eyes and cause the formation of squint lines about them. The direct rays of the sun tend to dry out the sensitive under-eye tissues, also, and accentuate any lines and wrinkles already formed.

To give the eyes proper protection, shield them as much as possible from the sun's direct rays. Wear large-brimmed hats. The shadows they cast will give your eyes some protection, anyway. They're pretty, not only for beach wear, but for the street as well.

"I'm a ONE Brand woman now —

Graceful and Silken . . . as smooth as skin . . . just the things to wear under those clingy Summer Frocks. Not a fold nor a wrinkle to break the line of your dress. Foam-light and frivolous too, for Kayser created this scantee and vest for dance and play.

Vest illustrated No. 417
Scantee shown No. 317 4/11

"I insist on KAYSER"

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Vests, 4/11 ea.—Scanties, 4/11 ea.

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FOR YOUNG WIVES *and* MOTHERS

Mothercraft Diet Problems

By MARY TRUBY KING

THE following questions are so frequently asked that the replies should be of interest to all mothers and mothers-to-be.

QUESTION: As sugar is so readily converted into energy, is it not necessary for a child to have some sugar daily, in the form of cane sugar, sweets, barley-sugar, or jam?

ANSWER: There is no need for young children to have artificially-manufactured sweets. Instead of cane sugar give **dates, honey and sweet ripe fruits.** Children can rely on these for necessary energy.

QUESTION: What is the value of fruit in the diet? If a child dislikes fruit but enjoys vegetables, is it necessary to insist that he eat fruit also?

ANSWER: Fruit and vegetables are largely interchangeable. There are very few children who have a revulsion to fruit, but in such cases both green and root vegetables should be eaten daily.

Fruit is an antiscorbutic. It promotes hygiene of the mouth, and stimulates activity of the digestive tract.

Raw fruit and green salads should form about 80 per cent. of our diet.

QUESTION: Which type of vegetable should one use most of—root vegetables or green, leafy vegetables—and why?

ANSWER: Both types are necessary in about equal proportions. They should be used far more extensively than they are used in the average home, as they supply alkaline salts to the blood, thus counteracting the acid products of the metabolism of meat, eggs, fish. The cellulose contained in vegetables helps in promoting regular activity of the bowels.

In the absence of fruit, vegetables are specially necessary for the antiscorbutic vitamin C.

Green, leafy vegetables are important sources of the fat-soluble vitamin A.

As these differ considerably from the tubers and roots in their content of salts and vitamins, both forms of vegetables are necessary.

QUESTION: Is tea-drinking bad for young children?

ANSWER: It is not advisable.

QUESTION: Should milk be forced on a healthy child who has a distaste for it?

ANSWER: No. Fruit and vegetables are of greater importance to the healthy child than milk. One can make up for milk by giving additional butter and cheese, which have not the disadvantage of being liquids.

On the average, a pint of milk daily is quite sufficient for the normal, healthy child of five to fifteen years.

QUESTION: Has soup any value as a food?

ANSWER: It depends how it is made. Use vegetable stock in preference to meat stocks. If made properly, soups can be very nourishing—in fact, almost a meal in themselves.

QUESTION: Is it necessary to eat meat daily? I do all my own housework, which entails hard physical labor. Do I need the protein contained in the meat?

ANSWER: It has been found that a high protein diet is not required for hard physical labor. Generally speaking, meat is eaten to excess in most households, and excess of protein is a clog on the human engine.

Children should never have meat more than once a day, and then only a small helping.

The general tendency of modern medical opinion is all for a reduction of our meat intake.

CHILDREN THRIVE when they enjoy their meals as this little girl is doing. For this reason, don't insist on children eating foods for which they have revulsion.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..By a Doctor

Guard Against Summer Skin Disorders!

PATIENT: Are skin complaints more common in summer?

IN hot weather the skin is subjected to irritation and inflammation because of excessive perspiration and exposure to the sun.

The fair and blond individual is particularly susceptible to blemishes of the skin. In his case, this can be traced to excessive exposure of delicate tissues and overdoses of sunlight. Such persons suffer from dermatitis or inflammation of the skin because they have difficulty in obtaining a protective coat of tan.

In fact, some of them cannot enjoy the general benefits of sunshine and must avoid it or suffer the consequences.

Perhaps the most common summer affliction of the skin is that condition known as ringworm. This is unusually prevalent during the summer months because large numbers of persons make use of the public beaches and swimming-pools.

Ringworm is caused by a parasite which burrows its way into the skin. It may attack any portion of the body, but it most commonly affects the feet.

Athlete's Foot

WHEN it is confined to this region it is known as "athlete's foot."

This infection can be guarded against by wearing slippers and avoiding all contaminated beaches and contaminated pools.

"Impetigo contagiosa," a terribly big term, is one of the most disfiguring and annoying infections of the skin frequently seen at beaches, camps and other summer resorts. It is especially prevalent among children. It is extremely contagious and is quickly spread from one child to another.

This disease is caused by a germ or parasite spread, among other ways, by infected dogs and cats.

If the disease is encountered in a child, it is best to put him by himself, so that it will not be spread to others. Fortunately, it quickly subsides upon the application of a mild and soothing antiseptic. The doctor will prescribe this necessary application.

There are many other summer skin disturbances. Often they are not caused by germs or parasites, but may occur after eating certain foods.

Now—*try*

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The Duchess of Leinster:

"Pond's 'Skin-Vitamin' creams give a look of vitality to the skin that is essential to beauty."

Keep skin faults away more surely

A few years ago doctors learned that a certain vitamin has a special relation to skin health. To-day you can have its benefits for *your* skin in Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Cold Cream and Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Vanishing Cream.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM has always been especially good for smoothing out the rough places. Now with the active "Skin-Vitamin", it makes skin smoother.

POND'S COLD CREAM with active "Skin-Vitamin" cleanses the skin. Fights off blemishes.

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Now — with the active "Skin-Vitamin".

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TRIAL OFFER. Mail this coupon today with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will also receive a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ( ), Light Cream ( ), Rose Cream (Natural) ( ), Naturelle (Light Natural) ( ), Rose Brunette ( ), Dark Brunette (Souran) ( ).

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HERE IS QUIET CHARM...

CAPTURED in a lovely home where pastel color schemes — off-whites relieved with touches of soft color — have been used throughout.

WHEN you enter this home you are conscious of an atmosphere of quiet charm.

It's an atmosphere created by the delightful harmony of the color schemes in off-whites and pastel tones, and by the fine attention to detail, not only in the furnishings, but in the architectural finish of the interior.

All interior walls are cream, with woodwork in brown maple. Exquisite panels of glass adorned with designs in sand-blasting enrich the doors.

EXTERIOR of the house with its wrought-iron work and sun balconies, and (above) a pretty meal alcove off the kitchen. (Left) A corner of the bedroom, which is decorated in peach and pale green. Notice the twin reading lamps on the head of either bed.

ABOVE: Portion of the lounge, which is in off-white with touches of rust in the carpet and green in cushions and curtains. (Right) Den in rust and cream with built-in cabinets and divan.

SHOWING the built-in full-length mirror and unusual fireplace in the main bedroom of the house, the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Kaufman, Toorak, Victoria.

IN the home pictured above the same rich carpeting, off-white with a marble design in soft rust, is used in all rooms on the ground floor.

It appears in the large circular hall, on the stairs, in lounge and dining-room, which open into one when large glass-panelled doors are swung back.

The lounge couches—there are two of them as well as numerous lounge chairs and a long fireside stool—are upholstered in off-white embossed tapestry.

Touches of pale green are introduced in the curtains, which are patterned in cream and green horizontal stripes. Cushions are of pale green brocade.

Cream and Green

A FEATURE of the lounge-room is the all-cream fireplace which is fitted with an opal glass panel on one side illuminated from behind. The recesses in the wall above hold pieces of pottery in cream and green.

The bedroom is one of the loveliest imaginable—a symphony in peach-pink and palest green.

An all-over floral carpet in pink, blue, green and primrose on a cream ground covers the floor, while the beds, which are rounded at the foot and fitted with twin reading lights on either head, are covered with spreads of green quilted tapestry shadow-stitched in pink.

The dressing-table and chest of drawers, like the beds, are of Australian blue-gum in a pale honey tone.

There is a lounge, too, upholstered in silk tapestry to match the beds and generously supplied with cushions in a peach tone. The filmy self-frilled crossover curtains at the windows are also peach.

BIG SUCCESS!

ANNE STEWART scores another hit with second book on home decoration!

Practical, inexpensive ideas on how to beautify every room in your home!

ANNE STEWART shows you how any room can be made more beautiful, more spacious — quickly and easily! She illustrates her completely new book, "The Colorful Home," with a remarkable series of pictures in full color showing every type of room both before and after treatment. She always remembers to tell you how to go about the smallest detail — that's why you can carry out any of the thrilling ideas Anne Stewart describes in "The Colorful Home" and always get a finished job that looks just as exciting as she tells you it will! And Anne Stewart's ideas cost you so little! Fill in and send the coupon for this marvellously helpful thirty-two page book, illustrated in full color, right away. By courtesy of Taubmans, Anne Stewart can offer you 'The Colorful Home'.

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Please send me free your enlarged and entirely new book, "The Colorful Home." I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

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For Summer

Bedggood's New Punchings

Coolness and comfort without loss of dash and style are the outstanding features of the newest Summer designs by Bedggood. Here are two models selected from the wide range of styles. If you have difficulty in obtaining the models you require write to Bedggoods, Agnes St., East Melbourne or Grace Building, Sydney, who will advise where they can be obtained.

6862 (at left) A genuine White Tukay Pigskin tie-model punched right through. Arc leather heel. Mabs last.

6848 (at right). An attractive new Buck court model also punched through for coolness . . . soft toe for comfort, high heel, made on the popular Leda last.

Bedggood

Gradually Footwear

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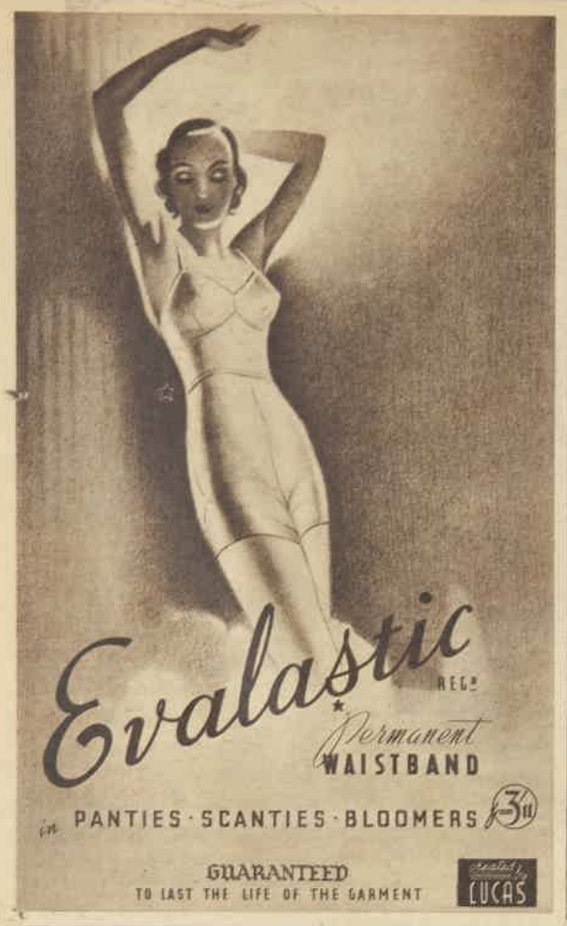

KNITTED IN *Blue* ANGORA

A fascinating summer-weight jumper in a simple stitch, embroidered with scallops

THIS CHARMING JUMPER-BLOUSE is knitted in soft two-ply angora wool and embroidered with scallops. Instructions for knitting appear on this page.

MATERIALS.—5oz. 2-ply angora wool, or 2-ply fingering wool; 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11; 3 small skeins of stranded cotton for embroidery; 1 scallop transfer.

Measurements.—Length from top of shoulder, 20¼ inches; bust, 36 inches; length of sleeve seam, 5¼ inches.

Abbreviations.—K., knit; p., purl; f., forward (wool forward around right needle), d.o., draw over (draw the forward over the knitted st.); st., stitch; inc., increase; dec., decrease; tog., together.

Tension.—7 sts. and 8 rows to 1 inch.

FRONT

Note: The slit at the neck is cut out after the scallops have been embroidered.

Commence at the lower edge. Using No. 11 needles cast on 104 sts. (k. into the back of cast on sts) and work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 2¼ inches, inc. 1 st. at end of last row of ribbing. Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern as follows:—

1st Row (right side of work): K. 2, * f. 1, k. 1, d.o., f. 1, k. 1, d.o., f. 1, k. 1, d.o., k. 3, * repeat from * to * ending with k. 1.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: K. 2, * k. 3, f. 1, k. 1, d.o., f. 1, k. 1, d.o., f. 1, k. 1, d.o., * repeat from * to * ending with k. 1.

6th Row: Purl.

7th Row: Knit.

8th Row: Purl.

Repeat from 1st to 8th rows inclusive throughout. Continue in pattern and inc. 1 st. each end of the 22nd row and every 4th row following 14 times. Work even until front measures 13 inches; shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then cast off 2 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows. In the next row work as follows: with right side of work towards you, work 38 sts. in pattern, k. 33, work 38 sts. in pattern.

Next Row: Purl.

Thus you have a plastron-like centre section in plain knitting in which the scallops are later worked. Repeat last 2 rows until armholes measure 7¼ inches; shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 104 sts. and work exactly the same as for the front until armhole shaping is completed, then continue in pattern until armholes measure 7¼ inches. Shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Using No. 9 needles cast on 102 sts. which should measure 13¼ inches and work in st.-st. (k. 1 row, p. 1 row) for 1½ inches. Change to pattern. Since the cuff is turned back later, so that the plain knitted surface is uppermost, the first pattern row must come on the purled side. Work in pattern for 5¼ inches; shape top by casting off 2 sts. at the beginning of next 6 rows, then k. 2 tog., at each end of every row, until 18 sts. remain. Work 3 rows. Cast off.

POCKET

Using No. 9 needles cast on 24 sts. and work in st.-st. for 3½ inches. Cast off. The knitted surface is the right side of work.

TO MAKE UP AND EMBROIDER

Join shoulders. Sew in sleeves. Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams.

Have the scallops stamped along the lower edge of the cuffs and 2 rows on the pocket, as shown in illustration. Embroider them with the stranded cotton and cut them out with a pair of sharp scissors, the 2nd row of scallops on the pocket are not cut out, draw a thread down the centre of the plain knitted surface of the front and have scallops stamped along this line and around the neck. Work as for cuff. Embroider a little square with cross-st. in the centre of each scallop.

CLOSE-UP of stitch used in knitting angora jumper-blouse.

If you do not wish to have the scallops stamped, you can draw them yourself with colored chalk and a coin of the required size. When the embroidery is finished, press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Stitch pocket into position, and fasten the neckline with an embroidered loop and press-stud or button.

Remember—

WHERE the work has increasings and decreasings it is a good plan to tie a piece of colored thread where these come, as otherwise it is difficult to keep them regular and any irregularity spoils the appearance of the work.

Be very careful about the neckline and armholes. Usually the stitches are carefully "picked up" and the edge or border knitted on finer needles. A crochet edge is firm and makes an attractive finish to a jumper with a V-neck and also to sleeveless armholes.

Never join on a fresh ball of wool except at the beginning of a row, and darn in all the ends very carefully on the wrong side.

For men's and boys' garments, the borders can be knitted separately and sewn on, if preferred; this is a good plan as the edge lies flat and will not stretch.

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DAHLIAS BRING *Majestic* BEAUTY

THESE glorious blooms are worthy of a place in every garden. Their brilliance is unsurpassed and their variety infinite. You can choose from the dainty pompone, the fascinating cactus, or the gorgeous decorative type.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER

PLANTING time for dahlias is with us again.

One time, gardeners would not think about the dahlia until the middle of November or even right into December.

To-day dahlias are planted much earlier. These flowers have been greatly improved of late and early planting is found to save much time that would otherwise be wasted.

When planted early the plants, after the first blooms have been gathered, can be cut well back. They will then continue to grow and reward you with a mass of late blooms. So, don't delay—do your dahlia planting now.

When preparing the beds, be certain that the drainage is perfect. Dahlias do not like sour soil. Dig deep and see that there is plenty of humus in the soil as well as a good dressing of well-rotted animal manure.

Dahlias are heavy feeders, and when growing require plenty of water.

Retention of Moisture

THE deeper the soil is worked and the more humus added, the greater the retention of moisture during the hot summer days.

If planted now dahlias will give a profusion of blooms before or about Christmas time.

Should the soil be of a heavy sticky nature a good liming at digging-time will be beneficial, but on no account use manure at the same time as liming. Allow the bed to lie idle for a couple of weeks then manure and dig in.

For heavy soil, plenty of horse manure will be beneficial. It will help to break down and make the soil more friable. Sandy soil can be built up with cow manure.

One of the best materials if manure is not available is peat moss. This valuable material is being used extensively by gardeners, and is a splendid substitute for animal manure.

Spread this over the bed and dig it in. It is not only valuable as a manure, but it retains the moisture for a very long period.

Place Stakes

HAVING thoroughly prepared the bed, the next thing is to place the stakes in before planting. This is most necessary, for then there is no danger of injuring the roots.

When using fertiliser see that it is placed in the lower layers of the soil, where the tubers or young plants will not come into contact with it.

There are many types of dahlias to choose from, and when planting, try to keep the types separate.

The Charm dahlia has become popular of late. A bed of these planted by themselves makes a fine display. They can be planted also as a border with the taller varieties in the background.

The pompone is another popular type and makes an enchanting sight when massed in a bed or grown as a border to larger varieties.

Among the decorative varieties is Beulah, which is a very new salmon-pink suffused with shadings of red and yellow.

P. H. Hill is a splendid show variety, is amethyst in color and a vigorous grower.

Coronation is a golden color with a flushing of terra-cotta red.

R. A. Bloomfield is saffron orange, suffused. Mrs. S. Wallis, canary yellow. Rita Betty, terra-cotta shaded bronze. Bryan Harris, a glowing orange-red. Easter Pride, a bright bronze. Florence C, a scarlet red. Honor Bright is a lovely amber shading to terra-cotta.

Illawarra is golden, changing to deep bronze in the centre. Joan Riley, deep ruby-red. Xantive is a very large exhibition variety and the color is a bright yellow. Rene Warleigh is a splendid dahlia of a deep maroon color, with a glowing sheen on the petals.

These decorative types are of recent introduction, and many of them were prize-winners last season.

In the garden cactus class, select some of these: Baerne, Daniel Bliss, Golden Standard, Lady Snowden, Miss Glory, Mazona, Ballego's Surprise, Nagels Byou, Patricia Ann Sheedy, Perle Precieuse, Heart of Gold, American Triumph, New Glory, Dark Prince, Red Glaxy, W. Jones, White Lady, Unicum, Lady Irvine, Miss Warrawee, and Miss Wahroonga.

For Display

TO make a display with the beautiful Charm dahlia, select these: Chard, Vanity, Casula Flame, Baby Royal, Bernice, Chic, Childhood, Centenary, Baldre, Aglaia, Belmont, Fireglow, Orange Flame, Little Snow Queen, Model, Noelle, Peter Pan, Pink Pearl, Robin, Yellow Aster, Yellow Pearl, Waratah, and Red Head.

The pompone dahlias are the most charming of all—they are so fascinating and interesting. They are splendid for cut flowers and last a long time when used for decorative purposes.

For small cottage gardens and homes where space is scarce nothing is more satisfactory than the pompone.

Here are some names to choose from: Blackthorn, Britain's Delight, Burwood, Doris, Eulalie, Golden Yet, Gwendoline, Hazel, Ila, Jean, Jessie, Johnny, Joyce Gibb, Louis, Mrs. F. Morgan, Mrs. French, Mrs. Keifer, Winnie, and the Prince.

Dahlia clumps should be divided up each year. If this is not done and the clumps are allowed to remain in the beds year after year they become too over-crowded and the flowers become small.

The dividing of the tubers calls for a certain amount of skill. Care must be taken to cut a piece of the old stem with the tuber. Use a sharp knife when cutting and see that each tuber has attached to its "neck" a piece of the old stem. This is where the eye or the lifeline of the tuber is situated. If this neck is broken off the tuber is useless.

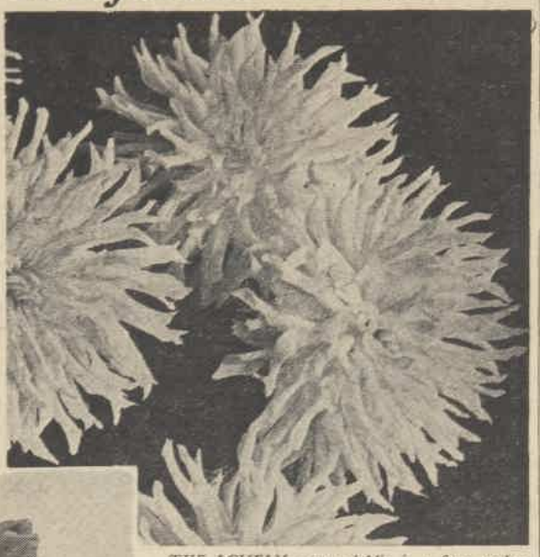
When the tubers have been carefully divided, place them in a row in some corner out of the way. Lay them down side on and cover with about four or five inches of well-decayed manure.

Give this a good watering, and in a few days each tuber will show signs of life.

They can then be planted in their permanent positions.

The bulbs should be planted not less than six inches deep, and placed side on. The young green plants, which are usually ready about the second week in November, should be planted about the same depth.

Small applications of sulphate of potash scattered around the plants from time to time and worked in with a fork will help them considerably. It helps to harden the stems and also bring out the rich colors.



THE LOVELY cactus dahlia is a firm garden favorite. This one is Ballego's Surprise, an exquisite bloom with snow-white petals.

ANOTHER beautiful dahlia, Ballego's Glory, which has bright maroon petals edged with gold.

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THE loveliest eyes lack interest if lashes are thin, scanty or colourless. Enhance the beauty of your eyes by using MAYBELLINE on your lashes. It will make them appear long, luxuriant and dark. Millions of women all over the world use MAYBELLINE—not only because of the added allurement it gives their eyes, but because it is absolutely safe. There are no harmful dyes in MAYBELLINE. It is non-smarting and tear-proof. Blue, Black and Brown.

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Give your system this bulk by eating two tablespoonful of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning. This nut-sweet breakfast cereal will pass gently through your system, sponging the walls of your alimentary tract, and collecting all waste matter. Within a week you should be regular. Order a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day.

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WW2585.—A very charming design for evening wear. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required, 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

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MATRON'S COAT

WW2590. —Slim-fitting coat. Sizes, 38-inch to 44-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN FOR SUMMER SMARTNESS

Three Attractive Styles

This week's three-in-one concession pattern provides for the three charming, unusual modes shown here.

Pattern is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

Material required, 36 inches wide:

For No. 1 Frock and Bolero 8¼ yards.
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For No. 3, 5 yards.

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This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses, to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

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SYDNEY.—Box 4299TT, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh St., or Dalton House, 115 Pitt St.
PERTH.—Box 401G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA.—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney Office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office which will be found on Page 2.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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ADDRESS .....
STATE ..... Size .....

Pattern Coupon, 15/10/'38.

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FREESIAS . . . . for YOUR TABLE!

Needlework Notions

Captured on lovely linens specially designed for supper or luncheon use. You have a choice of the complete set or the separate pieces.

YOU are all familiar with the charm of freesias—those dainty cream flowers with the incredibly fragrant perfume.

Almost every garden, no matter how small, has a clump of these old-fashioned but sweetly enchanting flowers that burst into bloom every autumn.

But here's a way you can capture the charm of freesias all the year round—by embroidering the exquisite luncheon or supper set pictured here.

This freesia design is new and simple, and quick to do.

Prices and Sizes

THE complete set or the separate pieces may be obtained from our Needlework Department, traced ready for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen.

Prices and sizes are:

Cloth, 36 by 36 inches, 7/6.
Cloth, 45 by 45 inches, 8/9.
Cloth, 54 by 54 inches, 11/6.
Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 1/-.
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Sandwich d'oyley, 5 by 11 inches, 1/-.
Tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, 3/6.
Traymobile cover, 14 by 25 inches, 4/6.

The freesia design should be worked in green, brown, and white—flowers white with green edge, and green leaves and a darker green or brown for the lines.

Work flowers in satin-stitch and stems in stem-stitch.

All edges are spokestitched ready for crochet finish.

Why not work one of these beautiful sets now, or if you feel you cannot manage a whole set, try some individual pieces? They would make delightful Christmas gifts.

You can order now from our Needlework Department. For addresses, see pattern page.

THE FREESIA linens which are obtainable in a complete luncheon or supper set traced on white or colored linen. The flowers are worked in white and the leaves and stems in green. Edges are spokestitched for crochet.

Tiger-Lily Cushion-Cover

SO popular was this tiger-lily cushion-cover which appeared in a previous issue of The Australian Women's Weekly that further supplies have been made available for readers.

The cover has the tiger-lily design traced on good quality burlap, measures 24 by 18 inches, and costs 2/11, post free.

Cottons for working are 3/3 extra.

Chart showing colors for working design is enclosed with each cover. Eleven skeins of soft cotton are required for the design. These may be bought separately for 3½d. a skein.

The flowers are worked in satin-stitch and french knots, stamens in stem-stitch and satin-stitch, stalks and leaves in satin-stitch. The border is finished in fly-stitch.

The cover would look delightful worked in the warm colors of the tiger-lily, although, of course, you may prefer some color scheme to tone with your room.

THIS ATTRACTIVE cushion-cover can be obtained traced with the tiger-lily design on burlap ready for working. Size is 24 by 18 inches, and the price 2/11.

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The tiniest cut, the smallest break in the skin leaves an open gateway for the germs of infection.

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Your system should digest two pounds of food daily and in this work minute glands in mouth, stomach, liver and pancreas, each play their part. When you eat heavy, greasy, coarse or rich foods, or when you hurry nervously through your meals, your digestive system becomes upset and either too much or too little of these vital digestive juices is poured out. Then your food does not digest and you have gas, heartburn, nausea, pains after food—in fact you feel wretchedly ill and miserable. Alkaline powders and artificial digestants are often useless, but thousands of people have found Mother Seigel's Syrup gives quick relief and comfort. Mother Seigel's Syrup is a combination of herbal extracts which stimulate the salivary, stomach and liver glands to normal action and once this is accomplished eating becomes a pleasure and that sour, sick, depressed condition becomes a thing of the past. Ask for and insist on getting genuine Mother Seigel's Syrup.

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SALAD WAYS *for...* SUMMER DAYS!

***PRIZE-WINNING** recipes that are worth including in your cutting book. Try these dishes and then send us your pet recipe and you, too, may win a cash prize.*

THESE salad recipes which are awarded the first prize of £1 as the best entry in our Best Recipe Competition this week are new and interesting.

Some of them would make excellent main dishes in hot weather. So snip them out and put them in your cutting book.

Now write out your recipe for that dish the family like so much. It may be worth a cash prize to you. Write on one side of the paper, attach your name and address, and send it to us.

ORANGE SALAD

One lettuce, 2 oranges, 2 tablespoons french dressing, 1 dessertspoonful of grapefruit juice.

Wash lettuce, and pull the leaves into small pieces with your fingers, keeping back the heart for garnishing. Peel and divide orange into quarters. Put the quarters in a basin with the lettuce and the dressing, adding the grapefruit juice (if liked). Turn into a salad bowl and garnish with the leaves from the heart of the lettuce.

VEGETABLE SALAD

One beetroot, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 2 or 3 tomatoes, 1 cup cooked peas, 2 cooked potatoes, 1½ tablespoons salad dressing and some watercress.

Cut potatoes and beetroot into small cubes, and slice the tomatoes, then mix all the vegetables and dressing together, and arrange the watercress as a border around the dish.

SUPPER SALAD

One grapefruit, scraps of cold chicken, ham or tongue, 2 teaspoons chopped nuts, 1 lettuce, 2 tablespoons french dressing and some creamy cheese.

Peel the grapefruit very carefully, cut it up small, then arrange with the nuts, meat, and dressing. Arrange on the lettuce leaves, and place the cheese around in little pats, as a decoration.

FASCINATION SALAD

One apple, half a cucumber, half a cooked cauliflower, heart of a raw cabbage, and about 2 tablespoons french dressing.

Cut the peeled cucumber into small dice, also the apple, break the cauliflower into sprigs, and shred the cabbage heart. Then mix all together with the dressing, and serve with any cold meat.

SALAD ROMANCE

Quarter-pound cooked corned beef, 1 tablespoon chutney, 2oz. cheddar cheese, 2 tablespoons cooked peas, 1 medium carrot, 1 lettuce, 1½ tablespoons salad cream.

Cut the corned beef into cubes, also the cheese, and mix them with the chutney, peas and salad cream. Wash the lettuce and arrange the leaves in a bowl, fill it up with the mixture, and grate the raw carrot over the top. This salad, served with brown bread and butter, will contain all necessary foods for an entire meal, or would be sufficiently satisfying to make a whole course by itself.

First Prize of £1 to Miss C. Coney, 84 Queen Street, Ararat, Vic.

TEMPTING SALADS — cucumber and shredded cabbage, and (below) baked beans with salad vegetables.

GONDOLA SALAD

Two large carrots, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, seasoning, 2 tablespoons green peas, 1 teaspoon chopped walnuts.

Wash and scrape the carrots and boil them with the peas in boiling salted water till both are tender. Drain and allow to cool. Cut the carrots in halves lengthwise and scoop out the centres. Mix the peas with seasoning, walnuts, and mayonnaise. Pile into the hollowed carrots.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Coulter, 93 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.

MIDGET SWISS ROLLS

Four-and-a-half ounces castor sugar, 3 eggs, weight of two eggs in flour.

Butter two baking tins 9 x 14 in., line with buttered paper to stand above the edges.

Whisk eggs and sugar till thick and creamy, sprinkle flour in gradually. Turn mixture into prepared tins equally. Bake in hot oven (about five minutes), but do not over-cook.

Scald a tea towel, squeeze tightly, spread on pastry board, dust with sugar, turn out sponge immediately it is cooked.

Remove buttered paper, cut off outside rim of sponge, then cut into six portions. Spread with jam or lemon cheese. Roll squares neatly as possible and dust with icing sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. McVicar, 2 Ewenton St., E. Balmain, N.S.W.

BACCHANTE COCKTAIL

Four grapefruit, 4 teaspoons castor sugar, 4 maraschino cherries, 16 green grapes, 4 teaspoons cracked ice, 4 teaspoons maraschino.

Remove a slice from the top of each grapefruit and carefully scoop out the pulp. Discard the seeds and the membrane. Place pulp in a basin. Sprinkle with sugar. Clean the shells and cut the rims into scallops with a sharp knife. Throw into cold water. Chill pulp. When required, remove each shell to a plate lined with a lace d'oyley or fringed with asparagus or maiden-hair fern. Place a teaspoon of ice in the bottom of each shell. Divide pulp equally between shells, and grapes also. Pour a teaspoon of maraschino over each portion. Place a maraschino cherry in the centre of each. Serve at once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Jill Berryman, c/o Mrs. Ross, Ardersier, Harden, N.S.W.

BUTTER BARS

Four ounces butter, 1 cup flour, 3 eggs, cream, 4oz. blanched almonds, ½ cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, grated rind 1 lemon.

Beat butter to a cream, stir in yolks of eggs. Sift flour and baking powder and stir in the butter mixture. Mix till smooth, and turn out on to a lightly-floured board. Cut into bars. Beat the egg-whites until stiff, mix in the castor sugar, chopped almonds, and lemon rind. Ice the bars roughly with the mixture and bake in moderate oven until crisp and brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Price, Taranna, Tas.

THIS WEEK

CARAMEL RECIPES

CARAMEL FLUFF

Whisk the whites of 6 eggs until stiff, then add 4 tablespoons castor sugar. Whip again for 20 minutes. Butter a basin, and turn meringue mixture into it. Stand basin in a dish containing water, and bake in a very slow oven for 2 hours.

When cold, turn pudding on to entree dish in which it is to be served. Pour caramel over it, and decorate with cherries and nuts while the caramel is hot. Serve with whipped cream or custard.

For the caramel cook 3 tablespoons of sugar with 1 tablespoon of water and the juice of a lemon, till it turns a golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Becke, 264 Park Road, Paddington, N.S.W.

CARAMEL SQUARES

Quarter pound brown sugar, ½lb. butter, 1 egg, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, ¾ cup chopped dates, ¾ cup chopped walnuts, almond essence.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, and beat till light. Stir in flour, etc., then fold in nuts, dates, and essence. Spread quarter inch thick over greased shallow tin and bake in slow oven till brown. Cut into squares when hot and leave in tin to cool before removing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Lloyd, Lloyd Avenue, Hunters Hill, N.S.W.

CARAMEL ORANGE PUDDING

Take 1½oz. sugar and mix with 2½oz. breadcrumbs; melt 1oz. butter in ½ pint milk and pour over breadcrumbs and sugar. Cover and set aside for 10 minutes. Take juice and grated rind of an orange, and add to a well-beaten egg. Stir this into the breadcrumb mixture. Pour into a greased piedish and bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes or until set.

Just before the pudding is quite cooked light the griller and make it very hot. When the pudding is cooked, sprinkle top very thickly with castor sugar. Place the piedish under griller and grill the sugar until it is really burning. This makes a delicious caramel on top of the pudding.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. H. McIntosh, 348 King William St., Adelaide.

CARAMEL SHAPE

Put 2oz. butter into a saucepan; into this put 1 breakfast-cup of brown sugar. Melt together over gas for a few minutes. Now add 1 breakfast-cup of hot milk in which 2 dessertspoons of gelatine have been dissolved; then add the well-beaten yolks of 2 eggs. When almost cold stir in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Now heat it all for about 10 minutes, pour into mould, set aside to finish setting. Serve with whipped cream.

This mixture may have a curdled appearance, but do not worry, just keep on beating, it will set all right.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Steward, 15 Cameron Avenue, Artarmon, N.S.W.

CARAMEL GRAMMA PIE

To 4 cups cooked gramma add ½ cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, and the juice of a lemon.

Simmer gently for half an hour. Prepare pie-crust by mixing 1 tablespoon butter and ½ cup sugar to a cream, then adding 1 egg, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, and sufficient milk to make a thin mixture (about ½ cup).

Place the gramma in a piedish and pour mixture over, baking in a moderate oven until a golden brown. Remove from oven and sprinkle with red jelly crystals. Serve cold with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Donaldson, Finley, N.S.W.

Invite *RENCO* to your Party

The new Renco Birthday Junket brings you six flavours in six colours crammed with creamy goodness. Renco Birthday Junket is easier to prepare because it's liquid. Renco Junket sets more firmly, more smoothly, more quickly because it is made under ideal conditions in the heart of the world's choicest cow pastures, at Taranaki, N.Z. Ask your grocer for the new Renco Birthday Junket—the whole family will love it.

Peach Flake
RECIPE

Make a pint of Renco passion fruit junket, set in individual glass dishes. Before serving arrange a peach half on top of each dish with whipped cream and chopped maraschino cherries, and sprinkle thickly with Kellogg's Corn Flakes and chopped walnuts.

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BRIGHTER BREAKFASTS *To Start* THE DAY

Why not make the early morning meal a more interesting one? Here are some recipes and ideas that will help you

By MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

WHEN there are 365 breakfasts to prepare in a year, it's no wonder that the early morning meal becomes a matter of the same old thing day after day.

Our imagination seems to stop short at one or two stock dishes, with the result that breakfast menus entirely lack any suggestion of novelty.

Since breakfast is a meal that calls for some variety, it's a pity not to do something about a campaign for brighter breakfasts.

As a start, it's a good idea to please the eye first with cheery, colorful breakfast cloths and china.

Then there's nothing prettier than half a grapefruit carefully prepared and topped with a maraschino cherry, especially if this is ready on the table waiting for the partakers of breakfast.

For those who are non-meat eaters in the morning there's no need to dish up porridge every morning. There is such a variety of light, appetising, ready-to-eat cereals on the market that you can serve a different one each day of the week. Served with fruit, these cereals make a capital "wake-up" dish. Try some served with hot milk and stewed prunes or raisins.

ALWAYS POPULAR for breakfast, omelettes lend themselves to plenty of variety. This is an appetising cheese omelette.

A NEW breakfast dish—poached eggs in jelly. The recipe for making is given on this page.

FOR THOSE who like a light breakfast, especially in summer, a meal of ready-cooked cereals, fruit and milk like this one is the ideal.

A GOOD STAND-BY—baked beans and crisp bacon served on buttered toast.

TONGUE TOAST WITH EGG

Make a slice of toast, remove crust, and butter. Mince a little tongue and heat in butter; place on the toast. Poach egg and serve on top of tongue.

BACON DELIGHT

Take slices of bacon according to number required. Moisten some breadcrumbs with a little egg or milk. Season with salt, cayenne, and curry powder. Place a teaspoonful on one end of bacon slice. Roll up. Fasten with skewer. Then fry or grill till the fat is clear. Serve at once.

EGGS IN COCOTTES

Put a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce in the bottom of china cocotte dishes. Break an egg carefully into each one. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Pour over one dessertspoon cream. Place in oven just to set the egg, as it goes on hardening in the cocotte when taken from the oven. Serve at once with fingers of buttered toast.

FISH TOAST

Remove bones from cooked fish and flake it. Put into saucepan with white sauce and seasoning to taste. Stir till heated. Place spoonful on square of buttered toast. Rub the yolk of hard-boiled egg through a small strainer over the fish. Serve at once with slices of lemon.

OX EYE

Cut a round two or three inches thick from the soft part of a loaf of bread. Scoop out a hole in the centre. Break egg into cup, then slip carefully into hollow. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Then fry in boiling fat till egg is set. Serve at once.

POACHED EGGS IN JELLY
(Summer Breakfast Dish)

Poach as many eggs as required and allow to get absolutely cold. Make a jelly of some broth by adding gelatine, a few drops of vinegar, and a few drops of meat extract. Pour this over the cold eggs and allow to set. Decorate with pieces of toast.

This dish can be made the night before it is required if necessary.

ANCHOVY SCRAMBLE

One egg, slice buttered toast, anchovy paste, 2 tablespoons milk, chopped parsley, salt and cayenne.

Spread toast while hot with anchovy paste. Beat egg, add milk, salt and cayenne. Melt a little butter in a small saucepan. Add egg and stir over the gas till thick. Spread over the toast. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve at once.

QUICK BREAKFAST DISH

Brown gravy, eggs, finely-grated cheese, breadcrumbs, little butter.

Place the brown sauce in a pie-dish. Break eggs into a cup (to test the freshness). Then place into the sauce. Sprinkle thickly with cheese and breadcrumbs. Place dots of butter over the top. Bake in moderate oven till eggs are set. Serve at once.

BAKED OMELETTE

Two eggs, 1 dessertspoon plain flour, salt, cayenne, 6 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon butter.

Beat eggs well. Stir into flour. Heat milk and butter. Pour on to egg mixture and beat well. Pour into a well-buttered piedish. Bake in a quick oven 15 to 25 minutes. Serve at once with cheese sauce.

POACHED EGG AND HADDOCK

One egg for each person, haddock, cayenne, buttered toast, 1oz. butter.

Lay the haddock in boiling water for 5 minutes, then remove the skin and bones, and flake in large pieces. Melt the butter. Add the fish, with cayenne to taste, and heat thoroughly. Trim the toast and cut into rounds. Butter it, spread a good layer of fish on each piece. Then place a neatly-poached egg on the top of each portion of fish. Serve at once.

MEAT FRITTERS

Slices of cold meat, fritter batter, parsley, frying fat.

Make the batter in the usual way. Cut meat into thin slices and even-sized pieces. Dip the meat into the batter and have it completely covered. Have a large quantity of fat in a saucepan, and, when properly heated, put in the meat, and cook till a golden brown all over. Drain on paper. Serve at once with brown gravy or tomato sauce, garnished with sprigs of parsley.

SAUSAGES AND POTATOES

Sausages, cold mashed potatoes, egg glazing, breadcrumbs, frying fat.

Parboil the sausages. Skin and cut in halves, lengthwise. Roll each portion in mashed potato, using a little flour to prevent sticking. Dip in egg glazing, toss in crumbs. Wet fry till a golden brown. Drain. Serve on a hot dish with gravy.

DEVILLED KIDNEYS

Two sheep's kidneys or 1 ox kidney, 1 tablespoon flour (plain), 1 tablespoon butter, water, parsley, fried bread, salt and pepper.

Chop the kidney finely. Melt the butter, add the kidney, and cook very slowly until tender. Add the flour, pepper and salt, then the water, and cook until thick. Then heap on the fried bread and garnish with parsley.

Meal Shirker! Janet makes breakfast a bedlam. Whimpers. Won't eat!

(TWO HOURS LATER, Janet's father 'phones up from his office) "Bob says that Molly and he had the same trouble with their youngsters as we're having with Janet. Then Molly found out about that—

—Snap! Crackle! and Pop!—of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles." Every Mummy and Daddy should take Bob's tip. There are fairies in every heaped-up plate of crackly Rice Bubbles, and as the milk pours over them they sing—"Snap! Crackle! and Pop!" Children love to eat up this magic breakfast . . . Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are easy to digest. Highly rich in nourishment and energy value.

● Hollywood "Dick"—the REAL low-down from Hollywood; by cable, presented by Kellogg's over a national relay—Mondays at 8.15 p.m.—2CH, 2GZ, 2KO, 2TM, 2WG, 4BK-AK, 3DB-LK, and 5AD-MU-PI-SE. R.2.

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LOST NERVES AND DEPRESSED FEELING·

NERVES and most Constitutional Disorders are CAUSED BY MINERAL STARVATION

Thousands of women are blessing Bidomak to-day, who once were going about "nervy," listless, tired, run down, "jittery," never feeling really well, but always half sick. These nervous disorders robbed them of popularity because even a beautiful face and figure can't make up for "jumpiness," irritability or lack of "pep." The best thing to do is to take Bidomak, as thousands are doing. Bidomak will put roses in your cheeks, a sparkle in your eyes, give you new life, energy, vitality ... POPULARITY ... all the things that make life worth while. Bidomak is offered to you under a definite guarantee to do you good or cost you nothing.

This amazing guarantee is given by the discoverer of Bidomak because he is positive that if you take it as directed you must obtain real benefit. He has the whole of modern medical science on his side when he asserts that 90% of human ailments result from "mineral starvation." This lack of vital mineral elements from our food supply causes a great list of *deficiency disorders, including all nerve troubles, malnutrition, nervous dyspepsia, anaemia, headaches, lowered vitality, and many other common illnesses.*

Good Health Depends On Minerals

The most important health-giving minerals are iron, lime, potash, sodium and phosphorus. These vital minerals are all present in Bidomak, and made available for easy assimilation in accordance with formulae developed by the most advanced scientific work on nutrition. A course of Bidomak strengthens the liver, pancreas and stomach so that we make better use of our ordinary food supply. It builds nerve strength and vigorous, buoyant muscles. It recharges the arteries with a fresh supply of living, red blood corpuscles and with oxygen, too, for the purpose of burning up the body's wastes.

Bidomak is Safe and Pleasant to Take—

There is not one single substance contained in Bidomak which is not present in a perfectly healthy human body. Bidomak contains no bitter, dangerous, narcotic drugs nor opiates.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE TRIAL OFFER

So many nerve sufferers have obtained immediate relief from BIDOMAK that if you do not benefit by taking the first bottle we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on return of the nearly empty bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn and Pelican Sts., Sydney. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or you pay nothing.

PROOF POSITIVE

Read these amazing extracts from letters by people who were once never really well, but after taking BIDOMAK are now on the high road to vigorous, happy health. What Bidomak has done for these people it can and will also do for you.

NEARLY FRANTIC WITH NERVES Now Well!

"After an operation my nerves were in such a shocking state that I cried bitterly for no reason at all. I lost interest in everything, could not sleep, and lay awake all night; I was nearly frantic, until one day I thought I would give BIDOMAK a trial, and though less in price than other medicines I had been taking, even the first bottle made me well, and commenced building up my rundown body. I now eat well, sleep well, and feel a different woman in every way."—(Sgd.) Miss Maisie Carroll (Marrickville).

NERVY, SICK, AND TIRED

Thornbury, Melbourne, Vic.
18th April, 1936.

The Manager,
Douglas Drug Co.,

Dear Sir,—For years I have been under treatment for supposed stomach and liver disorders. I was nervy, could not sleep and got up each morning sick and tired. Life was a burden to me. About four months ago I took a bottle of "Bidomak" and immediately felt better, I gained in weight, and I have only been to the doctor's once since and that to show him how well I was. Both he and the chemist from whom I obtained the "Bidomak" were astounded at the improvement. I have just returned from a strenuous motor tour of New South Wales and am feeling tip-top. I know of at least 20 persons who are taking "Bidomak" after seeing what it has done for me.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Mrs. M. M.

RECOVERY FROM NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

McMahon's Point, Sydney.
25th July, 1935.

The Douglas Drug Co.,
Sydney.

Dear Sirs,—I am writing to convey to you my account of my remarkable recovery, which I feel certain is due to "Bidomak" your excellent "nerve" and "brain" tonic.

Some many months ago I had a severe nervous breakdown due to a motor accident.

A friend of mine recommended "Bidomak" to me, having received much benefit from it herself. I am now fit and well, feeling grateful too, for having found so much benefit at such a little cost. "Bidomak" is all that you claim it to be, and from personal experience I have no hesitation in recommending this wonderful tonic as a truly genuine and lasting pick-me-up.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Mrs. V. R.

SCIENTIFIC CONTROL

Attached to the laboratories of the Douglas Drug Company are three fully qualified chemists and a doctor of Medicine who graduated at the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Take the Vital Minerals Doctors Recommend

BIDOMAK

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES 3/- for a large Bottle. New Zealand, 2/6.

The Tonic of the Century is "Bottled Minerals" — FOR NERVE, BRAIN, AND "THAT DEPRESSED FEELING"

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Women Need Love

By . . . .
Kathryn
WHITE

A Complete Book-length Novel

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

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WOMEN NEED LOVE

By KATHRYN WHITE

AS a family the Eatons were not especially analytical. Which may account for the fact that Joan didn't stop to figure what was the matter with her. She only knew that she'd never been happier in her life. All because Randy Stillman had just whispered, "Any chance to sneak into the garden later? There's a moon that has to be seen to be appreciated."

Of course, Joan's wasn't a complex problem that would require the services of some white-bearded psychiatrist; it was, in fact, quite simple. And if she didn't know what ailed her, all the rest of the people seated around Clynt Claybourne's exquisitely appointed dinner-table on that soft spring night had a pretty good idea.

Joan Eaton was in love. And the object of her affections had just asked her into the garden—alone.

It was a small party, despite the fact that the dining-room of this charming old Murray Hill house would seat thirty guests most comfortably. To-night there were just seven.

Ruth Eaton, mother of the slim young thing with romantic pangs, sat on Clynt's left. Ruth's other claim to fame was the fact that as vice-president of Claybourne, Ltd., the chief source of Clynt's very substantial annual income, she was one of the few twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year women executives in New York City.

Next to Ruth was Jose Vasco. Besides being Clynt's guardian, Jose was rated as one of the eminent pianists and composers of the day. Then came Joan Eaton, and next to her Randy Stillman (Randolph Michael Stillman, M.D.). Next to Randy was Ted Eaton, Joan's father.

In his youth Ted had been an architect, but he hadn't worked at his profession for so long that even his best friends had forgotten he owned a drafting-board. On Clynt's left was Myra Moffet. Clynt had instructed Joan to find him a red-headed dinner partner—and Myra was the result. Joan had produced her with enthusiasm, which she certainly expected Clynt to share. But as the evening wore on it became more and more evident that Clynt was not doing his part in the way of enthusing. Which, it must be said, did not bother Joan much. She was too thoroughly steeped in her own emotions to concern herself seriously with Myra's romantic progress.

The ecstasy Joan Eaton felt was not something that had burst suddenly upon her like an exploding shell. She'd been working up to it for quite a while. Over a year, that is. Ever since the night Clynt called her and said, "Gather up your skirts and hurdle the hedge, there's someone here I want you to meet."

Which is, literally, what she did.

For years it had been the custom of Joan Eaton and Clynt Claybourne to cover the distance between their houses (whose gardens adjoined) with ten well-placed leaps and a jump.

So while Clynt and the "someone" watched from the Claybourne library window, Joan clutched the skirt of her smart sport dress high around her shapely legs and cleared the hedge with the greatest of ease. The next minute she stood, breathless and starry-eyed, shaking hands with Randy Stillman who, it seemed, had gone to Oxford with Clynt.

Clynt made a conscientious effort to crowd Randy's biography into the introduction, but Joan didn't hear a word he said. What did it matter that Randy had been at Oxford on a medical fellowship, and had served his interneship in one of London's largest hospitals? She was too completely occupied with the gleam in Randy's eye, and the intriguing way the Stillman lips curved away from even, white teeth when they parted in a smile, to waste her attention on Clynt's chronological discourse.

Besides, something was happening to her heart. Something glorious! Something that made her go cold one minute, and burn with a white fire the next.

However, out of Clynt's lecture her subconscious mind did absorb the fact that Randy was staying in New York and going into Dr. Gorham's office. When this information had been transmitted to the whisp of consciousness Joan retained, life suddenly took on the quality of exciting adventure. With Randy in town—anything could happen.

She might round a corner, and there he'd be. Or look up from her dinner-plate at some restaurant, and meet his eyes. Or catch a glimpse of his glistening blond head over the sea of faces on a dance-floor.

Joan stayed for dinner, and long after, listening to Clynt and Randy reminisce. And didn't mind a bit that they seemed much more interested in the escapades they recounted than in her. She was satisfied to sit, curled up in a corner of the divan, watching Randy smoke and listening to the soft drone of his voice. This was the first time such a thing had ever happened to her. She was used to dominating any gathering she graced, with her glittering person and her brittle wit. Yet here she sat, being thoroughly neglected—and loving it.

All this happened over a year ago.

And now she knew that the chances were slim for her to catch a glimpse of Randy in any of the places she'd first thought possible. She had discovered that struggling young doctors spend their time in offices and hospitals, not in night clubs.

They had, however, managed some delightful times together. Nice evenings. Some of them soothing, some silly, some discussive—all thrilling, to Joan.

But to-night was the first time Randy had made a move that could be construed as thoroughly romantic.

Outwardly Joan was calm enough, but it was pretty difficult for her to sit quietly through another rehash of the already threadbare argument Ted delighted in precipitating with Jose, as to whether Haydn, the master, or Beethoven, the pupil, excelled in musical artistry. It was so stupid, because it always ended with no one winning and Ruth having to break the deadlock with some tactful suggestion such as the one she was, at last, making—that they have coffee and brandy in the drawing-room. Clynt's was a bachelor menage, so Ruth Eaton presided at the lovely old silver service.

This was practically a family gathering. Randy and Myra Moffet were the only guests who hadn't been part of the group for years. It was in the '70's that the Ravelles and the Stoddards (Ruth and Jose's forbears) and the Claybournes found this particular part of New York so much to their liking that they built their homes and lived their gay, charming lives under the sloping roofs of the immediate neighborhood. And their children had played together in the limited, well-groomed gardens in the rear of the houses; and fought and loved and married and begot their own children. And the area was known to-day, as it was then, as the Murray Hill section.

The party was given for Randy, who was sailing next day for some special research in Central and South America. Which made it all the more necessary that Joan manoeuvre complete privacy for her garden scene. She couldn't face waiting another six weeks to find out how Randy's pulse rate was running in regard to her.

When Bent, Clynt's butler, had taken the coffee things, Ted ran across the garden to get his violin. Joan waited until Ruth was settled at the piano and Ted was tucking his fiddle under his chin, before she said to Randy, "Go on out, I'll be along in a minute."

When he'd left she stopped and sat on the arm of Jose's chair. He took her hand

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fondly in his. "You look particularly ravishing to-night, ma petite, what is the cause?" They talked for a moment in French, before Joan left him to make sure that Myra had Clynt completely occupied so he would not see her go into the garden.

Jose looked after her. She was so young, so fresh. Then his eyes wandered to her mother, sitting under the glow of the lamp beside the piano, and his heart knew an old, familiar pain. He sighed a little, it was incongruous that Vasco, maestro of the Metropolitan Symphony and one of the great musicians of the day, should prefer to sit in the shadowy corner of this nice old room, to being fawned upon by bejewelled patronesses of the Arts. But that was how it was. All because, from where he sat, he could watch the woman he loved as she played the piano accompaniments to her husband's none-too-expert violin solos. Another vagrant thought played across his consciousness before he closed his eyes: "This must be a very great love, to have lived all these years on so little nourishment."

Joan made her casual way across the drawing-room to the tall french doors that led into the garden.

The night was still and soft. Spring was touching the garden with its first timid caress. The tips of the crocuses were pushing their green points up through the damp earth and the violet bed was covered with fresh, tender leaves.

Randy breathed deep of the still air. He was tired to-night. And a little sick of the smell of hospitals and operating rooms and doctors' surgeries. Weary, too, of seeing so much suffering—so many bodies so hopelessly ill.

He had picked a secluded corner where the shadows were deep, but one from which he could see Joan when she would come through the doors. He needed the soft touch of a woman's fingers to-night. He looked towards the house and saw her framed against the lamp glow from the room beyond. He waited a moment before he struck the match that would show her where he was; he wanted to drink in the sheer beauty of the picture she made, standing so straight and slim there on the threshold, looking for him. And in that second before she caught the red glow of his signal he realised how utterly lovely this Eaton child was.

Every one of his senses responded to the message his optic nerves telegraphed to his circulatory system, and as she came towards him his blood boiled in his veins like liquid fire, and his temples ached with its pounding pressure.

With an attempt at reason his mind warned him, "Look out, Randy, this is something inaccessible, remote. Something you may gaze upon and wish for—but never, never possess. This is forbidden fruit. . . ."

Just then Joan reached him. And held out her hands as though she had come to give herself to him. Before he knew what was happening his lips had closed over hers—and nothing under heaven mattered, but the fact that her lips were answering the eager demand of his own.

Neither Joan nor Randy knew how much time elapsed before they could manage to put words together with any degree of coherence. It was Joan who finally spoke, but a certain breathlessness about her voice indicated a still riled emotional state, "It's nice, having realisation overbalance anticipation, for once."

Randy made a brave attempt at humor. "Don't tell me it took a poor but proud medic from Minnesota to show up these New York boys. You're just being kind."

She was able to laugh now, too. "Well, of course I haven't covered all of New York, but I've been around, and my verdict is: Minnesota has something that New York lacks."

His arm held her close to him, and her head made a splash of deep copper just above his heart. His voice was as soft as velvet. "You are the most exquisite thing I've ever known."

She turned her face up to him, and her heart was in her eyes. "Why didn't you tell me this before, Randy?"

The muscles in his arm tightened and his voice took on a new note. "What good is it to wish for the moon?"

She grew taut, too, sensing the change in him. "What do you mean?"

"You've the reputation of making fools of men, you know."

Fear clutched at her heart. He had heard, then. All those stories about the spoiled, ruthless Eaton girl whose only fun in life was kicking men's hearts around. She knew what they said of her, all those people who didn't understand. And, until now, it hadn't mattered. She'd held her head high and stared them down. What business was it of theirs that the glittery, hard surface she chose to show the world was just defence—protection against getting herself hurt? But it was a boomerang, now it had circled back to strike her. She said a silent prayer. "Please, Lord, make him understand it's all a pose. That I had to do it a long time ago to keep from suffering. Help me show him that I'm not what they say. That I'm warm and tender inside. That I'm pliable as wet clay in the hands of someone I love."

But she wasn't making much headway, apparently, because Randy said to her, "You're the thing men dream of. You're why men dress for dinner in the deep, shadowy veldt. You're what men sweat and kill and make money to possess. You're as unattainable as perfection. And I wish I'd never set eyes on you!"

Out of his slightly melodramatic outburst she clung to just one phrase. "Why do you say I am unattainable, Randy?"

"The woman I love. . . ."

Her breath came in a gasp. He did love her then. . . .

". . . The woman I love must be sturdy and strong. Doctors' wives have to be."

A strange calmness settled over her. Now she understood. He did not know her really, so he was afraid of her. It would take time to convince him that his estimate of her was wrong—but somehow she must!

Better to know though, it was so much easier to plan her campaign. She chose her words carefully. "You're wrong, Randy. I'm very strong. I have been waiting for love to come my way—to prove what I really am. They call me modern, but I'm not. I don't want any of the modern compromises, I only want to be wife to the man I love." She took his hand in hers. "You see I've been a little frightened by my home picture."

He looked at her speculatively. "You mean you don't approve careers for women?"

"Exactly. I mean that all children of women in business suffer some sort of a blight. I'm not just sure what it is, but it's pretty darn' pernicious."

There was still a question in his eyes. "That is exceedingly interesting, particularly in view of the fact that one of America's outstanding business executives happens to be your mother. How did you escape? I don't see any signs of frustration on you."

"That's just it, you don't see them. But they're there just the same. Successful business women breed inferiority complexes in their husbands, and bitterness in their children's souls."

As they talked the mellow notes of Ted's violin seeped out over the garden like a fog. Randy smiled at her. "Somehow that charming domestic scene in the drawing-room belies your tale, my sweet."

Joan's eyes took on a strange, haunted look. "It must. It was always like that until Ruth went into business. And now. . . ." Her voice broke a little so she had to wait a minute before she went on. "This is the first time they've played like this in fifteen years."

He could see that the topic was of the utmost importance to her. So he urged her on. "Why did Ruth go to work in the first place?"

"It was all bound around by family friendship, and the necessity for economic security and fine-sounding phrases like that. I was too young to get the full import. But simmered down I'm afraid it amounts to just: ambition.

"You've seen men bitten by the bug. They can't leave the office until midnight, and then they take a dictaphone with them. Their wives and children never see them; until one day they are brought home on a stretcher.

"Ambition has an equally devastating effect on the female of the species, only, strangely enough, she seems more fitted physically to take it. Look at Ruth. She'd pass in any debutante gathering for my sister. She thrives on it."

Her cheeks were tinged with angry red and her words with bitterness. He made the attempt to clarify things a little for her. "But there must have been some reason back of it all. Something you, perhaps, don't know."

"Oh, there was. We were very poor at the time Claybourne, Ltd. started curdling. But is it so terrible to be poor?"

"How do you know? You can't have had any prolonged alliance with poverty. But I have. And it's not nice."

"It couldn't be any worse than what I've had."

"Somehow I can't believe you're right. Ruth and Ted seem happy enough."

She looked in his eyes for a long minute. "Maybe it is just as well we can't see into the secret hearts of people."

"But, Joan, any job takes a lot of doing to make it go."

"That's quite true. But why do women who want jobs marry and have children? Neither the husband nor the child get a break. Don't you see, Randy?"

But all he saw was that she was highly desirable—and highly unattainable. "You think these things because you've never really been poor. It is easy enough to say you can stand the gaff—to do it is something else again. The woman I marry must be able to face anything, even a little fancy starving, if necessary. I'll never be wealthy. My kind never is. We do the job and talk about the price later. Which is not, my sweet, the way penthouses and sables are bought."

He didn't see the look on her face. If he had he might have been worried. It was a look of sanguine satisfaction. The words

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he'd uttered were exactly what she had been waiting to hear. Now she knew that all she need do was prove to him she didn't have to be treated like an orchid.

She started to speak when Bent's quiet voice broke in. They had not heard him come across the garden, and were startled when he said, "Dr. Randy, sir, the hospital is on the wire. They say it is urgent."

Joan watched Randy streak through the french doors like a rocket. When he came out Myra and Clynt were with him, and he was knotting a white silk scarf around his neck. As Joan watched the trio come towards her, all the warmth went out of the night, and a dread, like a cold hand, clutched at her heart. Randy was leaving—and nothing had been settled.

It was Clynt who heralded the news. "Someone's tonsils are putting up a do, so Randy has to go and settle 'em."

Randy's deep-throated laugh rippled over the garden. "I don't even know what it is, Joan. They just said 'emergency.'" With a significant look at her he added, "Now you see why hostesses prefer detectives on the beat to doctors as dinner guests, don't you?"

Joan noticed Myra had on her frothy chiffon evening wrap and said, "What are you doing, Myra, administering the anaesthetic?"

Myra's smouldering eyes met hers. "Randy says he goes right by my house and will drop me off." And Joan knew by the toss of her head that her conquest of Clynt had been a failure.

From then on it was all very confusing. There was much goodbying and Godspeeding, because they would not be seeing Randy again until he'd finished checking the state of health of the South American natives. No one, that is, but Clynt, who expected to go to the boat with him.

Randy kissed Joan, but he kissed Ruth, too. And exactly the same way. So he might just as well have saved himself the bother.

Joan stood in the hall waiting for Clynt to come back from tucking Myra safely into Randy's car, and when she saw his face she knew she was in for trouble. Well, anything to take her mind off her own disappointment.

Clynt gave her an ominous leer and pelted her with a barrage of words.

"And where, may I inquire, did you unearth that tepid little Moffet girl?"

Joan looked at him guilelessly. "My, my, Clynt, you've got no appreciation of the finer things. Myra Moffet's one of the season's best debutantes."

"What a crop failure we've had, then!"

But Joan didn't let him end the argument. This was safer than any topic he might pick, and she was assembling her mental forces to something that held the promise of a solution of the Randy problem, but she needed a little time to work it out. So, almost maternally, she said, "Now look here, young man, that's a fine way for you to show your appreciation. I scour the town to find you a red-head, because you say that's what you want, and now you come to me with complaints. What's the matter with Myra?"

"That's what I'd like to know. I don't think she's bright. Do you happen to know if she was dropped on the head when young?"

"Oh, hush, Clynt. You're just flaunting a vile mood tonight. What ails you, Casanova, didn't your line strike?"

His words snapped out like the crack of a whip. "Something's wrong. Maybe it's just that your little pal exploded one of my pet theories. If that's so I'll get over it, I guess. I lived through having Santa Claus unfrocked, I suppose I can stand this shock, too."

"What's your theory?"

"That all red-heads glow—not only warm, but bright."

But she didn't hear him. Light had just filtered into the darkest recesses of the plan and she was. . . .

"By the way," she knew that sharp-edged suspicion in his tone, and she threw up her guard immediately, "just why are you looking like a cherub with a lolly pop stuck in its face? You must have had fun. Giving the medical profession a whirl now, is that it?"

This was the tone he always used when the conversation turned to men who paid her special attention. She didn't let it bother her. She had more important things to concern her. Guardedly she said, "What boat is Randy sailing on?"

Clynt eyed her suspiciously. "The Valiant, why?"

"Nothing. Except I might like to send him something cheering. Do you happen to know the pier number?"

"No, I don't, but I wouldn't tell you if I did."

"Why not?"

"Because, my pigeon, I don't trust you. You'd probably stowaway, and they'd put the blame on me. Besides, I'd like to see them have a comfortable trip—and I can't think of anything more disconcerting than plucking a frowsy Eaton out of some hole about two days out of port."

Joan would have relished giving him a well-gauged kick, but kept her impulse in check. She simply said, calmly, "Well, Mr. Claybourne, if you think I'm going to stand here being the target for your ill humor any longer, you're wrong. It was a delightful party—up to now."

Before he could stop her she had made her way across the drawing-room. Clynt followed in hot pursuit, but by the time he got to the doors the cloud of chiffon that was her dress was fluttering over the hedge, and the next minute she had disappeared into the deep shadow that was the Eaton house. When he saw the light flash on in her room he turned on his heel, closed the doors, turned out the lamps, and went slowly up the stairs to his own room.

Meanwhile, Joan, with her door safely closed against interruption, was going through some highly mysterious antics. She made a frantic search through drawers, hat boxes, and even luggage piled on her closet shelves, for something that seemed to elude both her hands and eyes.

At last, among a litter of old letters and miscellaneous odds and ends of stationery and envelopes in her desk drawer, she came upon a small square of red cardboard, with a cut-out numeral in the centre of the cover.

She hugged it to her and went over to the window—the one that faced uptown.

The chintz drapes crackled a little in the breeze that had come up. And the reflection of the lights from the street threw an aura of white around her face. Her eyes glistened, maybe, with tears, maybe with excitement, as her lips whispered a message into the night, "It's quite all right, my darling, if you're afraid to ask me to marry you—I'll do the asking!"

THE two men stood on top deck leaning against the polished rail, watching the husky, efficient crew of The Valiant batten down the tarpaulin on the last hatch.

Clynt said, "If I'd gone in for medical instead of emotional research, I'd be off on this junket with you. And about now I could do with some sea tang and salt spray."

Randy puffed his pipe contentedly. "Gal trouble?"

"Maybe. Anyway, I'm sick of having to duck into alleys to dodge managing mammas."

"I don't have to fight 'em off. Guess the mammas don't consider struggling medicos good marital bets."

"You do all right. Last night, for instance. Running off with Joan Eaton and leaving me stranded with that Moffet girl."

"Anyway, doctors don't head the list—not while the lad who owns Claybourne, Ltd. remains among the eligibles."

"That's me, the boy wonder of merchandising! What these bright people don't seem to tumble to is the fact that I'm no more than a glorified floorwalker. Ruth Eaton has the brains and does all the slaving at the Claybourne factory. I just collect dividends."

"She's downright fascinating, as well as competent, isn't she?" And her daughter. . . ."

"Hmm! Got a little carried away with the Eaton charm last night, did you?"

Up to the time Clynt hurled his caustic defi at the prevailing social order, they had been comfortably silent. After the fashion of men who know each other well, like each other tremendously, and realise the worth of a comradeship so securely established as to disdain the casual, meaningless verbosity of mere acquaintance.

They had come aboard early. Randy wanted to be sure all instruments, medicines, and supplies were safely packed and lashed before The Valiant would push her nose out into the open sea.

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The Gorham expedition consisted of Dr. August Gorham, eminent eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist. His not so eminent but equally able assistant, Dr. Randolph Stillman. And their nurse, Dora Wicks. Miss Wicks leaned, professionally, to neverfailing efficiency—and to Randy Stillman, romantically. But Randy didn't know about that. Miss Wicks was careful to keep her emotions under control.

While the crew unloaded and loaded cargo at Managua, Canos, Guayaquil, and the other remote spots marked on the map, they would go ashore and, when possible, into the interior. There, with their deft and kindly hands and their multiple items of medical impedimenta, they would allay the suffering of the armies of native children with pitifully diseased eyes and ears.

They would be gone six weeks. But they would come back with invaluable data on

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WOMEN NEED LOVE

many of the unanswered "whys?" that covered their particular field of human suffering.

As luck would have it, they were the only passengers booked. The Valiant was concerned chiefly with cargo. And though it had six passenger staterooms, served good food, and provided simple but adequate service, it did not appeal to the average traveller shopping for a gay cruise.

After a complete circuit of the boat they settled in at the rail to watch the crew do the final lashing and fastening and clearing of the decks. Randy saw the taxi roll up to the pier and jerk to a stop. But it was Clynt who mentioned it. "Thought you said there weren't any other passengers?"

Squinting his eyes a little, Randy said, "You heard the Captain say so."

Both men stood perfectly motionless as they watched the taxi door open and saw a small foot precede a perfectly-turned ankle that preceded an equally successful leg.

Immediately the girl was dislodged from the depths of the taxi and stood, straight and slim, directing the driver to unload four very smart pieces of luggage. Clynt let out a low groan. "Holy smoke! It's Joan. And if I know my Eatons, she's primed for trouble."

Randy looked as though he wanted to jump overboard. There was a strange greenish color about the corners of the mouth, and his eyes had a blurred, frantic look. Clynt said, "What's the trouble, old man?"

Randy's voice, usually so calm, was strained and harsh. "What do you suppose she's doing here?"

"No telling what that one's up to." Clynt's hand went quickly to Randy's arm. "Could last night have precipitated anything?"

Randy pushed his hat off his damp brow.

"I'm afraid you're in for an argument, Rand. She seems bent on coming aboard."

Just then Joan, carefully picking her way along the rungs of the gangplank, looked up, saw them, and waved gaily. Randy pulled his hat down, squared his shoulders the way athletes do just before the gun sounds, and headed for the lower deck.

As he brushed by him Clynt whispered, "I'll let you battle it out a round or two, before I bust in."

Randy reached the gangplank just as the taxi driver dropped Joan's luggage in a heap on the deck. Joan's eyes were limpid with a shimmery quality that only intensified the frantic despair in Randy's own. Her vital, young voice played over his ear drums like a flute. "Hello, darling! How about taking a wife along on this trip?"

It took Randy agonised seconds to disengage his tongue from a paralysed palate, and succeed in getting it moist enough to form words. But finally they flowed. And to his amazement they sounded almost normal.

"Don't be ridiculous, Joan, we're shoving off in just a few minutes."

He felt better. What had he been afraid of? There was nothing, absolutely nothing, they could do about this marrying business. Not with The Valiant's humming engines ready to be thrown into gear, the tugs alongside, and Captain Petersen already on the bridge with the pilot.

Joan's eyes laughed into his. "You don't know much about maritime law, do you, sweet? Once outside the twelve-mile limit the Captain of this neat little brig can tie a very secure marital knot."

After a minute, when he felt as though icy hands had gripped the pit of his stomach, Randy emerged from his fog of bewilderment. He was, fundamentally, a very tender, very sympathetic person. And suddenly he saw Joan etched, clear and eager and young (and not a little pathetic), against the cruelly revealing light of reason.

The child was actually serious. She did want him to marry her, did expect to go along on the trip. And when his mind registered these disquieting facts, his reasoning powers and speech were sharpened into decision—and action.

He moved from the shifty sands of inner panic onto the firm plateau of familiar ground. This was his business. Telling people the ugly truths of living and dying. And now he saw Joan as a patient to whom he must say, "I'm sorry, I have to make you suffer—to cure you." But he wasn't sure that he wanted to cure Joan—or himself.

While he hesitated the same inner voice that had warned him last night in the garden, said, "Remember Fleischaker, and Coleman and Terry—and the way they messed their careers by giving in to love like this. These pampered, wealthy girls don't understand—can't stand the life. You've worked too hard, your job's too important to you. . . ."

HE set his lips in a determined line. He didn't dare look into her eyes. This was business, serious business. Make the knife stroke quick and sure. A clean incision that would heal promptly.

He took her hand in both of his. "Why do you want to marry me, Joan?"

"Oh, my darling! After last night I couldn't let you go away from me."

"But there have been other nights, other men have kissed you. Have you wanted to marry them, too?"

"You're not being very gallant. This is the first time I've ever asked a man to marry me. And you're not displaying the enthusiasm I'd expected."

He hated hurting people. Yet he knew he must hurt her—terribly. If only she wouldn't stare at him like that. If only her lips didn't look so inviting. If only the memory of their warm softness didn't make pin pricks play up and down his spine.

But there was nothing for it. So his keen-edged knife plunged in. "Joan, you misunderstood—last night. It was delightful and all that; but it wasn't intended to be serious. I thought you knew."

He had hit home. He could tell by the way her head bent, ever so slightly. But she looked at him squarely. "What's the matter with me? Am I so odious?"

He smiled. "Quite the contrary. You have an exceedingly upsetting effect on my pulse rate. But you are a selfish, merciless modern who thinks the world was made for Joan Eaton. You've been spoiled. You don't know the meaning of discipline. You are untrained and useless. One of a horde of lovely girls who think they know all the answers, and don't know any. I'm a working man, Joan."

Her voice choked him. He had brought blood—her words dripped with it. "Stop, Randy! I'm not useless. Every week I go to Rescue House."

"I don't mean that kind of work. I don't mean dressing in a pretty smock one day a week to go through some highly ineffectual motions among the poor—in the name of charity. I mean work. Where realities are grimly real. Where sickness and poverty and despair stalk like ghosts. What do you know of these things? Things a doctor's wife must know—and feel."

"Please, Randy, you could teach me."

Her voice was so humble, her eyes so beseeching that he almost lost his grip. Could she be different from the rest? Could he teach her to understand why his life had to be bounded on all sides by his work? Would she, perhaps, develop strength and courage enough to stand up with him and take the torment and the strain and the long hours that would always be his lot?

The voice inside him spoke again, "You can't risk it, Randy. Don't be a fool."

So he clamped control on his thudding senses and made his voice as harsh as gravel.

"Stop being silly, Joan. Go on home. Marry someone in your own set. Your world and mine won't mix."

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They had not noticed that Clynt was standing just back of Randy. And that, because the two of them and Joan's luggage completely blocked the narrow passageway, Dora Wicks had had to interrupt a walk in order not to break in on their heated session.

There were tears in Joan's eyes as she looked up and saw Clynt. When she spoke her voice took on a thin coating of poise. She was trying frantically to piece together the tatters of her shredded pride. "Hello, Clynt. Want to drive me home?"

Clynt rocketed a glance over Randy's shoulder into the depths of Joan's eyes. His brow puckered into deep lines, and he muttered a vague, "Goodbye, best luck," as he automatically pumped Randy's hand. Without giving a direct answer to Joan's query, he gathered up her luggage and started down the gangplank.

With the buzz of activity, Dora Wicks came to life and continued her walk. She crowded through the space between Randy's back and the side of the ship. Joan hardly saw her. Was conscious only in a vague sort of way that an efficient looking young woman in serviceable tweeds and horn-rimmed glasses had crossed her line of vision. But when Randy put out his hand to say goodbye and nodded his head in the direction of Dora Wick's retreating back, her eyes followed his. In a whisper Randy said, "Doctors' wives have to be sturdy—like that."

He didn't know himself why he said it. He'd never before divorced Dora Wicks from the professional sufficiently to give her one personal thought. But this scene had to be ended somehow.

As his words fell on the sodden air between them, Joan's rage broke bounds, like the crackup of an ice floe. "All right, marry her. And I hope all your children are born with horn-rimmed spectacles!"

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Before he could speak she was halfway down the gangplank. And the second officer was standing by his elbow, his right hand at salute, saying, "Beg pardon, sir, Captain's orders. We are hauling up the gangplank and shoving off."

Randy looked over the side and saw Joan's mad little hat disappear under the top of Clynt's coupe. Clynt raised his hand in their familiar gesture of farewell before he buckled his frame almost double to fit it under the wheel.

From the bridge the loud, tinny bell clattered its signal to the engine-room to proceed—first speed ahead. The tugs belched thick, black smoke from their funnels as the ropes tightened and The Valiant nudged away from her pier.

And what, up to now, had been heavy fog suddenly became a cold, dismal rain. Randy looked up at the weeping sky and said bitterly, "The gods adding their bit of cheer!"

. . . . . .

The gleaming opulence of Clynt's coupe was distinctly out of place among the cobbled, dead-end streets of the river-front.

As rapidly as possible he swung the car in and out among the clattering trucks and drays to the somewhat milder atmosphere of lower Fourth Avenue. He did not address one word to Joan. Nor did she speak to him.

But when they turned into Fourth Avenue and the yellow light from the street lamps filtered through the rain-soaked window, Clynt saw, out of the corner of his eye, that her face was set in a sort of desperate immobility. As though she dared not allow one muscle to relax, for fear of breaking the feeble control she was keeping on the flood waters backed up against her eyes.

At Twenty-eighth Street he said, "Want to go home?"

"Please."

He wished she'd screamed at him. It would have been easier to take than that pathetic, seared monosyllable. He drew up alongside the curb and threw the car out of gear. "Look, Joan, if you'd rather appear on your home doorstep with Mrs. in front of your name—I'd be glad to oblige. It might interest you to know that I'm in love with you."

She didn't look at him, just laughed a mirthless, sardonic little laugh. "So you heard, did you?"

"Indeed, yes! I, and Dora Wicks, and the crew. What do you say? Honestly I think Claybourne is a handsomer name than Stillman."

He knew she didn't take him seriously. And he was sorry about that. Because he'd loved her for so long. It had become a habit with him. But the worst of it was he'd had to get the habit of seeing other men cut in on him. Randy, for instance. He knew how she felt about him. He, Clynt, was like a familiar comfortably worn pair of old house slippers that she could depend upon. She knew they'd always be set, patient and waiting, at the fireside.

Yet he'd known she had this beating coming to her. She'd been riding for it for a long time. She was a young-old little girl who had started running her own affairs in her own way at a very early age. And he was sure this was the first time she'd ever encountered major defeat.

His offer of marriage had slipped out before due thought. He knew he didn't want to marry her in her present state. He loved her too much. Better stay comfortably friendly always than risk on unhappy beginning. But he'd helped her out of so many scrapes that his mind automatically attempted this one, too. Now, however, was no time to press his suit. He realised that to approach her at this moment with honorable intentions would be to kill his future chances. So Clynt waited, hoping she'd throw him a cue as to how she was taking her licking.

She gave him the cue, a very neat one. She said, "It's nice of you to be so gallant. I know you're just picking me up and brushing me off. But you needn't bother. I'll do my own mopping up."

Before he could speak she went on, in a voice that cracked like ice. "Randy's a fool. I'm in love with him. I'd have worked myself to death for him. But he didn't have sense enough to see it. So now I'll have to show that arrogant young man his place."

That was all she was going to get out of it, was it? Nothing but a juvenile reaction and a stupid attitude of, "I'll show you." Well, never let it be said a Claybourne didn't finish a job that needed finishing. He wasn't going to stand by and see all Randy's good groundwork wasted.

"Joan, you're a nit-wit! You might have known when you stuck your chin out like that, you'd get it mashed to a pulp."

A slow red flush crept up the side of her neck, and he warmed to his work. "All Randy known is what he sees. All any of us know about you is that you're a willful child who'd want the moon—if she liked its looks."

He stopped for breath but not long enough for her to get in a word. And Randy's right. He's too serious, and he's worked too hard at his profession to toss it over the mill wheel—for matrimony.

He couldn't look at her, because he knew himself too well. He knew he was a failure as far as she was concerned. And if he saw tears in her eyes he'd probably break down and sob with her, right there in the middle of traffic. Besides he knew this had to be a thorough dose or it wouldn't be efficacious.

Like a defective electric fuse her words sputtered through the stuffy air of the closed car. "What is this, field day for the Oxford alumni? Do you have to deliver this lecture just now? It seems to me I've had about all the analysing I can take."

"That's where you're wrong, pigeon. We're five blocks from your house. And, boys and girls, the analysing I can do in the space of five blocks!"

She squirmed mentally, and he knew it. But he went right on. "There's another thing. It's high time you stopped making a fool of yourself over Jose. Fun is fun, but you've been pretty brazen about your flirting in that quarter."

"Seems to me it's high time Mrs. Claybourne's boy took to minding his own business."

Clynt thought, "It's getting easier. Give me another half-hour and I'd probably cover all complaints that have been piling up through the years." Out loud he said, "I am minding my own business. Jose's my guardian, isn't he?"

Her usual assurance intoned her answer. "Jose doesn't seem to object to me."

"There you go, being a sap again. He's old enough to be your father, and he's got sense besides. He can skim the cream off this town for his women, so why should he take up with a feather-brained juvenile? Besides he's been in love with the same woman for years."

Her sarcastic, "I suppose that's why he's been so notoriously casual in his affairs of the heart. Keeping it intact for his one true love. It's a rather absurd assumption on your part, Clynt. Really not worthy of your famous discerning qualities," made him furious.

"You hit a bull's-eye with that supposition. But you don't believe me, do you? Want to know who the woman is?"

"Can it possibly matter? I've no intention of allowing this conversation to change my attitude towards Jose, one whit."

"Just the same I'm going to tell you. Jose happens to be in love with your mother. But Ruth doesn't know anything about it. Jose's never told her. We're all pretty close, and we've known one another for so long. Besides, with Ruth loving Ted the way she does, what's to be done?"

She looked at him critically. "What makes you and Jose think Ruth is so completely enthralled with father? You ought to sense that her job is her real love."

"You don't know much about your family, do you? Ruth's made a whale of a go of marriage as well as a career, and in the face of tough odds, too."

Her lips curled in a cryptic, almost sardonic smile. "Have you any more tall tales to tell, Mr. Claybourne?"

"That's enough to hold you, I hope. And start you thinking along sensible lines."

"It's started me thinking, all right."

He should have been warned by her tone. He knew her voice never took on that particular ominous note that sooner or later she didn't tear into something—or someone. But he was so occupied with his own thoughts, so pleased with himself for having finished off his lecture with such a dash of unequivocal conviction that he took no notice of the danger signal.

At Portieth Street Clynt pulled up at the kerb. He got out and opened the door for Joan. But left her to get herself onto the pavement, while he fumbled with the lock on the trunk and got out her luggage.

In grim silence they walked up the worn steps of the trim, old-fashioned house. Joan opened the door and Clynt followed her into the hushed warmth of the Eatons' reception hall.

He piled the bags against the foot of the graceful, circular stairs. It was then that Joan spoke. "Thanks for the lift. Don't come in, please. I'd rather you didn't."

He hesitated, hat in hand. "Isn't there anything I can do?"

"Yes." Her voice had taken on sudden decisive force. "That is, if you're going by the store."

"You know I always see that the night latch is turned. Don't suppose I'd sleep a wink if I didn't tend to that chore."

It was a standing joke between them—the very little work Clynt did at the Claybourne factory, as he called it. But this evening his sally into the realm of humor struck no responsive chord in Joan. She didn't even smile. "Then will you tell my mother it is imperative that I see her as soon as possible? Ask her, please, to make a point of coming home for dinner, will you?" As she spoke the same ominous note that she'd used in the car crept into

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WOMEN NEED LOVE

her voice. And this time Clynt didn't miss it.

His voice reflected his agitation. "Now what are you going to do, heckle Ruth?"

"Would it be asking too much of you to keep out of this?"

"It's asking a lot, but I'll try." He saw she was dead set on going into some kind of a controversy with Ruth. And suddenly it dawned on him that he didn't have any business mixing in this mother-daughter business.

He had his hand on the knob of the door, but hadn't opened it yet. Her voice trailed after him, like the wistful murmur of a breeze. "Clynt," it said, "have you ever seen Dora Wicks without her glasses?"

He felt the same old urge to protect her. But stifled it. He'd played this thing to the hilt so far, no sense backing down now. "Yes, why?"

"Is she pretty—without her glasses, I mean?"

What was the matter with the little fool? Was she completely off her head? Begging torture, this way? But even now he wouldn't pull his punch. "I hate to tell you, pigeon, but the gal's keen competition. Get her out of that starched uniform, and drag her from behind those horn-rims, and she's as pretty as you'd care to see."

He had the door open but even so he heard the sob that broke through before she could clamp the control back on her voice long enough to say, "My, my Clynt, you do say such helpful things!"

That tragic attempt to sustain the light touch got him. He didn't turn around, just slammed the door on a fluent flow of vowels and consonants.

Joan stood, pale and taut, until she heard the door of his car shut. Then she took off her hat and coat and left her purse and gloves on the satin smooth surface of the console table, under the gilt oval mirror in the hall. Wearily she ran her hands through her coppery hair, and left it fluffed in casual disarray as she walked into the living-room.

It was a warm, cordial room. Tall windows, simply draped. Ivory panelled walls, relieved only by etchings. Carpeted in deep mauve, and furnished in just the right proportion of antique and modern; its hand-blocked cretonne slip covers in warm yellows and greens and browns, the comfortable divans, and deep winged-back chairs, the old mahogany secretary and graceful little hand-carved walnut chairs, gave it its charm and a thoroughly lived-in look.

Logs burned in the fireplace, and the soft glow from the lamps completely shut out the cold rawness of the March evening. But Joan didn't see the glow the lamps made. Couldn't even feel the warmth of the fire, though she stood right in front of it. She wasn't seeing anything in the room, or feeling any of its charm. She was standing in the murky chill of a fog-swept deck—listening to a death-knell.

Once before in her life she'd heard this same hauntingly sad warning ring through her heart. It was when she was seven.

Her round face with its freckled nose was pushed like putty against the dripping wet pane of the living-room window. But it was not this room. It was one in a small white clapboard, green-shuttered house in Connecticut. Just one hour, by train, from New York.

The Eatons were living there because, three years before, Ted was quite ill and they had to cut expenses to the bone. So they rented the house in town and took this simple place among a group of good, middle-class folk who thought them queer because they were so amazingly self-sufficient. Not that they weren't cordial enough. But Ruth wasn't like the other wives in the town. She did her own housework, took care of Ted and Joan and still had enough energy, when the dinner dishes were washed and Joan tucked into bed, to play the piano while Ted's rich-toned violin filled the little house with melody. They didn't mix with the neighbors—except that widow, Mrs. Merrill, who lived next door and knew how to play the piano, too. "Uppity," the town called the Eatons. That is until Ruth Eaton got the job in town and left on the seven twenty-seven in the morning and got home heaven only knew when at night.

Then Ted Eaton wasn't so self-sufficient. Not even if Mrs. Eaton did bring faithful, efficient Sadie with her sturdy trunk and Swedish accent out from the employment agency to look after the house. He was a pretty sorry sight, and was forever carrying his violin through the hedge to Mrs. Merrill's place to get her to play for him. The town wagged its head and said that was what came of wives getting jobs. Ted was an architect and, of course, did a little work at his drafting board, but nothing that was worth mentioning.

What the town didn't know (nor did Joan or Ted, for that matter), was that Ruth took her job because Dr. Gorham told her the harmless looking white cloud of mist that hovered over a trench in France one August afternoon in 1917 was poisonous stuff that gutted Ted's nasal passages; and never, never could he be depended upon to insure the family's economic safety. So Ruth went to work—and didn't tell Ted the real reason why. Because she didn't want to frighten him.

Only Sadie knew. Sadie knew, too, what to do when "the Mister" had one of his attacks. And soon became so dependably proficient that Ruth could hear the phone ring in her office without having her heart congeal into clammy fear.

. . . . . .

Two years passed, with the Eatons adjusting to the new order of things. Ruth made good, and her salary increased every year. And Ted and the town finally settled into a comfortable acceptance of all the Eaton ways, and stopped wondering why Ruth went on assuming the task of keeping the family supplied with life's necessities—and some luxuries.

Just one person held out stubbornly against the adjustment, until that rainy night when she was seven. It was Joan.

She hadn't minded leaving the big house in town. Hadn't even minded leaving the cow-headed boy who lived next door. Though he played nicely with her—not a bit as if he were nine years older—and gave her apples, and called her "Pigeon." But he was away at school so much of the time it didn't really matter. Besides, she liked the cosy house, and the white picket fence across the front. And the nice smells that came out of the kitchen when Mother made soup.

It was such fun, after she'd gone to bed, to lie in the friendly dark and hear the piano and violin playing ever so softly downstairs in the living-room. And her mother smelled so fresh and sweet, like the lilac bush in the spring, when she bent over her bed to kiss her good-night. Oh, it was all very, very nice, living in Connecticut.

But suddenly everything changed. Sadie came to live with them. And Mother went away every morning and didn't always get home before it was time for her to go to bed. There wasn't any music now. And the dark wasn't so friendly, it was just a little frightening. Sadie's soup never smelled as good as Mother's. And she didn't go to sleep with that nice, cool odor of lilacs in her nostrils any more.

She was hurt and bewildered and worried. But when she spoke about it to Ruth the tiny lines around her mouth showed, and she got such a frightened look in her eyes that Joan stopped asking questions. Because she couldn't bear to have her mother look hurt like that.

But every day and every night for two years she kept telling herself that soon all these things would change. That they'd go back to the piano playing and the soup making and Mother would be home all day and all night, too.

But so many days and nights passed and things didn't change. Then came the day when she was seven and she had to talk over something very important with her mother. She came home from school in the rain, and Sadie gave her hot milk and gingerbread. But it didn't taste very good, because she was so worried.

She couldn't eat her dinner, and Sadie scolded. But she didn't mind, because as soon as her mother got home everything would be all right.

Then she pushed her round little face with its freckled nose against the dripping pane of the living-room window so hard that it looked like putty. She had to stay right there because from that point she could see the headlight of the train flash on the tall trees in Mrs. Sweeney's yard as it pulled into the station.

She watched two trains light up the shiny, wet leaves, but old Bill Mack's taxi didn't come chugging up to the front gate after either of them had pulled out of the station. Finally her father took his violin case and went over to Mrs. Merrill's, and Sadie said she must go to bed. She took as long as she could about undressing, and tried her best to stay awake until she'd hear the front door open and close, and feel her mother come into the house. (She always could feel when she was there.)

But she went to sleep. And when she woke up in the morning her mother was bending over her and giving her a kiss. She had her hat and coat on. The lines were around her mouth again and her eyes were afraid. And Joan couldn't tell her.

So Joan got up and dressed and went to school. She went right straight to the principal's office and told her that she hadn't stolen Nancy Grey's book, the way Sarah Maily said she did. And the principal sent for Sally. Sally accused her again, right there in front of the principal. But finally she admitted the lie, and the principal patted Joan's head and said she was courageous. Then Joan went down to her own room, just as though nothing had happened.

But it had. She'd grown up.

She didn't ever tell anyone though, because she was only seven and she knew they'd laugh at her. But she had grown up. She'd learned that life can change from being fun and something that is so soft and comfortable you want to burrow your nose in it, like the fur on a kitten—to something that is hard and cold and hurts like your side does when you run too fast or too long.

And she'd learned that if she didn't depend on anyone, not even her mother, that she wouldn't have that awful stabbing disappointment in her throat the way she did last night. She learned, too, that if she kept herself from loving people too much,

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she wouldn't miss them so terribly when they went away. And wasn't knowing all these things growing up?

Joan Eaton finally made her adjustment. She became a detached, undemonstrative little girl who could take care of herself in any situation, and who nonplussed her elders with her assurance.

And Ruth, trying frantically to handle a job and marriage and motherhood—did not know what was happening. Just thought she had borne a child who was amazingly competent to manage her own affairs. Never suspected that what she took for self-reliance in Joan was really a desperate attempt to keep her sympathy and emotions controlled enough so they wouldn't sweep her into blinding pain.

Not since her seventh year had Joan let down her guard—not until she'd met Randy, over a year ago.

Every time he'd seen her he'd told her she was lovely. Once he said, "It would be grand to be in the position to have a person like you waiting when I'd get home. But such luxuries are not for doctors."

That speech and the things he'd said last night made her think he loved her, but had the idea she must be kept under glass. So she'd tried to make him know that she wasn't a hot-house plant, that she was sturdy and wanted to work, that she would learn to be helpful and competent—because she loved him so. That was why she had appeared, delirious with joy, on the deck of The Valiant. This time she felt so sure!

But Randy and Clynt thought this lovely thing bloomed on street corners. Oh, the fools! Didn't they know it only bloomed in stalwart hearts? In her heart? No, they didn't. How could they? When not even her mother knew what was locked away in this heart of hers.

So Randy had called her a spoiled girl. Said she was useless and had no requisites for matrimony. And indicated that because she didn't wear spectacles and tweeds she wasn't capable.

Her hands clenched into tight little wads. She hated Randy for being so blind. Hated him for forcing her back into the unfriendly dark again—for making her go through the growing-up business all over.

Oh, she'd do it all right. She'd grow up. But this time she wouldn't be so quiet about it. She'd straighten out some things, tell her mother some truths; before she'd crawl back into her cocoon of impersonal detachment—to let her wounds heal.

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Claybourne, Ltd., was shrouded in its nocturnal garb by the time Clynt arrived and let himself in the side door. It hardly seemed possible that this silent, ghostly place should, by day, be New York's most exclusive and glittering emporium of fashion. The night watchman took him up to the sixth floor in the service elevator.

Clynt breathed a sigh of relief as he shoved through the door marked Executive Offices, and saw that Ruth Eaton's light was still on. He went to her door and tapped gently, but there was no answer. He tried again, and still the usual, cordial "Come in," did not seep through the oak panel he faced. He turned the knob, quite noiselessly—and stopped dead in his tracks.

He had opened the door far enough to see that Ruth was sitting behind her flat-top desk, that he head was cupped in her arms, and that her body was wracked with pitiful, convulsive sobs. Clynt stood transfixed. This was the first time in his life he'd ever seen Ruth Eaton's famous poise shattered. And it was a shock. He did not speak, but she must have sensed his presence. For suddenly the sobbing ceased, with a wrench, as though it took all the will power she had to turn off the faucet of her grief.

She didn't lift her head from her arms. But her muffled voice said, "Is it you, Clynt?"

He almost sobbed himself on his barely audible, "Yes, Ruth."

Her head came up slowly, like someone groping her way out of a nightmare. It took a minute or two for her to gather herself together. But when she spoke there was a valiant attempt at gaiety in her tone. "Sorry you caught me with my back hair down. Thought you'd gone for good, so decided to have myself a rousing lament."

He tried to keep his voice light, too. "Nothing like a good cry, I always say. But it's much more effective when done on a shoulder. Now you take mine, for instance, Mrs. Eaton, what a shoulder that is for weeping on! Want to borrow it?"

She laughed. And the idiotic, shaky sound made him feel considerably relieved.

"Thanks," she said. "I will, if you don't mind." She motioned to the chair across the desk from her. "If you can stand looking at bleary eyes and a shiny nose, we'll get on. I'm forty years old to-day." The way she said it made him know she was feeling none too pleased about the matter.

Quite lightly, he asked, "Is it so awful?"

She laughed. "Not the way you think. It isn't being forty that I mind so much. It's—and now I'm going to be thoroughly female—it's just that no one cares. Neither Joan nor Ted know it's my birthday. Only Jose remembered. He always does. Orchids came this morning, and these," she pointed to the lovely white roses in the yellow bowl on the corner of her desk. "Now I'll go home and probably neither Joan nor Ted will be there. But Sadie will bring in a birthday cake ablaze with candles. Sadie always remembers, too. So I'll sit all alone and choke over it. Honestly, Clynt, there isn't anything lonelier than having a birthday party with ice-cream and cake—all by yourself."

It was just as well Ted Eaton didn't happen to be on hand at that moment. For, try as he would, Clynt couldn't think of anything that would have given him more pleasure than to kick his teeth down his ungrateful throat. Clynt knew all the ramifications of the Eaton situation.

Knew why Ruth had taken the job at Claybourne's, and why she'd gone on these fifteen years slaving her way to the very top of the tree. He knew, too, that Ted had proved himself a pretty thorough weakling at various times during these years. There had been many things that Ruth either had to overlook or tell Ted the real reason why she had assumed his economic burden, and that she stubbornly refused to do. Instead, she'd let him go on feeling sorry for himself, because he thought his wife cared more for her job than she did for him.

Ruth went on: "What worries me is—where am I headed? This must be the way a husband feels after he's worked like a dog for a wife and children, and suddenly, when he's provided Mama with the French Provincial house she had her heart set on, and the mink coat, and the baby grand, and the children are all thoroughly educated, takes a look at himself and says, 'What's been your share of all this, my boy?' And decides he hasn't got enough for the trouble he's been put to. So goes out and finds him a lisping blonde—and proceeds to make a fool of himself. That's the way I feel, Clynt. It just hasn't been worth the trouble. But what would I do with a blonde?"

Wisely, Clynt kept still. She didn't need advice, she just needed to get this out of her system. "I rarely see Joan and Ted. When I do they treat me like a stranger to whom they are obliged to show a certain deference. And me, I'm forty years old—and where am I headed?"

It was a big night! The Eatons were on a rampage for sure. But he couldn't stop to moralise with her, or give her sympathy. Any minute the phone might ring and Joan would be demanding to know why Ruth wasn't on her way home.

As briefly as possible he told her that being forty wasn't one-two-three to what she could expect when she'd get home. "I'm sorry to tell you I know that you're headed into a family squall. And from all indications it's apt to be something of a blow."

"What's up?" She was all business now.

"Joan's back. She's in quite a state."

"What happened?"

"No need for me to go into that, Joan will give full particulars. I was just to tell you that your esteemed offspring must see you at once."

Ruth got up from her chair. She set her mouth the way she always did when she had something serious to face. "All right. I'll get along."

She went to the wash bowl behind the smart green and white screen. "Heavens, I look a sight! Crying doesn't become me. It leaves splotches." Matter-of-factly she went about repairing the ravages.

Clynt watched her. She was a small, trim person. About an inch and a half shorter than Joan, but every bit as exquisitely proportioned. She was not very beautiful. But there was a magnetic electric quality about Ruth Eaton that made her compellingly intriguing to men.

Clynt held her coat for her. "I'll run you down. I'm dining at home."

Her voice was weary. "Thanks a lot."

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They didn't speak again until he stopped the car in front of her house. Then she laughed, a tight, strained laugh. "You've had a frightful dose of Eaton women to-day, haven't you? Better get yourself a good dinner. You've earned it." She was out before he could get around the car. From halfway up the steps she called, "See you in the morning."

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Dinner was ghastly. They sat, formal and stilled, at either end of the table, scarcely touching Sadie's perfect meal, and certainly not having the remotest idea what they were eating.

The birthday cake was worst of all. When Joan first glimpsed its blazing glory, she came out of her abstraction long enough to utter a startled, "Why the fireworks?"

Ruth broke her apparent calm to say, quietly, "Just one of Sadie's touching customs. It happens to be my birthday."

Frigidly Joan said, "Best wishes," and when her voice broke a little on the last syllable, Ruth pretended not to notice.

They had coffee in the living-room. And immediately Sadie had taken the tray, Joan stood up and faced Ruth. "Did Clynt tell you what happened this afternoon?"

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WOMEN NEED LOVE

She looked so young and so intense. And, somehow, Ruth got the feeling that it was terror she saw in her eyes. A surge of tenderness for this lovely child she'd borne swept her. But she tried to keep the same impersonal note in her answer that Joan had used in asking the question. "No. He just said you wanted to see me. Is something wrong?"

Like icicles dropping off a roof, Joan's words cracked, cold and brittle, through the room. "I'm sorry to inform you, Mrs. Eaton, that your daughter made somewhat of a fool of herself."

Ruth knew there was no need to answer. That Joan must open the flood gates in her own way and that the torrent of words would come quicker with no interruption from her. So she sat tense and still—waiting.

"It seems I mistook a young man's advances for something he didn't intend. I thought he was in love with me." Ruth, watching her closely, saw the color rise in her cheeks; and knew that, any minute, her anger would break bounds. "So I acted the idiot. He was sailing this afternoon and I went to the boat." She turned away from Ruth for a moment, but her voice went on. "I threw myself at him. Begged him to take me with him. But he told me in a few well chosen words that he didn't want me—wouldn't have me, in fact."

Instinctively Ruth gasped, "Oh, Joan, you didn't!" She couldn't believe her ears. Not this child of hers who seemed so indifferent to affection, who had been so aloof and distant. Joan couldn't have done this stupid thing.

"What makes you say that? Why shouldn't I tell a man I love him, when I do? And when I want to belong to him more than anything in the world!"

Ruth tried to take the sting out of her exclamation by making her voice very soft and tender. "It's just that I wish you'd come to me. If I'd only known, I could have warned you that even in our modern age men still want to do the pursuing."

It was, of course, the worst thing she could have said. Without knowing it, she had waved a red flag, she had unloosed the torrent—she had left herself wide open and without a single defence.

The words came sizzling from Joan's lips like sparks out of a night rocket. They were harsh words, coated with the bitterness of years of misunderstanding and resentment. "Why didn't I come to you? I'll tell you why. Because it wouldn't have done any good. What do you care for, but your career? What matters to you but Clayhourne's? Not your husband certainly, or your child. We haven't mattered for fifteen years. What difference does it make to you that we've been lonely and needed you? What difference does it make that the man I love says I'm undisciplined and useless? Whose fault is it that I don't know realities, that I haven't been taught the things that would have made Randy love me? It's your fault, Mrs. Eaton—and I hate you for your negligence!"

Stricken, unbelieving, sick with fear, Ruth looked deep into the eyes of her child. Her heart sank. Yes, it was hate she saw there.

Frantic for words that would make Joan understand, that would erase the hate in her eyes, Ruth started to make her defence. But stopped, before she'd said one word. How could she explain it all to Joan—without putting Ted in a too revealing light? This was no time to smash another illusion. The child had had enough.

So all she said was, "Please, Joan, don't say these things. You don't understand."

"Oh, yes I do, I know more than you think. I know that Jose Vasco has been in love with you for years, and that you've done a sweet job of ruining Ted's life as well as mine."

"What does that mean, Joan?"

"You don't suppose, do you, that it's been fun for Ted to be known as Ruth Eaton's husband?"

"But don't you remember, he was ill? After all, the Eatons had to be fed."

"Ted got better, didn't he? You could have given him the chance to prove his mettle. But you didn't. You stepped in and took over the job. How do you know Ted wouldn't have been adequate? And what if he couldn't provide the luxuries you have, we'd have been happy. We could have stayed in the little house in Connecticut, I'd know about realities and wouldn't have had to stand by this afternoon while my heart was kicked around like a football."

"Do you love him so much?"

"With every bit of me. But what's to be done about it? He'll have none of me."

"YOU'RE just nineteen. Couldn't you make yourself the sort of person he wants you to be?"

Joan's face hardened into granite. "I wouldn't try. I hate him. Why didn't he see that I loved him? Why didn't he know that if he'd take the trouble he could find the real me. Let him marry his competent, dull Miss Wicks."

Ruth did not speak. And in a moment Joan went on, "Besides, it's too late. Oh, Ruth, don't you see the mess it all is? Do you know where Ted spends most of his evenings?"

"He goes to concerts . . ." The scorn on Joan's lips stopped her.

"Do you actually believe that? Don't you know he's been mad about Alicia Merrill for years?"

Something caught at Ruth's throat. Did Joan know about the other women, too?

Words were still sizzling from her lips, and listening to their import Ruth realised that Joan did not suspect—the others. She only knew the thing that Ruth had never had an inkling of: Alicia Merrill and Ted . . .

She stopped her thoughts, to give her attention to Joan again.

"Don't you realise how completely you've spoiled Ted's life? Has it been fair to him that you've done what you enjoyed all these years, while he had to forego the things he wanted? Just for the silly pretense of keeping the family intact. Do you call that fair? But I suppose you do. You're so used to power, you've forgotten all those nice nuances you used to know so well."

Ruth was nonplussed. Did Joan really think it had been fun to get to the store every morning before nine? And come home, numb with fatigue, late at night? Did she think it was fun—those first frightening years when things were so new to her and she didn't know if she would make good?

Desperately Ruth sought some means to stop the child. Nothing she could say did any good. Joan only flung her words back at her, sharpened with accusation. And Ruth had almost reached the limit of her endurance.

But Joan's voice kept flowing. "Do you know where Ted is to-night? Of course you don't, but I do. He's having dinner with Alicia, where he belongs—where he is happy. She hasn't changed. She hasn't moved from Connecticut. Her house and her ways are just the same. And both Ted and I love her because she hasn't tried to show the world what an economic marvel she is. She's stayed simple and real."

That was all Ruth could take. The pain of having Joan admit love for Alicia Merrill, when she had just said she hated her, drained her last atom of control. Another minute and she'd go to pieces, but she knew she mustn't do that. Somehow she must get away. She must have time to think this whole thing out.

She got up and almost groped her way to the hall. But her voice was quiet, "Will you excuse me now, Joan?"

Half way up the stairs Joan's voice, devoid of sympathy or warmth, but with a decided hint of hysteria, reached her. "You've made a whale of a go of your career. You're a great business success. But you've made a mess of your personal relations—and now what are you going to do about it?"

Even if she could have answered, Ruth knew there was no use. Joan would not hear her. It was better to leave her alone.

Joan was trembling. She heard Ruth's door close. And she put her hands over her eyes. But she didn't cry. It was as though she were trying to blot out the vision of Ruth's face when she told her about Alicia and Ted.

She was not really a spoiled, willful child, this Joan Eaton. But she was bewildered and heartsick and frightened. Someone was to blame for the horrible state of things. Yet sudden doubt caused her to have a wrenching pain in the pit of her stomach. Was it all Ruth's fault? Had she been quite fair to dump the entire blame onto her?

She tried to stop her thoughts. They were doing such tortuous things to her to-night. She went to the radio and clicked it on. Maybe that would help. A dance orchestra was playing, the same sentimental love song she'd danced to—with Randy. She all but kicked it as she turned it off.

Perhaps if she'd go to bed and read this dull ache would stop. She went to her own room, undressed, and crawled between the cool sheets.

She tried to read, but the pages all looked alike. There was a trim ship cutting its way through a smooth, phosphorescent sea. It was night, and the warm, tropical air was moist with sea tang. There was a moon. People were on deck, lolling in comfortable, low chairs. Some went inside. But two stayed out. And the stars shone in their eyes. One was Randy—and the other was Dora Wicks. And Clyni said Dora Wicks was pretty without her glasses!

Joan slammed the book shut. She opened the windows and turned out her light. And the only sound that broke the deep hush of the room was the sob that escaped the bondage of the full young lips—that Randy had found so intriguingly alluring.

. . . . . .

Sadie's neat blonde head pivoted in astonishment on her sturdy neck as Ruth, dressed for the street, appeared in the kitchen doorway and said, "Good morning, Sadie. May I have some orange juice? I'll pick up breakfast later."

At sight of the circles of blue smudge under Ruth's tired eyes and the strained, tight look of her mouth, Sadie's expansive Scandinavian brow furrowed into deep concern.

As she got out the oranges and went about squeezing them, she said, "What's wrong, Mrs. Eaton?"

Some of Ruth's tension relaxed. Good old Sadie! She could always tell when things

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were in chaos, just by looking at her. They'd been through so much together. So many times Sadie had contrived with her to keep Joan and Ted from knowing how bad things were. Absently Ruth thought, "Maybe we did wrong, trying to save them. It might have been better if they'd known—and helped."

Sadie handed her the orange juice. She drank part of it before she said, "Everything's wrong, Sadie. But I can't talk about it now."

She forced her thoughts into business-like channels. "When Mr. Eaton comes down tell him, please, that I'd like to dine with him here."

She finished the orange juice and Sadie handed her the black suede gloves. "Let Miss Joan sleep as long as she can. And try to get her to eat something substantial when she gets up. Better have clear soup for dinner. And a standing rib roast. Be sure it is as rare as Mr. Eaton likes. Don't have potatoes, get green vegetables and have a watercress salad. Order some Camembert cheese, but tell Roy to see it is well seasoned. And be sure to have water crackers."

Sadie followed her to the door.

Ruth walked up to Fifty-seventh Street, then over to Fifth and into the park. The weather had cleared in the night and the air was cool and clean. Ruth breathed deep of the spring-tinged freshness and, for the first time since Joan launched her scathing attack, something that was not fright stirred within her.

When she left the house she was completely at sea as to how to proceed. All she knew was that she had to do something. The crisis called for action—and she must take it. But how? What?

Through the long, hard years she had forced herself to keep her face set ahead. Instinctively she knew that to look back would be suicide. So she kept her eyes stubbornly glued to her objective—economic security for the Eatons. And now, with her destination in sight, with all doctor bills paid, Joan schooled, the house in town clear of debt, and a substantial payment made on an annuity that would protect them always; now Joan said that she and Ted were getting off here.

That they'd had enough of her care and protection and effort. And for the first time in fifteen years Ruth Eaton stood helpless and bewildered because her stronghold of definite purpose had suddenly crumbled under her.

Terror engulfed her each time she permitted herself to face the fact that Joan and Ted didn't need her, didn't want her even.

Ruth marshalled all her strength and put into words a summary of the situation. "They've been my raison d'etre for so long that I can't visualise life without them. That's what's the matter with me. I won't let go the idea that they need me. But Joan says they don't. Without even a 'thank you' she says they can do nicely on their own. That's what hurts. The fact that what I thought was rather a good job, well done, was really just a mess—for all of us."

But she was a woman of decision, and essentially practical. So, at nine o'clock, when she left the park, her mind was thoroughly made up and her course of action planned.

She crossed the street to a small Continental looking restaurant where she ordered coffee and sweet rolls. It was ten when she got to the store.

Ted had called. But before Ruth told Mayzie, her secretary, to get him back, she went to Clynt's door and knocked.

Clynt, worried about the situation at the Eatons, had exercised admirable restraint in not barging in on Ruth and Joan the night before. He knew that whatever it was Joan had on her mind it was the stuff of which chaos is made. So he was not surprised when Ruth appeared at the door of his office looking thoroughly exhausted and beaten. His mind made a quick note. "The imp must have spread it thick." To Ruth he said, "G'morning. How'd you make out last night?"

She put her hands over her ears as though to shut out the memory of the things she'd heard. "It seems the Eaton family structure tottered and buried me under falling debris. I'm afraid it's going to take me some time to dig my way out, meanwhile, may I beg help?"

"All Claybourne service is yours." And though each tried very hard not to act worried, they were. And both of them knew it.

Ruth said: "Will you take Joan to dinner to-night. Get her out of the house by seven, if you can."

"What happens if she declines?"

"Drag her! I have to see Ted alone. Please, Clynt, it's frightfully important."

He crossed the room to where she stood and put his arm around her shoulders in a protecting sort of way.

"Don't worry, I'll get her out. And on time, too."

Her lips didn't attempt acknowledgment, but her eyes told him how grateful she was. She went back into her own office and asked Mayzie to get Ted on the phone.

The conversation was brief. She told him she had to see him and he said he would be home for dinner. When she finished she sat quite still, staring into space. And Mayzie saw, with concern, that she was even whiter than when she came in.

Suddenly her abstraction snapped and a little color flowed into Ruth's cheeks. She asked Mayzie to hand her the suburban telephone directory. She thumbed through the pages and then put in her call. It was a Connecticut number.

After the usual delay Ruth said, into the transmitter, "Hello, Mrs. Merrill?"

There was a second of blank silence before sound travelled back to her. Just long enough for Alicia's memory to catalogue the voice at the other end of the wire, and for her to give a surprised gasp. Then she answered, "This is Mrs. Merrill."

Ruth smiled, a wry smile. "How are you, Alicia? It's Ruth Eaton.

Alicia's voice came back, almost too cordial now. "Of all people! I'm fine, Ruth, how are you?"

"Very well, thanks." Ruth managed to keep just the right tone. "I'd like to see you. If you're going to be at home this afternoon around four, how about giving me a spot of tea?"

"I'd adore it. Do come." The note of cordiality was still slightly overstressed.

Ruth said, "All right? At four."

When she put the receiver back into its crypt, Ruth's hand shook a little.

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The train pulled into the station, and Bill Mack drove her over the familiar, winding road. By the old saw mill, through the lane of maples just beginning to bud, and over the rickety Foster bridge, before the old taxi wheezed to a stop at Alicia's gate.

Ruth paid Bill and told him to come back for her in time to catch the 5.22.

Then she walked up to the smooth oak door and gave the brass knocker three resounding taps. A hollow, unfriendly sound echoed on the soft air. Ruth remembered—Alicia's knocker always did seem more like a warning than a welcome.

Alicia came to the door. She did not keep a maid, and she wore a frilled little organdie apron over her dainty house frock. Ruth looked at her plump arms, her curly blonde hair, her saucer-like eyes, and rosebud mouth, and said to herself, "She's getting a little heavy through the hips, and she's touching up her hair."

So, with a certain satisfaction in her svelte trimness and the urbane sophistication of her severe Oxford gray tailleur, she settled herself among Alicia's slightly rococo possessions.

They had greeted each other graciously. But now the air took on a somewhat strained cordiality.

As soon as Alicia served tea Ruth went to the point. "Alicia, Joan tells me Ted is in love with you. I came out to see what's to be done about the matter." Her voice sounded exactly as she'd hoped it would, calm and assured. She wished she could say as much for her heart.

Alicia parried, "Have you talked to Ted?"

"No. I'm seeing him to-night. It seemed wiser for you and me to thrash things out before Ted and I will go into the final stretch which will, of course, mean decision."

Ruth put down her cup. And when she spoke again her voice was neither calm nor assured. She was a frightened woman now, come to beg. Her eyes, the deep blue of violets blooming in a shady wood, looked squarely into Alicia's. "I've come to ask you to give me a little time. Let me try to rectify the mistakes Joan says I've made. Alicia, give me a chance to win them back."

Something suspiciously like a flag of victory unfurled in Alicia's cold, grey eyes. And her lips set in a smug line. But she did not speak, so Ruth went on, "The job's been too big for me, I guess. Now, though, I can get away from the store and have time to be close to them again—if you'll just give me the chance."

Alicia's pretty mouth opened at that, and words came out. Positive, uncompromising words.

"And why, may I ask, should I? You've had what you wanted. You've made a success of your career. You've been pictured in the rotogravures and interviewed as one of America't outstanding business executives. And while you've been doing that I've been taking care of your family. I've fed them the love and tenderness they were hungry for, the things you were too busy to give them. Now why should I yield what I've justly earned because you've decided you want them back?"

Ruth's defences went up. If Alicia wanted open battle, all right. "So you fed my child and my husband affection? And to all this sweet tenderness you added enough insidious poison to kill their love for me, didn't you? I know because the things you've said are exactly what Joan told me last night. And now I know she learned her lines from you. Why did you do it, Alicia?"

"I felt so sorry for them. They were so lonely and so lost. They needed my kind of love."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Would you understand? Would any one of you steely business women who have lost all your softness and feminine charm

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know how to give the kind of love I can give?"

"I think we might, Alicia. Just because we're in business doesn't mean we have no feeling, you know. What did you mean when you said Joan and Ted needed a kind of love I didn't give them?"

Alicia arched her eyebrows. "After all there have been rumors about you, you know."

"And I suppose you saw to it that they reached Ted's ears?"

"Well, wasn't it fair that he should know from someone close to him? It was easier than having a stranger tell him."

"And so much better for you, too, wasn't it? Alicia, why do women like you hate women who have made a success of a job?"

Sudden color flooded Alicia's plump cheeks. "We don't hate you, we pity you. You miss so much that we have. Look at you. I gave your husband and child real affection, while you were wasting your life on a job."

. . . . . .

Ruth's laugh was sharp, it slashed through Alicia's subterfuge like a rapier. "Come, come, Alicia. You're fundamentally a selfish woman. Why are you doing this?"

Alicia pouted. "I should have known you wouldn't understand a love as beautiful and rare as Ted's and mine."

Ruth smiled. "Oh, I do. You see those rumors you so carefully passed on to Ted didn't happen to be true."

"Naturally you'd say that. But it seems to me where there's smoke there's bound to be some fire."

"I suspect you would find it difficult to understand the fine points of conflagration, Alicia. You have such a quaint way of gauging sin. You think it is all right for you to steal—isn't that so?"

"Who has stolen, what?"

Ruth eyed her scornfully. "You have. You deliberately set out to steal my husband and my child."

"That's ridiculous. Any one in Connecticut will tell you how pathetic they were."

Ruth's smile was sardonic. "I don't need any one to tell me anything. I think I see how things are."

A victorious gleam lit up Alicia's eyes. "That's being sensible, I must say. After all, it would be a shame to cause scandal."

"That sort of thing is very important to you, isn't it, Alicia?"

Alicia flared. "Well, it's a good thing there are a few of us who have retained some of our moral sensibility. What with women like you losing all track of the finer things."

Ruth shook her head. "You say you don't like business women, Alicia. Well, I don't like your kind. You spend your time dictating other people's ways and morals. We are too engrossed with our jobs to give attention or credence to the gossip and innuendo that rules your lives. Of the two classes it seems to me business women have maintained their integrity better than you."

Alicia drew herself up, her eyes blazing. "Get out of my house, Ruth Eaton. It is too bad you came here to insult me, because I've got what you want. I've got Joan and Ted's love."

Ruth's voice was calm. "I doubt that, Alicia."

"Oh, do you? Then go home. Tell Ted you've seen me. Offer him a divorce—and see what he says!"

Something about the surety of her tone made Ruth's blood run cold. She was never quite certain how she made her exit. All she knew was that it was abrupt—and rapid.

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When Ruth came in from her trip to Connecticut, she went direct to her room. She did not want to see Joan or Ted until she'd bathed and changed, and gathered her forces. When she appeared in the living room—wearing a taffeta house coat that just matched her eyes—she looked thoroughly composed as well as exceedingly lovely.

Ted was reading the paper. He was sprawled comfortably over the divan, and the light from the fire playing on his face made it appear more boyish than usual. Ruth looked at him with a pang. This was the man to whom she had been faithful for twenty years—because she loved him.

Ted got up as she came in. There was a moment of tension, then he stooped and kissed her. She let her lips respond to his. She clung to him, and he to her, for long enough so they were transferred back over time and space to somewhere that had nothing to do with the nagging, frightening difficulties of to-night. They succeeded in eluding the present long enough to feel, for one last time, the surety and tenderness that had been a part of their young love.

Then Ruth's mind caught up with time. Raced across the years and gathered the bitterness that Alicia had, this afternoon, instilled in her. The bitterness that made her almost scream at Ted, "Why do you do this? Why make this shoddy pretence, when it is, perhaps, Alicia's lips you want?" But she got herself in hand at once. Because she knew she mustn't start off on any such hysterical note.

Clynt arrived and Joan and he talked with them a few minutes before they left. Ted and Ruth made a ceremony of going out to the dining room. She clung, quite formally, to his arm and felt the warmth of his body against her side.

Ted enjoyed the dinner. It was done exactly to his liking. Ruth mixed the dressing for the salad at the table, and they served themselves from the wooden bowl. The cheese was just right, and they had coffee in the living room by the fire. It was all quite gay and tender—and sad.

Ruth could tell Ted felt it, too. And she knew that Alicia had warned him. At last she had to speak of the thing that was between them. The malevolent ghost—Alicia's ghost.

The logs had died down and Ted was putting on a fresh supply. His head was bent, and his face turned away from her, so he couldn't see if, for a moment, she lost control. She said, in a very low voice, "Ted, I went to see Alicia this afternoon."

There was no answer. Ted finished his job and deliberately and slowly wiped his hands on his handkerchief. Then he turned to her and said, "Yes, I know."

"Do you want to marry her, Ted? Do you want a divorce?"

He looked down, the way he always did, when he was undecided. Like a boy who can't make up his mind to stand up and take life—or go on playing marbles. The marbles always won. He said, "Perhaps it would be best all around. Heaven knows you don't need me, and Alicia does."

So that was what Alicia had done? She had played on his vanity and made him feel important.

Ted's gentle, ineffectual words kept on. "I don't know what happened to us, Ruth. Maybe it's me, maybe it's you, maybe it's just one of those things. But you're so completely self-reliant, I think that's it. You've gone so far without me that it would be hopeless for me to try to catch up."

. . . . . .

She wanted to tell him that she wasn't self-reliant really. That she was frightened and lost and didn't know where to turn. That just because she had assumed things was not proof she'd wanted to, only that she had to. But she didn't tell him any of this; instead, she listened to what he was saying. "If only we could have kept the lovely charm of those first years. No one ever was or ever will be as dear as you were then. Even if we didn't have money, we were gay and living was fun. But all that stopped when you went commercial. Why did you have to do it, Ruth? If only you'd been satisfied with what I could give you. If only you hadn't been so ambitious."

Ruth looked at him incredulously. Good heavens! He meant it. What an inoculation Alicia had given him and Joan. Even Ted didn't give her the benefit of a single doubt. He thought she'd worked all these years just to satisfy some selfish, gnawing hunger for prestige inside herself.

"Let's be practical, Ted," she said. "How will you and Alicia manage about money?"

Ted's eyes did not meet hers. "With the rental from the Fourteenth Street building we'll get along."

Ruth thought, bitterly, "I've paid the taxes on that building all these years. . . ."

She said, "Will you want the divorce here?"

"If you don't mind I think it would be simpler to go to Reno. Alicia will like it better, too. She's a sensitive little thing, you know."

Again Ruth's thoughts were acrimonious. "Curse Alicia and her sensibilities. I've got feelings, too. Doesn't any one know that?"

But she didn't say these things. Instead, she agreed to the Reno divorce. And to paying the bills.

Ted would go west and establish residence, while she made her spring buying trip to Paris. Then Ruth would fly to Reno for the divorce.

At midnight Ted, a little shamefaced, said good night and went upstairs to bed.

Ruth sat by the dying fire numb with fright, waiting for Joan to come home. Her thoughts were bitter and her emotions frayed, but there was fight in her eyes. She'd lost Ted to Alicia—but she was determined to hold Joan. Surely there was some way she could make Joan know that she wasn't really the sort of person Alicia had painted her.

But her mind was too confused and her heart too sore to think of a way. So she just sat. She heard the lock turn and was relieved that Joan said good night to Clynt in the hall. When the front door closed Ruth called softly, "May I see you, Joan?"

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Joan came in, looking questioningly at Ruth before she asked, "Something bothering you?"

Ruth's heart sank, she was still coolly impersonal. And for the life of her Ruth could not manage a friendly approach to this aloof child. Finally she said almost formally, "I just wanted to tell you, Joan. I've seen Alicia and I've talked to Ted. I've done all I could to straighten out the mess I've made. Ted goes to Reno next week —for a divorce."

Joan's eyes flashed into hers and for a moment Ruth could have sworn she saw stark terror in their depths. But when Joan spoke her voice was calm: "It means the end, doesn't it?"

"Yes. Ted wants it this way. And I want him to be happy."

Joan looked at her searchingly. "Are you going to tell me that it's all very friendly and civilised."

"No, I'm not." Ruth's gaze was fearlessly honest. "I can't make up my mind whether I want to scratch Alicia's eyes out —or kill her."

Joan held out her hand. "You're a very courageous woman, Ruth. I admire you deeply."

Ruth wanted to say, "Admire? What do I care for your admiration? I want your love!" Instead she said, "There's the matter of your happiness involved in this, too. I'm going to Paris, Joan, while Ted's in Reno. I'll be back in time to fly out to get the divorce. Paris is lovely in April—won't you come along?"

She didn't put into words the alternative. She was afraid to. She wanted Joan with her. Needed her. She couldn't let Ted have everything.

But Joan did not answer, and she saw that she was waiting for her to say, "Paris —or. . . ."

Ruth made her lips form the words, "Or would you rather go to Reno, with Ted?"

A log fell off the andirons in the fireplace. Outside a dog barked. The clock on the secretary ticked louder than Ruth had ever heard it. Joan said, "I think I'd better go to Reno."

. . . . . .

So Ted took the Goya etchings, and the set of Proust, and the wine skin, and his favorite reading-lamp, and the tapestry they had bought in London. And he left the picture of Ruth in the silver frame, and the worn volume of Robert Browning in which he'd marked the line:

"The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew."

(because, a long time ago, he had said Ruth was like that); and his torn old red bathrobe. . . .

Six weeks to the day after Joan and Ted arrived in Reno the Nevada judiciary severed the Eaton marriage bonds. Two days after his return to New York Ted married Alicia and Joan began to reap the harvest of the havoc she had wrought.

It was a surprising harvest—and frightening. Alicia changed, almost overnight, from the charming sweet person Joan had known to a demanding, possessive wife who claimed all her husband's love. The house in Connecticut that had always seemed so friendly, became a forbidding alien place. Ruth's haunted eyes followed Joan wherever she went and terror began to stalk her like some baleful banshee.

Nor could she find an antidote for the Stillman poison that was making life so bitter. Seven weeks of time and the barriers of mountains and land and sea had not changed her heart. She still loved Randy. And nothing she could do would delete the positiveness from that fact.

So living became a nightmare to Joan. A nightmare peopled with accusing ghosts who muttered, "Don't whimper. This is your own doing."

She had been back from Reno almost a month when Randy and Dora Wicks dropped into Clynt's one evening. It was warm, and they all sat in the garden. Dora and Randy had come from the hospital; there had been an emergency operation, and Randy was taking Dora home. As Randy sat talking to Clynt, Joan saw Dora slip her hand into his.

The intimacy of the gesture and the fact that Randy made no move to draw his hand away shattered Joan. And, sitting there in the hush of the garden, she made her decision. Solemnly she said to herself, "I'll prove to him I'm not a waster. I'll make him love me—the way I love him."

. . . . . .

It was a hot, sticky morning, and everyone who came into the clinic was not only ailing but fretful. Even Doctor Bolton felt it. Which was proof indeed of what a vile day it was. For of all the staff it was Doctor Bolton who maintained a serene hauteur of such minor irritants as heat and muggy atmosphere.

With characteristic perversity O'Reilly Place and its squalid environs picked this morning to break out with an assortment of complaints that would have tried the patience of Florence Nightingale herself.

Mike Ferraro ran a rusty nail through his foot, and wailed so when Doctor Bolton tried to extricate it that they had to put a cone of ether over his nose to keep him still long enough to get it out.

Mamma Mapelli came in whining with pain, but stubbornly refused (for the twentieth time) to have her offending appendix out.

Tony Garcia came screaming for Doctor Bolton to go to his dark and airless tenement rooms in the old building at the corner of the street and save his tubercular Giovanna.

Enrico Locarrno had to be sent back to Hapward detention station, because he was caught sticking pins into Donaldo Romerro again.

A wave of mental, physical and moral turpitude was sweeping O'Reilly Place—and the Bolton clinic was getting the full brunt of its desolating force.

In the midst of the turmoil and confusion Grace Anderson, assistant to Doctor Webber, who worked at the clinic two days a week, came to Doctor Bolton and said, "Joan Eaton is on the phone. Says she must speak to you personally."

Tall, raw-boned and fifty, Mary Elizabeth Bolton's heart was as warm as southern sun, but in manner she was brusque to the point of incivility. She looked up from a survey she was making of Louisa Frando's tonsils, and said, "What does she want?"

Miss Anderson was plainly worried. "I tried to get her to give me the message, but she said she must speak to you."

"Well, if she's set on talking to me, tell her to come down here." She took the spatula out of Louisa's mouth, and in a somewhat milder voice, added, "Say I'm busy and can't talk now, but to come to dinner with me at the house tonight at seven."

As Miss Anderson turned to go out the door she said, "I was to tell you Miss Eaton is your god-child, in case you didn't remember."

Doctor Bolton's warm brown eyes flashed amusement. "Of course I remember. She was the stubbornest darn baby about getting born I've ever known. Tell her I'll see her at seven."

The wilting heat took the zest for trouble out of the inhabitants of O'Reilly Place. By evening they were sprawled, limp and phlegmatic, on the worn stoops of the squalid tenements they called home, hopeful that some vagrant breeze might give them momentary respite from the oppressive atmosphere. But no breeze came.

And in the clinic Doctor Bolton sat in the swivel chair in front of her old-fashioned roll-top desk, her hair pushed back off her damp forehead and her long legs flung out in front of her. The hands of the small alarm clock on the desk pointed to six-thirty. She did not move. Just sat. As though incapable of summoning enough energy to get up, close her desk, and lock the front door.

For eighteen years this raw-boned, bushy-haired bespectacled spinster had been trying to bring healthful vigor out of the pitiful poverty and hopeless inertia of O'Reilly Place. Eighteen years. And the Mapellis and the Garcias and the Ferraros and the Locarrnos gave her a reverence they shared only with their God.

But Doctor Bolton had not accomplished her aim. O'Reilly Place was still a deep pit of despair and squalor and misdemeanor. She could treat the poor ill bodies of these neighbors of hers. She could teach them to want cleanliness rather than filth. And to value temperance above depravity—but for what?

They must still live in buildings rats spurned. They must still sleep, whole families, huddled into one ill ventilated room. They must face the terror of winter's cold and the nightmare of summer heat with nothing within them, mentally or physically, to combat either. They must still live and die, and beget and bear their children in the public square that is the family bed room. These things Doctor Bolton's neighbors on O'Reilly Place must do—and call it living.

These things made her pity and love them, comfort and help them. Made her dedicate her life to them. These things that could be remedied—but weren't!

She did what she could for them. But it was such a hopeless job she'd undertaken. Too much for any one person. Yet outside of the doctors who donated certain hours each week to the clinic, she sat in the squalor of O'Reilly Place playing her lone hand.

Lately, of course, there had been a ripple of outside activity. Indicating that somewhere people were beginning to recognise the fact that a cankerous bitterness was eating out the hearts of the inhabitants of all the O'Reilly Places in the land. A bitterness that, unless stemmed, would one day seep into the vitals of the country itself.

And those people were trying to solve the problems. But they were attacking it the wrong way. With heavy heart Doctor Bolton watched their emissaries go about their work. The blundering, ineffectual gathering of sheaves of statistics, and longed to tell them that it wasn't statistics O'Reilly Place needed—it was decent buildings.

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WOMEN NEED LOVE

Buildings with plumbing that worked. Buildings with sunlight and fresh air filtering through wide windows instead of cracks and skylights. The inhabitants of O'Reilly Place needed hope, and work for their hands, and a large dose of courage and faith, and the vision of a to-morrow that would blot out the memory of yesterday and to-day and the wretchedness of their despair. Such things O'Reilly Place needed—not statistics.

As always, when Doctor Bolton arrived at this point in her vision, she said, through tight lips, "The fools! They could stop it—if they would." And she burst into tears. Hopeless, helpless tears of frustration.

Only when she was wretchedly tired and discouraged as she was to-night did Doctor Bolton allow O'Reilly Place to crowd in on her this way.

She could not let it happen often, it would break her physically. But to-night the hopeless dead-end street was beating its agonised fists on the walls of her spirit with such tragic appeal that she could not keep any semblance to emotional control.

No one ever saw her head bent in misery and fear. Doctor Bolton kept these dark hours locked in her heart. And to-morrow not a patient or doctor would suspect that for a little while to-night she had been a fragile, terrified woman frantic for a way to turn.

They would not suspect because to-morrow she would greet them with the same serene eyes and the same tender hands and the same limitless sympathy that she had been giving them for eighteen years.

At ten minutes to seven Doctor Bolton turned the night latch on the front door, walked to the old three-story brick house that adjoined the clinic, and let herself in with a small flat key. By this simple expedient "The Santa Maria of O'Reilly Place" transferred her activities from office—to home.

. . . . . .

Joan really knew very little about Doctor Bolton, whom she had not seen in over ten years. This suspension of relations was no fault of the Eatons, for they were devoted to the lumbering, hearty medic who had been in the base hospital for which Ruth drove an ambulance in France.

It was the doctor who did not cross the dividing line between up and downtown New York. Murray Hill and O'Reilly Place were worlds apart, and Doctor Bolton found it impossible to take time off from her world to venture into the Eatons'.

So years went by, with Ruth maintaining a stubborn, if somewhat intermittent, contact with this dear friend of her youth. Periodically Ruth invited herself down to O'Reilly Place for dinner. And always at the end of the evening she tucked a cheque into some not too inconspicuous place, where either Doctor Bolton or Teressa would be sure to find it. This was her way of saying "carry on" to Mary Elizabeth Bolton.

At exactly seven Joan's taxi rolled up to the kerb and stopped. Before she could pa.' the driver a half-dozen bare-legged, shrill-voiced, scraggly-haired urchins were scrambling over the fenders and trying to open the doors of the cab. The driver snarled a curt order to "Keep off!" but they paid no attention to him. O'Reilly Place urchins were immune to snarls.

Joan cut her way through the thin, eager little faces to Doctor Bolton's door. She gave the old-fashioned brass bell a vigorous turn, and was relieved that the door opened almost immediately. The wide-eyed children with their pathetic glances made her feel almost apologetic.

To the Italian woman who stood in front of her she said, "Good evening. I'm Miss Eaton. Is the doctor expecting me?"

The woman smiled at her, and Joan was warmed by its glow. "Si, please come in."

Joan followed her into the cool, dim hall. As the door closed behind her a husky voice from upstairs shouted, "Is that you, Joan? I'll be right down."

Teressa led Joan into the room at the left of the stairs.

It was evident that formality was not the watchword of the Bolton household. But Joan liked it. She liked the voice that shouted its hearty welcome down the stairs. She liked Teressa's simple, gracious manner.

There was a commotion on the stairs, and the next instant Doctor Bolton stood in the doorway. Joan looked at her in astonishment. Her memory had not prepared her for the quantity of bone structure Nature fashioned and Doctor Bolton's parents named "Mary Elizabeth." She stood in the midst of the blank silence, awed by the size of this woman who stood before her.

THEN the doctor came towards her, hand outstretched and full lips parted in a friendly smile. "Didn't you remember I was such a horse?"

Joan was confused by the surety with which this amazing woman had divined her thoughts, and showed it. But the doctor dispelled her acute discomfiture. "Don't mind. I'm used to it. I've seen that look in people's eyes since I was sixteen. It doesn't bother me any more."

"Did it once?" Already Joan was so at home with this godmother of hers that she skipped formalities.

"Yes, terribly." Doctor Bolton's eyes looked into hers with simple directness. "Until one day a man told me he loved me more than anything in the world.

"It was so long ago I can scarcely call back the echo of his words. But he said it. And meant it, too. He is buried in France. But after he told me I never minded my size again, because he didn't."

"All these years you've loved him like this?" Joan's voice was awed.

"Yes, all these years. And I suspect it'll go through whatever eternity turns out to be. At least I hope it will. I'd be so lonely without him."

That was how it all started. And before Joan realised what was happening she was telling Doctor Bolton about Randy and the problem she faced.

She hadn't dreamed it would be like this. Hadn't dared hope it would be so easy to talk to this woman to whom she had come for help. But it was.

All through Teressa's simple but delicious dinner Joan talked. Starting with the day she hurdled Clyn't hedge to meet Randy, through the scene on board The Valiant, to his formal, stilted leave-taking in front of Dora Wicks last night.

Doctor Bolton listened intently. She asked very few questions, but managed to convey a warm, friendly interest in even the most minute detail of Joan's story.

She had just finished recounting Alicia's matrimonial melee when Teressa came in with coffee and a large bowl of fresh fruit and nuts.

The doctor did not speak until she had peeled a pear and cracked three walnuts. Then she turned to Joan. "I know Randy. He comes down here every Saturday. He's one of the best young men in the business. Know Dora Wicks, too. He brings her along. She's a good nurse as far as mechanics go, but she's got no heart. She isn't warm inside. Got to have warmth to be really good. What had you in mind? What do you think can be done about the matter?"

Joan's eyes were pleading. "Put me to work in your clinic. Let me learn the things Randy says a doctor's wife has to know."

The survey Doctor Bolton made of her was keenly professional. "What makes you think you've got what it takes to handle a job like this? Loving Randy isn't enough to carry you through the things my O'Reilly Place patients can think up to pile on you. It'll take nerve and patience and unbounded sympathy. I'm no more certain than Randy that you've got these things."

"Don't you see?" Joan's voice was sharpened with the intensity of her feeling. "If I can't handle it, I'll know Randy's right. But if I can—then I'll rate more from him than an infrequent, casual love scene."

Looking deep into her serious, eager eyes the doctor weighed Joan's words while her hands went on cracking nuts. At last she said, "You can't tell by looking at a person what they've got inside. Some of you little women can stand a whale of a lot more than horses like me.

"Offhand, though, I'd say Randy's right. You don't look the sturdy type. But we'll give you a whirl, just to see. What happens if Randy's estimate of you is accurate?"

Joan did not answer at once. She looked through the squares of the old-fashioned starched scrim curtains to the blur of yellow light the street lamp made at the window. Then, terrified by the possibility of her inadequacy, her shaky voice managed to say, "In that case I'll do what Randy told me to do—marry someone of my world."

"You're quite sure you want to take this on? It means two nights and three days of work, hard work, every week."

Joan just nodded her head.

"You'll want to avoid Saturdays, won't you?"

"Please. No one, especially Randy, must know about this until we see how I get on."

"All right, then, come down Thursday and Friday nights. And Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday all day. That will give you your week-ends free, and avoid Saturdays. But you've got to be here. No skipping a day now and then. The first time you don't appear our agreement ends. I'll pay you . . ."

Joan interrupted, "Please, doctor, I don't want to be paid."

Doctor Bolton stopped her. "That's nonsense. It isn't much, but I pay my assistants ten dollars a week. This must be done on a business basis or not at all."

"But I don't know anything about assisting."

"You'll catch on, if you've got the stuff. Anyway you can answer the telephone. No arguing now, it's settled. Come to work to-morrow. See you've got uniforms and good sensible shoes. And don't come rolling up here in a taxi either. Use the subway. O'Reilly Place is class conscious."

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The muffled brrr of the doorbell sounded through the house. They heard Teresa's lumbering step moving down the hall. The next second a shrill, terrified voice split the air.

Doctor Bolton was up from the table and half-way down the hall before Joan caught up with her. She pushed Teresa aside and said to the tousle-headed boy of eleven or twelve who stood on the stoop, leaning heavily on the crutch he held under one arm, "What is it, Donaldo?"

The boy's voice reminded Joan of a siren screaming an alarm. "It's Giovanna again, Doctor. Tony ain't—isn't—home and he told me to come for you if she started bleedin' again; an' she has."

Teresa had taken the doctor's black bag off the top of the old-fashioned upright piano in the living-room and was holding it directly under Mary Elizabeth Bolton's right hand. She snatched it from Teresa and said to Joan, "Come on, you're going with me."

They ran to the shadowy building that stood like a blowzy slattern at the corner of the block. When they reached the ill-lighted vestibule, Donaldo, with remarkable agility and speed, considering the pathetic little leg that hung helpless from his left hip, led them up the two flights to the Garcia apartments.

Doctor Bolton did not knock, she opened the door and went right in. Joan followed her.

It was a cheerless room, with one small lamp shedding its wan light from a wall socket over the bed on which lay the white-faced, black-haired, pathetically thin Giovanna. The air was stagnant and thick, but it was from lack of ventilation not any inner untidiness, for the room was scrupulously clean.

Doctor Bolton bent over the bed. Joan stood beside her. Giovanna Garcia's soft brown eyes opened and she tried to smile, but a cough wracked her wasted little body and blood stained her pale lips. Doctor Bolton opened her bag and went to work, and Joan felt, for just a second, deathly ill.

Doctor Bolton ordered Joan to keep damp gauze on Giovanna's head. Joan went into the kitchen to get a basin and water. Like the bedroom it was shining with cleanliness.

They worked over Giovanna for an hour. At last, with the aid of a hypo, they got her to sleep.

They stood up, and Joan thought her back would snap in two. Doctor Bolton said to her, "What time is it? Can you see?"

Joan looked at the tiny oblong of platinum and diamonds on her wrist. "It's eleven o'clock."

Donaldo crept into the wan circle of light, his wide, frightened eyes looking like lanterns in that shabby room. Doctor Bolton whispered to him, "What times does Tony get home, Donaldo?"

"Sometimes very late. Maybe not tonight though. The rich don't like nights as hot as this. Tony says they go to the country."

Joan looked questioningly at Doctor Bolton. "Tony is a waiter in some restaurant on the Avenue. He'll come back the minute he can get away, but we mustn't leave her."

The doctor turned to Donaldo again and Joan stood transfixed. Tragic, brutal vistas of life that she had not known existed opened up for her as she stood taut and frightened in that stifling hot room.

These were the things Randy saw every day. This was what he meant by "realities." Here "realities were grimly real." Here "sickness and poverty and despair stalked like ghosts." Now she knew why he had called her a "waster."

She came back to the hot room. Doctor Bolton was talking to Donaldo. "What time does your mother get home?"

Donaldo's wide eyes that should have been sleeping hours ago looked into the doctor's. "Pretty soon, I hope."

The doctor turned to Joan. "We'll have to wait. Donaldo's mother is a cleaner in one of the office buildings uptown. He won't go to sleep until she gets home, that's why Tony has him look after Giovanna. When Mrs. Romerro gets here we'll tell her what to do. She can put Donaldo to bed, they live across the hall, and can stay with Giovanna until Tony comes."

It was past midnight when they went down the rickety stairs. The night air was a relief. They walked along breathing deep of its almost cool freshness. The doctor said, as they reached the clinic, "Come in and call a taxi from here. I don't have a phone in the house."

Joan put in her call. When she had finished Doctor Bolton eyed her quizzically. "Still want to come down here?"

Joan went to the window and looked out over O'Reilly Place. She was achingly weary from bending over Giovanna. And her mind stalked her tired brain with frightening thoughts. She had done nothing to-night. If her body ached like this now what would it do under pressure of hours and hours of work?

Was Doctor Bolton right, didn't she have what this job needed? Wasn't she "sturdy?" O'Reilly Place lay hopeless and inert in the midnight gloom. She saw the shadow of the building in which Giovanna was perhaps dying. She thought of Donaldo. Of the clear, proud eyes of his mother—and her red, swollen hands. She saw, too, the dirty, littered gutters . . .

She turned and faced Doctor Bolton. "What time do you want me here in the morning?"

The doctor's eyes flashed approval. "Get your uniforms and shoes and be here by ten o'clock."

. . . . . .

It took Joan some time to get so that she could give a hypodermic without cringing, but under Doctor Bolton's expert tutelage she became a surprisingly efficient assistant. And though Ruth worried and wondered at her mysterious absences from home, she did not crowd for explanations, so Joan kept her secret well.

The third week she was in O'Reilly Place one of the dental nurses said, "This is no clinic, it's a matrimonial bureau. Two weddings out of the place last year and now Dora Wicks all but admitting she's going to marry her boss."

They were in Doctor Bolton's office and when Joan dropped the date book Doctor Bolton said, quickly, "Guess you're right, Hilda. When do you and Larry break the news?" Which so confused the garrulous Hilda that she did not notice Joan's white face and frightened eyes.

That night at dinner Joan was taut and tight-lipped. And though Ruth tried desperately to find what was hurting her child, Joan remained silent and aloof; but by four o'clock the next afternoon she'd lost all semblance of control.

The fear that she was losing Randy for good and all, that he'd marry Dora before she'd proved to him she could work herself out of the waster class, robbed her of all reason. Bewildered and fearful, she groped for the right person from whom to beg help.

Ruth was too close to her. Besides she was a woman and instinct told Joan this crisis called for a male point of view. Alicia had cut her off from Ted so that even if he had been competent to help her she could not go to him. Clynt would be flip and refuse to take her seriously. Jose—she would go to Jose!

His man, Wong, answered her impatient ring and told her that Jose was in the garden. She crossed the silent drawing-room to the french doors and looked out over the neat patchwork of flower beds and lawn to where Jose was standing talking to a woman. He saw her, said, "Excuse me, please," and came to the foot of the steps. The woman turned around. It was Alicia.

Joan stood frozen. What was Alicia doing in Jose's garden? Having stripped Ruth of everything else, was she attempting to alienate her friends?

Her own problem was swept aside by the urge to save Ruth further hurt at the hands of the shallow, designing woman standing below her. Joan walked down the steps and went directly to Alicia. Her voice was accusing and brittle, "What are you doing here, Alicia?"

Tossing her head angrily, Alicia flung back, "I came to ask Signor Vasco to address the Connecticut Symphony Association. Teddy and I are entertaining them next week."

Still accusingly, Joan said, "Do you think that's fair, Alicia? Jose is Ruth's friend."

"But he's Teddy's friend, too." Alicia's voice was getting shrill.

"But it's a different kind of friendship. You see Ruth and Jose played together as children."

Before Alicia could speak Jose broke in, "I am very sorry to interrupt, but I have a rehearsal in ten minutes. I must leave at once."

As he spoke Joan's eyes filled with terror. "But you can't leave. I have to talk to you."

Jose took her arm gently and led her away from Alicia. "Mrs. Eaton will excuse us, I'm sure." When the lilac bush safely separated them from Alicia, Jose said, "What is it, ma petite? What is worrying you?"

"It's something frightfully serious Jose. You must help me."

"Of course I will help you. Have dinner with me, we will talk then."

Joan's voice was hollow. "I can't make it for dinner. Would ten-thirty be too late?"

Jose said, looking at her sharply, "All right then, ten-thirty."

Joan bowed formally and muttered a stiff "good-bye," as she passed Alicia. There was a gleam of malice in Alicia's pretty prying eyes as she said, "Good-bye, Joan." She had heard Jose say, "All right then, ten-thirty."

With meticulous courtesy Jose declined Alicia's invitation to address the Connecticut Symphony Association—and brought wrath down upon his head. But even in the face of Alicia's bitter accusation that Ruth had told him not to be nice to her because she hated her and was turning all Ted's friends against her Jose managed to return sufficient control of his temper

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to see the new Mrs. Eaton in a taxi before he burst out with, "What a nasty little woman."

* * * * * * *

Ruth put her signature to the last of the day's correspondence—and decided to go home. She was hot and tired and there was nothing left on her desk that couldn't wait until morning.

She was just putting on her hat when Maynie came in and announced, "Mrs. Eaton, the new Mrs. Eaton, is here. She says she must see you."

Ruth had one of those mysterious flashes of intuition that gave her a vision of what was ahead. And it was not Alicia's face she saw—it was Joan's. She turned to Maynie. "Did she say what was important?"

Maynie's eyes were dark with concern. "Said it's about Joan."

It took Ruth a minute to collect herself, and whisper to Maynie, "Stay outside. I may need you." Then she walked to her neat, businesslike desk and sat down. Aloud, she said, "Please show Mrs. Eaton in."

All the way uptown, with every turn of the taxi wheel, Alicia's rage mounted. Preposterous as it was she was convinced that Ruth had swayed Jose's mind in regard to her. She believed it because she wanted to believe it. She always grasped at anything that threw Ruth into a noxious light. Her one idea was to make Ruth suffer for this latest offence. And she was cunnnig enough to choose the one weapon she knew would penetrate Ruth's armor—Joan.

Ted Eaton's wives faced each other across the smooth expanse of polished desk that separated them. Neither spoke. But their faces and general demeanor showed how utterly different they were in every respect.

Wisely, Ruth allowed Alicia the first word.

"Ruth, I came here to demand that you do something to curb Joan."

Sudden calm swept Ruth. Why had she allowed this woman to upset her? What right had she coming here making demands of her and her child?

She took the situation into her competent hands at once as she said, "Because you married Joan's father it does not necessarily follow you have any control over Joan, Alicia. I will not countenance any meddling from you in Joan's affairs."

Alicia tilted her chin. "Then her father will have something to say about her carryings on. I'll certainly see to it that Teddy takes a hand in seeing that she does not disgrace us."

Ruth's laugh was mirthless. "You need have no fear of Joan. I have every confidence in her judgment."

"It seems to me things have come to a pretty pass, when a mother refuses to save her child from making a spectacle of herself."

Fright clutched at Ruth. What did Alicia mean? Did she, after all, know things about Joan that she—Ruth—did not? Did Alicia know about Joan's mysterious absences from home? Did she know how she spent that time—and where?

She forced her voice to a calm she did not feel. "Perhaps it would be better if you'd stop generalising and be specific, Alicia. Just what has Joan done?"

"She is making a shameless play for Randy Stillman, and attempting to break up his affair with Dora Wicks."

Ruth took a heartening new grasp on her calm. "Joan's inherent sense of honor is sufficiently developed that when Randy has committed himself, if he ever does, to Dora Wicks, Joan will be the first to recognise Dora's rights. Joan is no poacher, Alicia. She will never steal another woman's husband or fiance."

Alicia cringed. Ruth's thust had hit home. Yet, strangely enough, Ruth felt no sense of victory. She only wished she might be rid of this woman who had so upset her life.

But Alicia had come to wreak havoc—not to be beaten. "I suppose you think it is all right for Joan to go to men's homes at any hour of the day or night?"

It was Ruth's turn to falter. What did Alicia mean? Slowly she asked, "Would you mind explaining that?"

"Of course I don't mind." All Alicia's cruel surety was back in her voice. "Do you know that she and Signor Vasco are in love with each other?"

Ruth had reached the absolute limit of endurance. "You are a vile-minded gossip, Alicia. And don't ever let me hear you mention my child's name again. Go home to Ted and tell him that never, so long as he remains in your house, shall he see Joan. If he wants to see her it must be some place far removed from you. Tell him these things, Alicia. And tell him that you caused this breach."

Alicia was white. "You would not dare do such a thing."

"I will not have to dare. I will only have to tell Joan what has happened here in these last few minutes. I know my child well enough to know that she will never set foot inside your door again—when she has heard of this scene."

Alicia's color was flowing again in her cheeks. "You can't frighten me this way. Teddy is her father, he has some rights."

"Don't forget, Alicia. I got the divorce. I am the injured party—from every legal angle. Let me hear of your spreading so much as one lie about my child and I'll . . . I'll . . ."

Alicia threw back her head. "What will you do? What can you do?"

Cunning took the reins of Ruth's thoughts. She looked at Alicia with steady, steely eyes. "Do you know what I will do? I will borrow some of your shabby tricks—and get Ted back!"

Not until Ruth saw the shattering effect of her threat did she know how completely she had routed Alicia.

By sheer chance she had touched the spring that set terror throbbing in Alicia's soul. The terror that, some day, Ted would want to return to Ruth.

Alicia groped for some weapon to use against this woman who had been clever enough to discover her secret dread. She made a last onslaught:

"You think I lie, do you? Then ask Signor Vasco if Joan was at his house less than an hour ago. And ask him if she is not coming back at ten-thirty to-night?"

Ruth fought for control. Automatically her finger touched the button for Maynie. How she managed to say, "See that Mrs. Eaton leaves at once, Maynie," she could never quite remember.

All she knew was that, half an hour later, she picked up the receiver of her telephone and said, "Please get Signor Vasco for me."

* * * * * * *

They sat in Jose's garden. Wong had served dinner, but they did not eat. Ruth because she could not and Jose because food meant nothing while Ruth sat opposite him looking pale and shaken.

Jose moved close to her. "What is wrong?"

Simply, directly, Ruth told him of Alicia's visit, and what she had said.

When she finished Jose got up and stalked around the garden like some caged wild animal, muttering profanities in five languages.

At last he came back to where she sat and took both her hands in his. "Do you believe what Alicia said?"

Ruth's eyes were pools of bewilderment. "Oh, Jose, I don't know what to believe. So much has happened in these last months—and I'm so tired."

He took her in his arms. Not as a lover does his beloved, but as a father does his child. He urged the tears that came with a rush and made no attempt to stop them. For he knew that she must, at last, allow her pent-up emotions release.

When the tears stopped and Jose had settled Ruth into a comfortable chair, he told her of Joan's visit.

When he'd finished Ruth looked at him and said: "The poor befuddled baby. How can we set her right?"

"That's the problem. She is going to ask me to do something for her when she comes to-night. What do you suppose it is?"

Ruth frowned. "It will be some foolish thing I'm afraid. She is so upset she is thinking in circles. Did she tell you why she could not see you until so late?"

"No."

Ruth was her sure, efficient self again and her mind was clicking with its usual precision. "Somehow we must keep her from doing anything she'll be sorry for to-morrow."

"But how? Joan is not one to be prodded into telling her affairs."

"I know. And I'm afraid to approach her. If she had wanted me to know she would have come to me instead of to you."

For an hour they discussed ways and means, and at last decided to elicit Clynt's aid.

Ruth was convinced of the need for immediate action, so lost no time in getting Clynt's home. Whatever plan Joan had, Ruth was certain it was unsound—and that it involved Randy.

Her anxiety made her hurry with breathless intensity. Her child's happiness was in danger—and she must somehow save her.

* * * * * * *

It was a quiet night at the clinic. Joan left early and arrived at Jose's a little ahead of schedule.

They went into the garden, and Joan came at once to the point of her visit. "You meant it when you said you would help me, didn't you?"

His voice was soothing. "Most certainly I did. What is it you want me to do?"

"I'm desperate, Jose. Randy Stillman is going to marry his nurse, if I don't do something to stop it."

"But my child, you can't stop that sort of thing. Men marry the women they love."

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She looked at him steadily. "Do they always?"

Jose winced and Joan said quickly, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. But you see they don't. That's my point."

"What do you suggest?" His voice was very tender.

"Jose, I love Randy—terribly; and I think he loves me. But maybe he's afraid to tell me because he thinks I'm not sturdy, and that I don't know the things doctors' wives should know. But I do know those things now. So don't you think if you told him I was going to marry someone else it would do the same thing to him that the thought of his marrying Dora Wicks does to me? And don't you think it would make him tell me he loves me?"

Jose looked at the glaze of near-hysteria in her eyes and at her trembling hands—and knew how very close to the breaking point this confused child was. Cautiously he felt his way. "You do love him very much, don't you, Joan?"

"Oh, Jose, so much that it is driving me mad. Because we can't seem to talk to each other honestly."

He was very gentle with her. "And won't this plan of yours add just another difficulty? It is a lie. If you are seeking honesty, it seems to me you are going about it in a rather obscure manner."

She looked at him with new terror. "Then you won't do what I ask?"

"No love is worth its name that is built on anything but the truth. Believe me, Joan."

"That's what I thought, too. But it seems it isn't so. I tried being honest and got nowhere. It seems that men want women to play games with them. Look at Alicia."

"Joan, it is not so. Go to Randy, let him know what is in your heart. And he will tell you honestly what you mean to him."

A hysterical laugh broke through her lovely lips. "Don't let your sentimentalism run away with you so, Jose. I tried that. And was told to peddle my heart among my own kind." A sob caught in her throat. "But don't you see, Randy is my kind. I want him. . . ."

They had not heard the door bell. So turned in astonishment at the sound of Clynt's voice. "What goes on? You're acting anything but a lady, Joan. I could hear you out on the street."

Joan turned on him with fury. "What made you come here? Go away. I have something to discuss with Jose, and we must be alone."

Clynt came down the steps and walked over to her. "Indeed? Well, get this, pigeon, I came to take you home—and that's exactly what I'm going to do."

. . . . . .

The slender cord of control with which Joan had tied her frazzled nerves, suddenly gave way. Her voice took on a shrill, frantic note. "Go away, I tell you. This does not concern you. I must talk to Jose . . ."

The palm of Clynt's right hand struck the smooth, soft surface of her lips with a resounding wham. And behind the slap was sufficient force to break through to the shred of sense Joan retained.

She looked at him, stupefied and unbelieving. Then her eyes filled with tears—and sanity.

Clynt turned to Jose. "Sorry to develop into a woman-beater. But some of 'em need it." He turned back to Joan then, and though she was sobbing pitifully, he showed no emotion toward her. He simply took her hand in his and said, again to Jose, "If you'll pardon us, I'll take the pieces home and try to paste them together."

Jose followed them into the house. Clynt took Joan's hat off the console table in the hall and jammed it on her head. At the door he said, "Good night, Jose. Sorry to rush your charming little guest away like this." And all but dragged Joan down the steps.

Immediately they reached the sidewalk Clynt said, "I'm taking you to my house. I'll try to get you looking human. We can't let Ruth see you in this state."

Joan did not answer. Sobs still broke through her lips with convulsive regularity, and tears streamed down her face. When they reached Clynt's he settled her among the cushions of the library divan. Clynt did not speak. He was waiting for the tears to stop. But he didn't tell her that—he just waited.

Gradually the sobs decreased. And a peaceful calm crept into the secret places of Joan's heart, brushing before it the fright that, for all these weeks, had been lurking there.

Joan broke the silence. "Why did you come to Jose's?"

Clynt moved his chair closer to the divan, so he could look directly into her face. "It's quite a story. Want to hear all the details?"

"Please."

So he told her about Ruth's coming to him, and begging his help. He told her many other things, too.

He went back into the past and told her why Ruth had gone to work at Claybourne, Ltd. He told her of the hopelessness of Ted's illness and of Ruth's gallant, secret battle. And cleared up any doubt there might have been in her mind as to Ruth's deep love of her.

Then he told her of Alicia's visit to the store, and the malicious story she told Ruth of her fabricated affair with Jose.

Joan listened intently. When Clynt stopped speaking she said, "Why didn't Ruth came to me herself?"

Clynt was brutally honest. "She was afraid. Afraid you might resent her interference. But she would not let you make a fool of yourself. You see, pigeon, you have a very amazing mother. She accords her child the same courtesy she would a friend. She does not feel that the fact she bore you gives her the right to pry into your personal affairs."

"She is an amazing person, isn't she?" Joan looked at him closely. "And why did you come to Jose's? Because Ruth asked you to?"

He turned his eyes away from her for a moment, and when he looked back again there was something shining in his gaze that she had never seen there before. He said, very softly, "Because I love you."

Her breath caught in her throat. "Oh, Clynt!" Then, after his words had fully penetrated her incredulity, she reached out and touched his hand. "You're serious, aren't you?"

"Very."

Her hushed voice fell on the room like a sigh. "How long have you felt this way?"

"From the first day I saw you. You were making sounds like pigeons do when they coo under the eaves. I believe you were the ripe old age of three, and I was twelve."

"Then all these times you've said you loved me—you meant this kind of love?"

"Didn't you suspect?"

"No. I thought you were being funny."

He looked at her hand as it lay, small and white in his. Solemnly he raised it to his lips and kissed the cupped palm. "And now that you know, does it make any difference? I'm offering you all of me, pigeon. Does it interest you?"

The years, the long, sweet years of their camaraderie, crowded her memory. She could not give up this dear friend—yet she could not love him either. Not with the kind of love he wanted.

She held fast to his hand. "Please listen to me very carefully, Clynt, won't you?"

His voice was low. "Of course I will. What is it?"

She told him of her love for him. Of how very near to her heart he was, and how strangely empty her life would be if he were not a part of it. Then she told him about Randy.

It was midnight when the soft drone of her voice died down and she said, "That's how it is, my dear. Do you understand?"

He got up from his chair and walked over to the window. The window from which, he and Randy had watched her hurdle the hedge that long-ago April night. The night Randy had sealed her heart. Tears welled in his eyes.

It was minutes before he turned back to her and said, putting out his hand, "All right, pigeon. We go on from here—just as we were."

She grasped his hand tightly. "Always, always it will be the same, won't it, Clynt? I'll never lose you?"

With effort he managed the transition from the serious voice he had been using, to his usual bantering tone, "You forget I'm a clinging Claybourne."

Her shaky, relieved laugh broke the tension as her lips lightly brushed his cheek. "Thank you, angel."

In full possession of his poise again, he said, "It's better this way. If I were married to you I couldn't tell you off—and you need periodic telling."

She returned, too, to their familiar good-natured ridicule. "What do you mean by that?"

"That I'll have to spend my life dragging you out of scrapes." Before she could answer he glowered at her. "But you've got to stop it. I can't have you treating my vice-president this way. You're undermining her efficiency."

Joan was serious again. "I know I've acted like an idiot. I think I'm safely over it, though. I don't know what made my nerves get in such a state."

He smiled at her wryly. "It's love, baby."

"But he doesn't love me, Clynt."

"How do you know?"

"He told me so."

"That day on the boat, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, aren't you a 'waster'?" What have you done to change his opinion of you?"

She told him then about O'Reilly Place. And his whistle of astonishment sounded shrilly through the still room. "Hanged if I don't believe you are in love. Want me to tell him he's got you all wrong?"

"That's pretty sporting of you. But first I've got to know I have what Doctor B. calls 'the stuff.'"

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WOMEN NEED LOVE

His eyes searched her face. "Meanwhile Dora Wicks can get in some fine work, don't forget that."

"I know. That's why I got panicked and tried to crowd Randy."

"What do you mean 'crowd'?"

She made a complete confession then. She told him everything. Even to her hope of forcing Randy's hand.

He said, "You nit-wit! So that was your plan? Lucky we stopped that blunder."

"Don't rub it in. I realise how silly I was. I just got scared. But now I know there's nothing for it but to take my chances."

He got up and held out his hands to her. "What you've got to do now is go home. Ruth is probably crazy with worry. Though I told her I wouldn't bring you in until I had some sense pounded into you."

"I'll go right now." She gathered up her hat and gloves and purse, then said, "And I'll try to make it up to Ruth, Clynt. I promise."

"You bet you will—or I'll beat you."

The garden was fragrant with summer bloom as they took hold of each other's hands, made a running start, and jumped the hedge. When they landed on the Eatons' side Clynt pulled Joan to a stop. He stood for a moment looking deep into her eyes before he said, "May I kiss you, just once, as though I were your sweetheart—if I promise to give you only brotherly kisses in the future?"

She did not speak, but her answer was in her eyes.

His lips released hers reluctantly. "Thank you, pigeon. It was as sweet as I'd dreamed it would be."

She clutched at his hand. "Please, Clynt, don't be bitter."

It took effort, but he laughed—and it had some of the old ring. "Don't worry. I won't have time. What a job I've got ahead of me. Being big brother to America's problem child!"

RUTH had let herself into her hushed house with a sense of impending destiny. What would the night bring? There were lamps burning in the living-room, but Ruth went directly upstairs. She knew she faced a long wait for Clynt had meant it when he said, "I won't bring her home until I've pounded sense into her." And it would be easier to bear the waiting if she were doing things.

The house still held some of the day's heat. She put on her coolest robe, and wandered restlessly from room to room. She went in to make sure Joan's windows were open wide. She smoothed the pillows on the bed and rearranged the lamp that Sadie had left burning.

She went into the hall, hesitated, then (for the first time since he'd moved to Connecticut) she opened the door to Ted's room. Slowly she walked inside.

Once he had carried her across this threshold, had kissed her very tenderly and said, "I'll love you always. No matter what happens, remember that, won't you?"

And here she was—remembering.

She closed the door softly and went downstairs. She dare not permit herself the indulgence of remembering. Yesterday's pain belonged to yesterday.

* * * * * *

Joan found her asleep in a corner of the divan. The magazine she had been reading was open in her lap. She stood for a moment looking at the calm, lovely face of this woman who was her mother. Then, with lips that transmitted a new gentleness, she kissed the wide, white brow.

Ruth stirred, opened her eyes—and saw Joan. Repose dropped from her like a cloak as she stood up. Hungrily she searched Joan's face. And suddenly, without a word being spoken, Joan gathered her in her arms.

They did not speak. These two women who had, at last, found the way to each other's hearts. Their emotion was too deep for words, too perfect to mar with talk.

They sat on the divan. Joan was curled up little girl fashion with her head tucked comfortably on Ruth's shoulder. She was the first to speak. "Can you ever forgive me for doing the cruel things I have to you?"

As her hand stroked the coppery sheen of Joan's head, Ruth's contented voice answered her. "Oh, to have you back, to feel you close to me again, is worth any pain it has cost me."

"But I've been such a pig-headed brat. I wouldn't see your side of things. I should have known you had a darn good reason for getting a job." Joan's eyes sought Ruth's. "You see, Clynt told me why you went to work at Claybourne, Ltd."

Ruth was silent a moment before she said, "It seems absurd to go way back to that. After all, what difference does it make—now?"

"It might make a lot. Ted doesn't know why you took the job. If he understood he'd feel chagrined, too."

"But he is not to know. Do you hear me, young lady?"

Joan would not be deterred. "Why not?"

"For reasons best known to myself."

Joan's eyes took on a malicious gleam. "Clynt told me about Alicia coming to you this afternoon. Told me what she said, too—and how you handled her. It was a master stroke."

"What was?"

"Telling her that if she didn't behave you'd get Ted back."

Mother and daughter looked each other honestly in the eye. Joan said, "You could, without half trying."

Ruth held Joan very close to her. "Once I might have been tempted. Because I did love him very much."

"Don't you love him now?"

"With a sort of protective love; but not the kind it takes to make marriage a success." She stopped a moment, then went on:

"Warmed-over love is poor fare. Neither Ted nor I would like it, I'm sure. Besides, Alicia is a better wife for him than I could ever be."

Joan was indignant. "How can you say that? You know what she'll do; she'll regulate every move he makes."

"That's it. That makes her good for Ted. He needs someone to manage him. It's probable I could win him back, if I started my campaign right away.

"Habit is strong in humans, and he hasn't quite gotten over the habit of me yet. But in a year Alicia will have established a whole new set of customs. And he'd be thoroughly engrossed in his new life."

"But," Joan's voice was incredulous, "don't you hate having Alicia win, like this?"

"I'm afraid I'm a little old for such violent reactions, sweet. I've almost arrived at the point where I can say honestly that I wish them luck."

Joan looked at her quizzically. "How did you happen to marry Ted? Was he strong and reliant then?"

"No. I don't think he ever had those qualities. It was during the war, you know."

"Yes. Doctor Bolton told me."

Ruth showed her surprise. "When have you seen Mary Liz?"

Joan told her then about O'Reilly Place. About her first visit to "Mary Liz," as Ruth called Doctor Bolton, and why she was working there.

Ruth listened with rapt attention. When Joan had finished she said, "I owe you an apology. I was worried about your strange absences and must admit I did not give you credit for doing anything as constructive as the work you are into. How are you getting on?"

"WELL enough, I guess. Doctor Bolton says we won't know though if I've got what it takes until I hit a major test. But O'Reilly Place calls me 'Doctor Joan,' so I must be making some progress."

"You told me you didn't believe in women having careers. Yet here you are, into something that looks suspiciously like one to me."

The room was still with the hush that precedes dawn. After a moment Joan's voice, very low, broke that hush. "You're right. I hadn't thought of it in just that light. I'd only thought of proving to Randy that I'm not a waster."

"You like O'Reilly Place, don't you? You like the work?"

"So much. It gives me such a warm feeling inside, knowing I'm really helping those poor things."

Ruth took her hand in her warm grasp. "Suppose Dora Wicks should marry Randy, what will you do then? Will you give up O'Reilly Place?"

Joan looked at her with frightened eyes. "I don't know what I would do."

The firm fingers of Ruth's hand took a tighter hold on her child's. "I'll tell you what you'll do. You'll go right ahead proving, not to Randy, but to yourself, that Joan Eaton has the stuff Joan Eaton wants her to have.

"Don't think for a minute I underestimate your desire to show Randy how wrong he is. But the most important person of all is—yourself. The only power we have to live fully and fight through is what we generate within us. No outside agency, no husband or lover or kin, can help us get that power. It is every human's right to build within himself the thing he wants to be.

"Therein lies not only our strength, but our peace. Build a strong, self-reliant person of Joan Eaton, that's all I ask."

Joan looked at Ruth questioningly. "Have you this 'inner peace' you speak of? Is that why you can give Ted up to Alicia?"

"Perhaps. I've learned so much these last months. Things I knew, in an abstract sort of way, but had never been called upon to put into practice."

"Did it make you lose the bitterness, too?"

"I don't believe I ever felt bitter towards Ted. I know him so well. You see, my generation went through a war. And it did something quite terrible to us."

Joan was watching Ruth's face intently. "How do you mean?"

"Take Ted and me. We were born to the convention-cushioned safety of the late '90's. But we were weaned on shrapnel fire and bayonet steel. It's a little difficult, keeping intact all the nice, neat standards your

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mother taught you—when you are watching men being slaughtered. Life suddenly becomes so insecure—and Death so certain. That's war. It makes strong people stronger, and weakens the weak ones."

"Ted was weak, wasn't he?"

"It wasn't his fault. He was so young he hadn't had time to build any defence inside himself."

"You had a stronghold, though. That's why you went to work, wasn't it?"

"We had to live, didn't we? But it wasn't fun for me or for any of my contemporaries who found themselves in similar positions. I'll wager, if you took a census of all the women my age who are in business to-day, you'd find some such story as mine back of every one of them."

Joan looked thoughtfully across the garden. "And Alicia says you did it to feed your vanity."

"All Alicia's kind of women, and the world says that of us. I'm not excusing my generation, you understand. I'm simply explaining why we are as we are. Our men came home from war—shattered. And out of the confusion and welter of trying to adjust a war-maddened world to the tempo of peace, a new species of female was born.

"She's a strange hybrid, who has retained all her romantic emotionalism the while she's tried desperately to meet the requirements of the market place. I know we've made a mess of things. But we took the only course open to us, twenty years ago. And we've done the best we knew how. You, and your generation, will profit by our mistakes and work some sort of order out of the chaos."

Joan looked at her questioningly. "What can we do?"

"Please Heaven you'll never go back to Alicia's kind of clinging little woman. But you can strike a balance that will mean more happiness for you and the men you marry than we've ever known.

"We've pioneered for you. We've broken through the first wall of prejudice. You'll take up from there. Just let me warn you of one thing. Never get so engrossed in your job that you forget you're a woman—because then you forfeit your birthright."

Dawn was drawing a delicate finger of light along the eastern horizon when Joan said: "But you so-called modern women must find happiness too. You have that coming to you."

Ruth did not answer. So Joan said: "To be strictly personal, Jose loves you very much. Couldn't he make you happy?"

There was a deep silence before Ruth said: "I don't seem to have gained an entirely secure emotional perspective yet. Perhaps some day my heart will give me the answer to your question."

Joan's hand went to her temple in a mock military salute. "It may interest you to know that you have the admiration as well as the deep love of your child."

Though Ruth's eyes were filled with tears she fell right into the gay old game. "Thank you. But, being a woman, it is your love that matters."

Joan took her hand. "If it's all the same to you, I think I'll go back to calling you 'Mother.' May I?"

Ruth's voice shook with emotion. "I never wanted you to call me anything else. And, oh, darling, it'll be so good to hear it again.

They turned out the lamps and, with their arms linked tightly, went upstairs to bed. In Ruth's eyes was a peace that only Joan could put there—or erase.

IT seemed to Joan that on Friday night every inhabitant of O'Reilly Place filed through the neat, white rooms of the clinic. And she knew perfectly well that any number of them were not ill.

Doctor Bolton knew it, too. But with her usual good humor she gave the well ones the same serious consideration she did those who had real ailments. As she explained to Joan, the clinic was the only free entertainment O'Reilly Place had.

It was ten o'clock when Doctor Bolton and Joan ushered out of the last patient. Their uniforms were limp with moisture, and their bodies spent from exertion and heat.

With no attempt to cover her fatigue, Doctor Bolton collapsed into the chair in front of her desk. Joan stood leaning against the window casement, hoping for a breath of cool air. Each seemed engrossed in her own thoughts.

Joan looked out to the squalid, shadowy street. It was completely deserted. Fighting summer's heat was an old story to O'Reilly Place, and everyone knew their only hope of comfort was to get as far as possible from the hot pavements. So every inch of space on every roof top and every fire escape of every tenement had panting humans sprawled on it.

As her tired brain turned to personal thoughts the echo of Ruth's words came back to Joan: "You must build up within yourself a sufficiency that will withstand any outside force."

With a strange feeling of comradeship she looked at the shadowy buildings that lined both sides of the street. This poor place had given her the first ingredients with which to fashion her self-sufficiency. To these pathetically stricken people she owed a deep debt.

They had taught her pity and understanding and sympathy. They had taught her to think of Life in terms of reality instead of theory. They had started her pulse beating in tune with the whole of humanity.

They had taught her resource and, she hoped, tolerance. They had proved to her that the love of beauty and the hope of achieving it beat as strongly in the hearts of the denizens of O'Reilly Place as it did in the people uptown.

And though her mind was still hopelessly muddled, and she still went limp when she thought of Randy loving anyone else, she was beginning to face certain definite facts that would, ultimately, lead her onto firmer mental ground.

She knew now that it was useless to try to force Life. That one's best hope of doing a good job of living was to learn to handle what comes along with poise and dispatch. And to keep one's nerves in hand. No one can give you happiness, not even the man you love—you've got to build it inside yourself.

Joan did not realise that Doctor Bolton was watching her intently. But she was. All the week she had noticed Joan's agitation, and knew there was chaos in her personal life. But Doctor Bolton was not one to pry, so she had asked no questions.

To-night, however, she sensed a change in Joan, as though some of the tension had been released. And, on the chance it would do her good to talk things out, Doctor B. said quietly, "Something worrying you, Joan? Don't tell me what it is if you don't want to. But if it'll do you good to talk—I'm good audience."

Joan turned from the window and looked at her gratefully. "Thanks, Doctor B. I think I'd like to tell you all about it, if you don't mind. It's been so mixed up I couldn't discuss it before."

And, for the second time within twenty-four hours, Joan Eaton went into the confessional.

She told Doctor Bolton everything that had transpired in the last few hectic weeks, and finishing with a verbatim account of her heartening talk with Ruth the night before.

Nor did Joan spare herself in the telling. When she finished she looked at Doctor Bolton with honest eyes. "You see, I've made a rather thorough-going idiot of myself."

Doctor Bolton got up, walked over to the window, and took Joan's hand in hers. "Don't let that worry you. The woman who hasn't, at least once in her life, made an idiot of herself for love, should have died aborning. She's missed so much. The point of the thing is: Don't make a habit of it. Ruth's right, you've got to go on from here. Not as the kind of person Randy wants you to be, but as the kind you want to be."

They stood, silent and comfortable, with Joan's small hand nestled securely in Doctor Bolton's big, efficient palm.

Joan broke the stillness. "The ironic thing about it all is the way I've clung stubbornly to the idea that women should not have careers. Yet here I am—qualifying myself for the thing I've lectured against. I know I feel much more competent to love Randy now than before I understood what his work involved."

"Of course you do. And if it's true of you it's true of other women and other men, too."

They leaned on the window sill as they talked. Only the low drone of their voices broke the still air. But now, with the suddenness of a pistol shot, a shrill scream filled the night with terrifying menace.

It came from the corner building, where Donaldo lived. Where he was, even now, watching over Giovanna.

Doctor Bolton clutched at Joan's arm. "That sounds like Gert's voice."

White faced and tense they both tried desperately to pierce the blackness with their eyes. But they could see nothing. Joan said, "We'd better go down, hadn't we?"

As she turned from the window she saw a small figure streak across the circle of wan light the one street lamp cast. She glimpsed the figure at the same time she heard the tap, tap, tap of Donaldo's crutch. Doctor Bolton saw him, too, and screamed, "What is it, Donaldo? What happened?"

Terror made his voice shrill and penetrating. "The building afire. Mother of Heaven, get the engines quick!" He was sobbing no. "Get them quick. Giovanna can't walk."

Before he'd finished Joan's fingers had dialled "Operator." The next second her voice, trembling with emotion, but clearly distinct, was saying, "Report a fire at O'Reilly Place and End Street, please. Send the engines quickly." Then, just a shade hysterically, she added, "For the Lord's sake tell them to hurry. There are a lot of people . . ."

She slammed the receiver back on the hook and turned to find Doctor Bolton standing behind her with both their black bags in her hand. Joan took hers, as Doctor Bolton said, "Leave the door open. Someone's bound to be hurt. We'll bring them here."

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WOMEN NEED LOVE

Donaldo waited at the foot of the steps and ran with them to the corner.

In a choked voice the doctor called to Donaldo, "What happened? How did it start?"

Donaldo's shrill treble, veneered with terror, called back, "I don't know. When I went out in the hall it was full of smoke and flame was comin' out of Gert's room."

Gasping for breath Doctor Bolton managed to put vehement reaction into words. "Curse that woman! I warned her about smoking in bed. Why didn't someone discover it?"

"Everybody was on the roof or the fire escape."

Joan's heart went to lead. The ones on the fire escape would be all right, but what would the people on the roof do? They'd get clogged in that awful little passage that was the only exit—and never get out.

By now the hot night air was hideous with an amalgamation of sounds. The screams of terrified humans, the clatter and din of worldly possessions being flung from windows, and the ominous crackle of burning old wood.

They left their black bags with Donaldo who, with a screech of relief, plucked his scraggly yellow kitten out of the gutter in front of the burning building.

Immediately they went into the hall Joan saw why people were trapped on the roof and upper floors. The stairway was choked with thick white smoke. It was seething, frightening stuff that gave off a stifling gas.

Doctor Bolton breathed some of the smoke and went into a paroxysm of coughing. Hearing her Joan made a quick decision. She mustn't try to get through to Giovanna. She'd never make it.

It took some fast talking on Joan's part to convince hard-headed Mary Liz that she'd only make matters worse if she attempted to fight through the smoke screen, but Joan did it. And finally set her foot on the first step of the stairs.

Joan had to keep her eyes closed, but she held grimly to the banister as she felt her way up through the biting sickening atmosphere to the wobbly newel post of the second landing. As she rounded the turn into the hall, her ears caught the screech of sirens.

She found Giovanna huddled in a corner of the bed, coughing pitifully. Gently Joan lifted her in her arms. It was like lifting a large doll—her body was so thin.

As Joan turned back to the door a voice boomed like a cannon through the room. It said, "Where you at, babe? The old doc said I'd find you in the second room on the left."

Joan was too surprised to answer. The last thing in this world she expected was help with this job.

The voice boomed again, thoroughly irritated now, "Come on, come on, yell! I've got other people to get outa here, you know."

Joan screamed, "We're here. In the corner where the bed is."

The next instant her squinting, stinging eyes made out the shadowy outline of a visored cap and a pair of shoulders that looked as though they'd been carved from granite.

The fireman held out his arms and Joan deposited Giovanna in their vast security. To Giavanna the booming voice said, almost gently, "Don't lose your grip. Hold tight and Gus'll get you outa this filthy mess."

To Joan he said, "Come on, babe, grab onto my belt. We better hang together."

Obediently Giovanna wound her thin little arms around Gus' powerful neck as Joan clutched the strip of leather that encompassed his waist.

The second landing was an inferno now. One side of Joan's face came perilously close to being burned when a tongue of flame licked out and singed a wisp of her hair. But Gus got them through.

When they reached the safety of the pavement Joan's bloodshot eyes took in the horror of the scene.

Nets were spread in the street and firemen were shouting to panicked victims on the roof and upper floors to jump into them.

The building was honeycombed with ladders and streams of water. The water made a deafening hiss as it struck the flames, and the ladders were alive with husky rescuers carrying humans flung on their shoulders.

Over the din Gus' voice reached Joan. "Where we takin' this sick woman to, babe?"

Joan shook herself out of her stupor and shouted, "Follow me."

As they ducked under the ropes the police had thrown up around the menacing building Joan saw Donaldo. He was standing among the white-faced spectators watching with glazed eyes the horrible spectacle unfolding before him. Caesar, the yellow kitten, was clutched tightly against his ribs. Joan swooped him, his crutch and Caesar up in her arms and said, "Come on, angel, you've seen enough."

She and Gus ran all the way to the clinic.

She put Giovanna on the couch in Doctor Bolton's office. Then Joan said, "What can I do for you, Giovanna?"

A wan smile played for a second at the corners of the pale lips. "Thank you, Docteer Joan. I only wait for Tony now."

Joan made her as comfortable as she could and whispered, "I'll bring him to you the minute he comes."

She went at once to the washroom. She tied back her damp hair with a wide strip of gauze, sterilised her hands—and went to work.

The place was bedlam. Ambulances loaded with doctors, nurses and supplies arrived as if by magic.

The firemen brought every victim to the clinic. Doctors made examinations and gave fire aid. The serious cases were sent to hospitals. The minor injuries were cared for right there and, when treated, were sent up to the second floor where the Red Cross had spread mattresses.

The corps of white-gowned men and women worked with such efficient dispatch that by one o'clock they were beginning to bring some order out of the chaos.

Joan worked with Doctor Bolton. And though her uniform was rank with moisture and her eyes heavy with smoke and fatigue, her hands were steady and she was able to bring her full share of support to the scene.

When she looked in on Giovanna the feverish eyes would gaze hungrily behind her—for Tony.

At last he came and Joan took him to the office. She saw Giovanna hold out her limp little hand and Tony fall on his knees and lift it to his lips before she closed the door and went at once to Doctor Bolton. Quite calmly she said: "I think Giovanna is going to die."

Doctor Bolton searched her drawn face and hollow eyes. "Are you afraid?"

Joan's voice held firm. "No. But shouldn't we get the priest?"

Doctor Bolton pointed to a man who was helping bring in victims.

They opened the office door carefully, but Giovanna heard them and when she saw the priest her face lit up. "Eet is good you hav' come, padre."

The priest knelt beside the couch and Doctor Bolton went around to the other side. She took Giovanna's wrist in her hand while Joan searched her eyes—and read the truth.

Feebly Giovanna said: "Please hold me, Docteer Joan." And to Tony, "Take my hand, caro mio."

The priest took out his prayer book. Gently he spoke the words of the sacrament of extreme unction and anointed Giovanna with holy oil.

Joan's eyes were dry as she held Giovanna's head close to her heart. The emotions seething within her were too deep and too complex for the simple solvent of tears.

Suddenly Giovanna's head fell heavily against Joan's breast, her hand dropped out of Tony's grasp—and Joan Eaton looked upon Death.

. . . . . .

The Red Cross workers and Teresa brewed huge pots of coffee and great kettles of cereal in the big old kitchen of Doctor Bolton's house. And at seven o'clock started getting the refugees ready for breakfast.

When everyone had been served Joan went into the office and got Donaldo. She carried him and Caesar to the kitchen where she washed Donaldo's sleepy face and gave Caesar a large bowl of milk.

Donaldo clung to her with such pitiful intensity that she knelt beside him and fed him cereal a spoonful at a time.

They were alone in the kitchen when the door leading from the back hall opened—and Joan looked up into Randy's eyes.

She got up from her knees and ran her fingers nervously through her damp hair. Despite everything she could do her voice trembled when she said: "Good morning, Doctor Stillman. We had quite a time here last night."

Randy looked down at her. "Yes, I know. Doctor Bolton told me."

Without thinking what she was doing (without any thought, in fact, except that in his arms she would find rest and peace), she stumbled towards him. "I saw a woman die, Randy. I held her in my arms. She was young—and in love . . ."

She didn't finish, because for the first time in her life Joan Eaton fainted.

She knew she was lying on the couch in Doctor Bolton's office, and she knew they were talking about her. But for the life of her she couldn't get her eyes to open.

Doctor Bolton was telling Randy a lot of absurd things about how courageous she'd been and what nerve she'd shown during the fire. It was embarrassing—like listening to your own eulogy. Besides, it wasn't true. She hadn't been brave. She'd been scared going up those stairs for Giovanna.

She didn't know if it was minutes or hours later that she managed to open her eyes and smile crookedly. She looked directly at Doctor Bolton. "I heard what you told Randy. It isn't true. If I'd been any good I wouldn't have collapsed."

Doctor Bolton laughed. "Be still! I've been diagnosing courage for twenty-five years, and haven't mistaken a case yet."

Randy sat on the couch beside her, lifted her head on his arm and held a glass to

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her lips. His voice was professional. "Here, drink this."

Joan drank. And over the rim of the glass her eyes encountered Dora Wicks' gaze. It was cold with envy. Joan thought, "I know what makes her look frozen like that. She feels the way I did the night she held Randy's hand." Then, a little dully, her mind managed this observation, "I feel a sort of pity for her . . ."

But Doctor Bolton stopped further contemplation by saying to Randy, "Here's the cab, bring her along."

Whereupon Randy gathered Joan up in his arms and started for the door. Worried, Joan said, "What are you doing?"

Randy's voice was still professional, "Sending you home to sleep—and see that you do, too."

. . . . . .

Ruth and Sadie met her at the door of her home.

They took her out of her sticky uniform, put her into a hot bath, gave her a cup of coffee, and before she'd finished half of it she was asleep.

The house was dark and hushed when Joan opened her eyes. She stretched laxily—and groaned with pain. Her muscles, it seemed, resented being moved.

She lay, still and wide-eyed, contemplating the events of the past twenty-four hours. And she knew she had made the transition from childhood to womanhood.

A shadow fell across the threshold and Joan called, "Hi, there!"

Ruth came over to the bed table and clicked on the lamp. She had an evening paper in her hand and after she'd kissed Joan she said: "How does it feel to be a heroine?"

Joan yawned. "It makes you muscle bound. Why?"

Ruth spread the paper on the bed. "What's a bound muscle when you get publicity like this?"

Joan sat up and read the headline: "Society Girl Heroine of Tenement Disaster."

She groaned and looked up at Ruth. "Who did it?"

"Clynt. He's got Barry Newman who owns 'The Star' worked up into a frenzy of crusading. They're going to expose the housing racket. We were down talking to Mary Liz all morning. We got a first-hand account of your doings last night."

"But you shouldn't have believed her. I didn't do anything."

"You did enough to make me practically burst with pride. Besides Barry says it makes grand copy. The boys actually think they can make the men who own those tenements put up decent buildings. You don't mind being a party to that, do you?"

Joan almost shouted, "In that case they can plaster my name all over Barry's noisy sheet."

She noticed for the first time that Ruth was wearing a dinner frock. Quizzically she said, "Going places, Mrs. Eaton?"

Ruth smiled. "Uh-huh."

"With whom?"

"Jose."

"So! What's the occasion?"

"No occasion. I felt like being gay."

With sudden seriousness Ruth took Joan's hand. "Ted was in to-day."

Joan searched her face. "And . . ."

". . . and I'm cured!"

"You mean you don't hurt any more?"

"Exactly. I could tell him honestly that I'm glad he's finding Connecticut to his liking."

"Is he?"

"Yes. I told you Alicia would be good for him."

"I know, so is sulphur and molasses. Do you think she told him about her visit to you?"

"I'm sure she didn't. And what do you say we forget it, too. She'll never bother us again."

Joan was serious now. "But what do you get out of this?"

Ruth patted her hand. "Don't worry, I've got you and my job."

"And Jose, if you want him."

"That's for time to decide."

Joan looked at her intently. "A job's a pretty fine thing for a woman to have, isn't it?"

"The best antidote I know for self-pity, which is woman's besetting sin."

"Does it make up for everything else?"

"Oh my darling—never! But it does teach you to keep an even keel in the face of an emotional hurricane. Work, Joan, any kind of work so that it commands your interest and whets your desire to make good—is the best ingredient I know for building strength and resource. Just remember what I told you: Don't ever let a job make you forget you're a woman. And women need love."

"It's a trick, managing love and a career, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I'm convinced it can be done. Even if I botched the job."

"I don't think you did."

"I must have. I lost Ted and almost lost you. But women have declared their independence, Joan, and we can't turn back now. It's up to us to prove we've sufficient dexterity to handle the home and fireside as efficiently as we can jobs."

The door-bell rang.

Ruth got up. Halfway across the room she turned and said: "By the way, Randy phoned. Said he'd finish his calls about ten and would come by, unless you left word at the hospital you didn't want to see him."

Joan got out of bed and walked over to her. "That's the reason you're going out, isn't it?"

Ruth laughed. "The witness refuses to answer. But I will say this: "Sadie has a fine dinner waiting for you. Want it served up here?"

"I think I'd like it in the garden. Will you tell her as you go out?"

Ruth kissed her, and Joan whispered, "Wish me luck, mother."

Ruth's eyes filled. "I want you happy."

. . . . . .

Joan, walking back and forth in the garden, did not hear the bell so was startled when she saw Randy framed in the light of the french doors.

She stood silently waiting for him.

They did not speak, even when he reached her side. Instead they stood looking into each other's eyes—as though searching for something they knew was hidden there.

At last Randy spoke, "I'm here to apologise."

A chill swept Joan's heart. Was that why he had come? Quite formally, she said, "I didn't know you owed me an apology."

"But I do." His voice was low. "Once I called you a waster. I'm sorry."

Joan's eyes met his honestly. "But I was a waster—then."

His voice dropped one note lower. "What made you change?"

"You." She knew she wasn't using technique. But she suddenly realised that she'd always have to be this way with him. No matter what came of it. She knew that Jose was right. Love must earn its name with honest coin. Her voice was calm and matter-of-fact as she went on, "I started to prove you were wrong about me—and found you were right. So I set myself the task of making a decent, self-respecting person of Joan Eaton."

"A whale of a thorough job you've done, too, I'd say."

"I've only started, Randy. But I do know about realities now. And the things that doctors' wives should know. And I've proved I'm sturdy—even if I don't wear tweeds."

His laugh rippled over the garden. "What! No spectacles?"

She plunged headlong into the subject that had haunted her for all these months. "What about Dora Wicks?"

His answer was a laconic. "She's a darned good nurse."

"You know that isn't what I mean. She's in love with you. Do you love her?"

He borrowed her matter-of-fact voice for his answer. "Joan, women have a way of getting sentimental about their bosses. They can't seem to keep their jobs and their emotions separate. It's the one thing that retards women in business. It's Dora Wicks' trouble. She thinks she's my office wife. And she's been seeing too many movies."

"Do you want your wife to work, Randy?"

"Of course—if she wants to."

"And you don't think business women make poor wives and mothers?"

"No. Why should a job spoil a woman for motherhood? It seems to me that if a woman has sufficient resource to hold down a job, she'll have enough left over to handle the home situation a lot better than those whose only interest is bridge or the movies."

Joan laughed. "Well, between you and Ruth I'm convinced that to be a really successful wife a woman has to work." Then, seriously, she added, "It's true, the woman who works has a much wider mental scope and can bring more comprehensive understanding to the family problems—than the woman whose life is hemmed in by four walls."

She looked up at him with clear, shining eyes. "I'm glad I've learned to work, Randy. I'm glad I'm not the same person who asked you to marry her on the deck of The Valiant."

He looked out across the garden before he spoke. And when his eyes came back to her they were clouded with the same intensity that vibrated in his voice. "But I've never stopped loving that person."

"You mean you loved her then?"

"Desperately."

"Then why didn't you tell her so?"

"Because I'd have lost her. She didn't have the vaguest notion of what a doctor's life is. She would not have understood why I couldn't go her gay, social way with her—and she'd have felt neglected. But all that's changed." He cupped her chin in the palm of his hand and tilted her face up to his. "Do you think that person might ask me to marry her again, Joan?"

The corners of Joan's lips lifted provocatively. "I'm afraid not. I understand she never asks the same man twice."

"Not even if the dope couldn't hear her—the first time?"

"Well, in that case she might make an exception . . ."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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